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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

MURRAY SIMONSKI, Superintending Editor

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Vol. VII., No. 7 EDITORIAL *JULY, 1917*

CANADA—A NATION FIFTY YEARS YOUNG

AN EDITORIAL BY GEORGE M. WRONG

Professor of History and Ethnology, University of Toronto

I AM asked, without myself choosing the title, to write on the topic at the head of this editorial. There is no doubt that Canada is young, and it is well, when we are tempted to be depressed by our defects, to remember this truth. As a nation, indeed, Canada can hardly be regarded as fifty years young; fifty years ago few thought of Canada as a nation at all. It was a colony, and even its leaders were pervaded by what we may call the colonial spirit; something which we have not yet fully outgrown. Fifty years ago there was no murmuring in respect to the control of Canada's external affairs by Great Britain; and no complaint because no Canadian officer was deemed fit to command the Canadian forces. It was still true that a Governor-General might, of his own motion, pardon a criminal, even in opposition to the advice of his ministers. In a deeper sense, too, Canada lacked any real sense of nationality. Nova Scotians thought Ontario a remote country and, for years after 1867, spoke of "going up to Canada." There was no Canadian West; that part of the country was the property of the Hudson's Bay Company. There was no Canadian Province of British Columbia; to reach that remote land one had to cross interminable prairie land and mountains, and the connecting railway did not come until nearly twenty years later. A nation, like an individual, is, I suppose, as young as it feels. Canada assuredly has no right to feel old. Before her lies the hopeful, cheery view of life that belongs to youth.

Fifty Years Ago Canada was barely conscious of having any serious problems in respect to social evolution. She had solved the one great problem of linking together in a single state obscure and detached provinces. It was a magnificent achievement, worthy of all praise, and until it was performed great national questions could not be considered as they hardly yet existed. Toronto was in those days a small, quiet, pleasant city, with little more than fifty thousand inhabitants, a place about one-third the size of the present Vancouver. No doubt it seemed very backward to visitors from large centres. No doubt, too, it was thoroughly provincial in its politics, in its education, in its art, and in its literature. But, at least, it was free from some of the pressing problems which now confront all Canadian cities. There was no foreign population, bringing to the new world the type of social life forced on the common people by selfish oppression in Europe; there was no acute strife between labour and capital; capital was modest and labour was content, for, with cheap food and low rents, it was not hard to live decently. No doubt Toronto then, being thoroughly provincial in spirit, copied the social cleavage of the old world, and divisions in social standing were sharper than they are at the present day. Fifty years young, as we now are, in this and other great cities we are confronted with the problem of the foreigner, the problem of the slums, the problem of high prices and sometimes of low wages, the problem of enervating luxury, the problem of selfish capital and of not less selfish labour. Assuredly the fifty years have brought us enough to think about and enough to do.

A Young Nation should face its Problems in hope. Youth that is not hopeful is not youth at all. Hope is greatly needed, for it is melancholy to reflect that no civilization has as yet proved a real success. To be successful a civilization must, at least, provide for a decent plenty of the necessaries of life for all classes of its people. Three hundred and fifty years before Christ, Aristotle said that in the society of his time there were really only two classes, the rich and the poor. The problem of society at that time was to soften this cleavage. In all the intervening centuries we have not solved it. The "Merrie England" of the Middle Ages was a country in which there were dire poverty, plague, and starvation. The England of to-day is a land in which one-quarter of the mothers who bring children into the world suffer from lack of food. It is not so bad as that in Canada. But in our youthful eagerness we must not forget the shadow and we must have a firm resolve that it shall not darken our life as it does that of older lands.

We are Trying in Canada to Work Democracy. Democracy, I suppose, chiefly means that what the people wish to have in the way of government they will have power to secure. If they wish high things they will aim at them, if they wish low things they will fall to them. The young are often ready to take great risks. Youth has a buoyant confidence that, in the end, all will be well. No doubt mankind is very tough and can stand a heavy strain. Intellectual people, however, should remember that dangers lie in the path of every democracy, that ignorant people are never wise people and that if we leave our people ignorant we also keep them foolish. Education in right thinking will alone save a democracy. In Canada the greatest forces of education are in the hands of the women. Not only do women give the chief teaching in the home, but our schools are chiefly, in some districts wholly, dependent on woman teachers. By women will be determined, in large measure, the quality of the democracy which we mature.

Canada is a difficult country to govern. Scattered in a vast region, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are living less than eight million people, fewer than are to be found in the State of New York alone. To create any kind of unity among these people, to instruct them in the vital problems of citizenship, to appeal to them in such a way that they will act together, is a problem of almost overwhelming difficulty. When we add to this, certain questions of race which stand in the way of mutual understanding, we shall need all the hopefulness that we can summon to our help. The French in Quebec, almost one-quarter of our population, speak a different language and have a different religion from that of the majority in other parts of Canada. In our North-West there are tens of thousands of aliens, reared in conditions totally different from ours. It is out of these varied elements that we are to create a united people. I am glad that women are to help in this work for, to perform the task, we shall need woman's tact united with man's strength and resolution.

Not Only is Our Future Difficult, but it is hampered by our past record. I hope that the women of Canada will realize that the politics of Canada are on a very low level. It is my conviction that in no other of the larger self-governing states of the British Empire are politics so degraded as they are in Canada. Here a few people divide among them vast natural resources, and there is a scramble for the good things which the Government controls. Determined men, by any methods that would work, have forced from Governments concessions that they required.

From the first, party feeling in Canada was bitter, and designing men have used the bondage of the people to party to further their own ends. Public charters, privileges which could only be granted by Government, appointments to office, everything that could be wrung from a party in power have been made the objects of political influence. This is one of the penalties of youth. In England, at one time, things were as bad, possibly even worse. England, however, as she has grown old and experienced, has invented safeguards against such abuses. One of the most urgent problems in Canada now is to do the same thing and to see that political influence is used for the public good and not for private gain.

The system which a young country tolerates is known as the patronage system. I invite women to make war on this system from the outset, now that they have political power. It is the most accursed thing in our national life. In every constituency in Canada the favours which lie within the power of the Government are placed in the hands of the sitting member if he supports the Government, or in the hands of the defeated candidate who would have supported it, had he succeeded. Purchases to be made for the Government, public works created by the Government, the building of roads, everything that the Government does, all are determined, not on the basis of efficiency, but on that of spending the money for the benefit of those who will support the Government. Appointments to office, except what is called the inside Civil Service at Ottawa, are determined in the same way. Not the man who can best do the work is appointed, but the man who has best served party interests. It has happened that millions of dollars of the public endowment have been wasted because the patronage system forbade the appointment of an efficient man when an inefficient one had a party claim to the job. No country that is grown up politically would tolerate such a system. Truly Canada is fifty years young when she endures it.

The Confederation of Canada fifty years ago, has not cured this terrible evil, but it has cured some other things. Undoubtedly in a very real sense the Federated Provinces now constitute a nation with a vital sense of unity. Halifax, on the Atlantic, has a great many things in common with Victoria, on the Pacific—the same British ideals and traditions, the same interests in a great political system, a similarity of social conditions, religious life on the same lines, and many other evidences of a common origin. Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver are in a hundred ways alike. The free movement from East to West has prevented isolation and resulted in the creation of a common type of personality which may be called Canadian. The statesmen of fifty years ago would be astonished if they could see to-day the consequences of their pioneer work. Perhaps we have not as many people as they hoped we should have, for they dreamed the dreams of optimists. Even so, one imagines that Winnipeg and Vancouver would startle them. As concrete realities of Confederation the most startling experience for them would be to know our thoughts at the present time. Plunged as we are in a great war, afflicted with grievous losses on the battlefields of Europe, we are confident and undaunted because we know we are fighting the battle of liberty for mankind. Detached provinces could not have done what Confederation has enabled us to do. We are playing a real part in a world movement. Our horizon is widened. We are thinking, as never before we thought, of the meaning of our British Citizenship. In this connection, the great Oriental Empire of India has come vitally within the range of our thought. We are pondering the meaning of the world Empire which the British peoples have created, we are wondering on what basis we shall stand together for the future, and are resolved that this amazing creation shall not perish. Fifty years of Confederation has done this for us. They have changed a colonial outlook into one Imperial, world-wide. It remains to us to rise to the full meaning of the change.

It may be that posterity will find the most momentous change in this fifty years to be that in the status of woman. This is the outcome of the struggle for liberty, the most striking political characteristic of the last half-century. To-day, over the greater part of Canada, woman is the political equal of man. How startled would the Fathers of Confederation be at this result! It is well, too, to remember that the final impulse in the movement has come to us from the new West, which the East so complacently thought to be its child. In the world of ideas it is now truer that the West rules the East than that the East rules the West, and as the first fruit of this rule we have the widespread prohibition of the liquor traffic and the emancipation of woman. The half-century which has done this has done much.

It Remains for us all, especially for woman, to turn opportunity into achievement. A new world of possibilities lies before us. If I might offer a word of counsel to woman as to her political duty, I would say, "Hold aloof from adherence to either Canadian party until that party pledges itself to the cure of certain existing evils." Woman is too dignified, too noble a creation to be the sport of political faction or a sharer in the evils of which our present party system is guilty. I hope the women will not undertake too much at the outset. To destroy the patronage system is a sufficient task for them until it is achieved. Let them concentrate on this far-reaching reform and decent Canadian citizenship will rise up and call them blessed.

Thrifty Neōlin Soles

Neōlin soles are thrifty soles. How their lasting, lasting wear does cut down the frequency of shoe-bills. Much longer than leather they wear —for Neolin is better than leather.

And what a blessing they are when they stop the continual running to the shoe store for children's shoes. For Neōlin adds even more value to kiddie's shoes than to grown-up's.

Many a leather-soled shoe is cast aside because its good looks are worn out. Not so with Neolin. It holds good looks by holding the uppers in good shape.

Neōlin soles are health soles. Waterproof, they defy wet-foot colds. Winter or summer, they carry you dry-foot on your daily round. Again they are extra good for children—for children who love to be outdoors, rain or shine.

Neōlin soles are modern soles. They are the necessary outcome of the modern trend to better things. As the modern liner is to the sailing schooner, so is Neōlin to the leather sole.

Note Neōlin's modern qualities—longer wear, waterproof, flexibility, lightness, style, stub-proof and slip-proof.

Longer-wearing because modern people demand economy. Waterproof to meet modern ideas of health. Flexible for modern ease and comfort. Smartly stylish for modern well-dressing. Velvet finish to save scratched floors and furniture.

Shoe your whole family with Neōlin soles. Go to the merchant with Neōlin in his window and see his varied stock at varied prices. No matter what the price you pay for shoes, the Neōlin soles are of the one quality.

Let your shoe repairer rebuild your present shoes on Neōlin soles, too. It will add measurably to their life and good looks.

Neōlin has been a great success. Because of distinct superiorities it is replacing leather for shoe soles. Neōlin's appearance can be imitated. But Neōlin's qualities are the result of methods and materials known only to us.

Now there **are** other soles that look like Neōlin. But there is only **one** Neōlin—and every pair of soles is branded like the shoe above.

To be sure of the genuine Neōlin—**mark** that mark; stamp it on your memory. Ask for Neōlin with the accent on the "o"—Neōlin—the trade symbol for a quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
of Canada, Limited

Neōlin

THE WOMEN BEHIND THE MEN WHO MANAGE THE NATION'S AFFAIRS

Wives of the Cabinet Ministers at Ottawa

Lady White, wife of the Minister of Finance, who is artistic and is much sought as an art critic.

Lady Borden, wife of Canada's Premier, whose charming personality makes her a most successful hostess and has added much to the popularity of Canada's "first citizen."

Lady Foster, wife of the Minister of Trade and Commerce, whose literary talents have descended to her son.

Mrs. Blondin, wife of the Postmaster-General, whose beautiful house has been the scene of many functions given in aid of patriotic work.

Her Excellency, the Duchess of Devonshire, wife of Canada's Governor-General, who spent part of her childhood at Rideau Hall when her father, Lord Lansdowne, so ably filled the position now held by her husband.

Mrs. Hazen, wife of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. Mrs. Hazen is in England busily engaged in patriotic work for the Empire.

Mrs. Crothers, wife of the Minister of Labour, whose executive ability in organizing is marvellous and whose activities are almost unlimited.

Mrs. Burrell, wife of the Minister of Agriculture, who is more interested in beautiful growing things than in man-made politics.

Lady Kemp, wife of the Minister of Militia, who, in the short time she has been in Ottawa, has won for herself an enviable place. She is decidedly literary but does not allow anything to interfere with patriotic work.

Mrs. Reid, wife of the Minister of Customs, who divides her time between patriotic work in Ottawa and her "farm" in Prescott. She is a talented musician but — patriotic work comes first.

Mrs. Rogers, wife of the Minister of Public Works, is an enthusiastic patron of Art and has a perfect genius for "discovering" persons of real merit but now patriotic work holds her attention.

Mrs. Doherty, wife of the Minister of Justice, who has thought out unique ways of raising money for patriotic needs. One was the collection and sale of cast-off rubbers from which a very large amount was realized.

"Do hurry and finish, so I can try it too!"

Have you tried "the most famous skin treatment ever formulated"?

If not, you, like this girl, should begin to-night to get the benefit of this famous skin treatment, which will bring to your skin the delicate color, the lovelier freshness and clearness you have always wanted.

Is there some condition of your skin that is keeping it from being the attractive one you want it to be?

Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or excessively oily? Or, is it marred by blemishes or conspicuous nose pores?

Whatever it is that is keeping your skin from being beautiful—it *can* be corrected. There's no girl on earth who can't have a prettier skin by trying!

Every day as old skin dies, new skin forms in its place. This is your opportunity. By the proper external treatment you can make the new skin just what you would love to have it.

Skin specialists say that the best way to keep this new skin in a healthy, active condition, the best way to make it build up a fresh, clear complexion, is by proper cleansing and stimulating treatments, with a soap carefully prepared to suit the nature of the skin.

It was to meet the urgent need for such a soap that John H. Woodbury, after thirty years of study and treatment of the skin and skin diseases, prepared the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Begin this famous skin treatment to-night

Begin to-night to get the benefits of this skin specialist's soap for your skin. Use this Woodbury treatment consistently and your skin cannot *help* taking on that greater loveliness for which you have longed.

Once a day, either night or morning, but preferably just before retiring, dip a washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face until the skin is softened. Then lather your cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly.

Now, with the tips of your fingers, work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Be particular to rinse the skin thoroughly and dry it carefully.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. Every day it frees your skin of the tiny particles of old dead skin. Then it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. This keeps your skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day cannot help taking on that greater loveliness for which you have longed. In ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will bring.

A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this famous skin treatment. Get a cake to-day.

Write now for a week's size cake

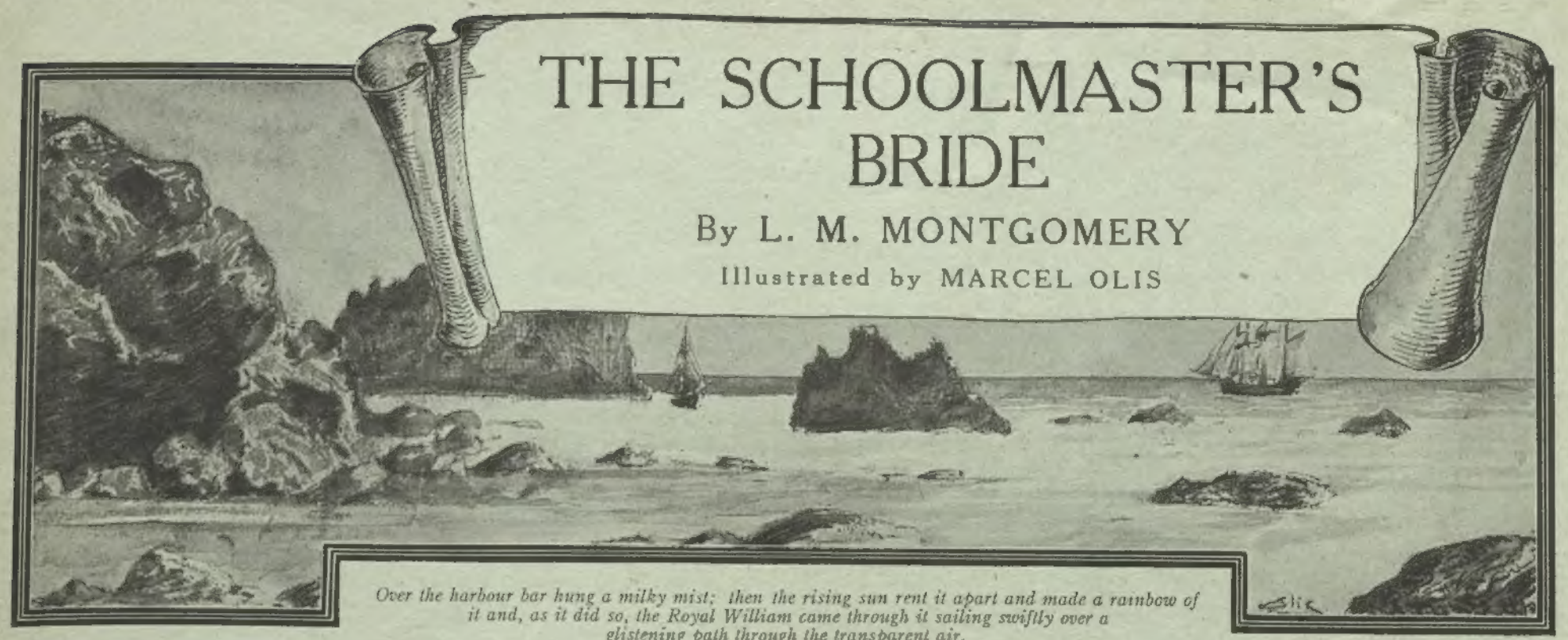
For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c, we will send the week's size cake and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. Write to-day. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 2607 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.**

For sale by Canadian Druggists from coast to coast

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S BRIDE

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Illustrated by MARCEL OLIS



Over the harbour bar hung a milky mist; then the rising sun rent it apart and made a rainbow of it and, as it did so, the Royal William came through it sailing swiftly over a glistening path through the transparent air.

I HAVE been thinking to-night of the schoolmaster's bride. A man must die to forget her, or the schoolmaster either, for that matter. They were the two people who made the deepest impression on my life. Now, in my late evening, I think of them a great deal, recalling for my own delight their words and looks and loveliness. They died some twenty years ago, neither of them living to be very old, which I think part of their good fortune. But to me they and their love story are of yesterday; and, in my fireside musings, while my grandchildren romp around me, little recking what is going on in grandfather's old white head, I like to relive that summer in Lindsay when the schoolmaster waited for his bride, and built a home for her.

John Selwyn came to teach school in Lindsay when I was a boy of sixteen. He was an Englishman, but very different from the usual run of derelicts who came from the Old Country to teach school in Prince Edward Island in those days. They had brains, and knew their trade when sober—else it had been, God help the poor scholars! But they were not like John Selwyn. He was young and stalwart and handsome. I remember him as he was when he spent that first fortnight in my father's house; for, as was the custom then, he "boarded around" and my father, Alexander Kennedy, was Secretary of the Board of Trustees. He was very tall, with gray eyes that turned black in excitement, or with deep feeling; women thought his mouth very beautiful, but I liked it for its strength and tenderness and humour. He was full of courage and pity and noble enthusiasms. He was my senior by eight years, but from the first I loved him as David loved Jonathan. My soul was knit to his. I owe more to John Selwyn than to any other human creature. I was too old to be spared to school, save for a few weeks in winter; but I was his pupil, none more earnest and eager. We read and walked and talked together. He quoted poetry for me which I had never heard, Byron and Scott and Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, those giants of old time; even kindly and tender Mrs. Hemans, for in those days a man was not ashamed to quote Mrs. Hemans. He told me tales of history and romance and chivalry. Never shall I forget the delight with which I listened to those old legends on moonlit evenings by the silver sea. He filled my mind and soul with his own aspirations and ideals, as a full vessel might pour of its fullness into an empty one. He made me; he was more my father than the dour, black-browed, sternly-upright but cold man to whom I owed mere existence. Wherefore I loved him with a varied love, son and comrade and pupil, all in one. But this is not my story; and I only tell of what he did for me and was to me that you, who read of him, may understand what manner of man he was.

One spring evening I met him by the pond, near the little log school-house. It was a clear, apple-green night. There was a milk-white mist on the edge of the sea with a young moon kissing it. The ceaseless voice of many waters came up from the tawny shore. The chill and freakish wind of sunset was shrilling in the old year's dry grasses on the dunes between the pond and the Gulf; there was an emerald mist on the willows of the creek.

And there was a light on John Selwyn's face and a flash in his eyes that I had not seen before.

"I've been up on the hill, looking at the sunset through the beeches, Andrew," he said. "Come into the schoolhouse and sit with me awhile. I have something to tell you."

We went in. The schoolmaster lighted a candle and stirred up the logs in the fireplace. They were still glowing, for the day had been cold and he had stayed, after school let out to study. He gazed so long into the fire, smiling, that I thought he had forgotten what he meant to tell me. But at length he looked into my eyes.

"I've a sweetheart back home, lad," he said.

I had thought he must have, for he had never taken any notice of even our prettiest Lindsay lasses, and they would have been so willing that he should, poor girls!

"Her name is Persis Gray," he went on, "and she is coming out to me. Think of that, Andrew."

I was glad for his sake and said so. For my own, I was not so glad. I was afraid she might come between us.

"Thank you, Andrew. I wanted you to be the first to know. When you see her you will realize what a fortunate man I am."

"She is very beautiful, I suppose?" I said.

"BEAUTIFUL?" He laughed. "Don't start me on that subject, Andrew, or you'll think I'm daft. If a diamond and a ruby could be fused into one the result might symbolize her. She would have come out with me if it had not been for her old uncle. He was an invalid and had cared for her when her parents died, and she felt she could not leave him. I thought she was right, though I loved him as little as he loved me. It was a hard parting, and it has been a hard waiting. But her uncle is dead and she is free. Her friends do not want her to come, but she is coming in spite of them. Think of the courage of her—and the trust! God make me worthy of it, Andrew. Some day I hope you'll love a woman as I love Persis. It's the greatest blessing a man can have. Before I met her my life was very hungry. Now it is nourished to the full by her love. And she is coming to me!"

His happiness was so great that I warmed to it and rejoiced with him.

"When do you expect her?" I asked.

"She sails on the *Royal William* late in June, so she should be here by mid-July. God grant her a fair passage. I must set Carpenter Johnson to building me a home for her. Her letter came to-day. I knew before I opened it that it held good news. I saw her a few nights ago."

"You saw her?" I asked stupidly.

He looked at me queerly.

"Ay, lad. I saw her. You don't understand, I've never told you. But I have a gift, lad, a gift—or a curse. Who knows? My poor great-great-grandmother, Mercy Selwyn, must have found it a curse. She had it, and they burned her for a witch because of it, Andrew—burned her on the hill behind the town back home."

"What is the gift?" I asked wonderingly.

"Certain weird seizures come upon me at long intervals," he answered slowly. "The scientists call them trances, I believe, but they understand them as little as the rabble that burned my ancestress. As a child I had them and my poor mother worried greatly over it. As I grew older I ceased to talk of them for I saw that people looked queerly at me, though they could not haul me to the stake because of them. I see things in them, lad—things that are happening—things that will happen. Sometimes they have been a comfort to me—sometimes a horror. I have not had one since I came to Lindsay until four nights ago. I was sitting here, so, gazing at the dying fire. It faded from before my eyes, and in its stead I saw an old room I know well in England. Persis was there, gazing at me with tears in her eyes; but behind the tears I saw a radiance and a joy. The vision passed quickly, but I knew it foretokened good news of my love."

"You dreamed it," I said uncomfortably. Somehow, I did not like to believe in his gift. It seemed to set him apart from common humanity in a rather uncanny fashion. Had I lived two hundred years sooner I daresay I would have been as bitter a persecutor of poor Mercy Selwyn as any.

He smiled.

"No, I did not dream it. But we shall not talk of this again. You will not be so much my friend if you think much of it. No, don't protest, lad. I understand, and I do not blame you. There are times when I scarce feel friendly to myself because of it. Such a power has a bit of divinity in it, whether of a good or an evil divinity, who shall say? And we mortals all shrink from a too close contact with god or devil."

I did not quite understand him, but I willingly let the subject drop.

Soon all the Lindsay people knew that the schoolmaster's bride was coming, and all were glad because they loved him. Every one sympathised with him in the building of the new home which went on apace. He chose a site for it not far from the school-house, within sound of the rhythmic thunder of the sea. The old house, for it is an old house now, is still there, looking seaward through its small windows. But no one (*Continued on page 43*)

All the pain and joy of past generations had bequeathed to her a legacy of love and loyalty, and it shone in those wonderful eyes of hers and lighted her face like a rosy lamp shining through alabaster.

CANADA TWENTY-FIVE YEARS FROM NOW

OUR POSSIBILITIES

By ROBERT M. MacIVER

Associate Professor of Political Science
University of Toronto

PEOPLE sometimes talk of "unchanging human nature," and human nature is the one thing under the sun that changes at all perceptibly! If a visitor had come to this earth ten thousand years ago, again a thousand years ago, and then again to-day, he would find scarcely any change that man had not made, and none of these changes he had made so striking as the change in man himself. Even a few years may suffice to revolutionise the thought and activities of man, as bitter experience has taught us all. How different the thoughts of men in every warring country to-day from what they were three years ago! How incredibly distant the year 1914 appears to-day! And quite certainly the thoughts of men twenty-five years from now will be very different from their present thoughts. The Great War of the nations will then be an historical background, the passions and the terrors of it will be dead; only the memory will live—perhaps it will live for ever, so far as we can say "for ever," in a new order of the world, a federation of the nations so based and so maintained that the catastrophe which befell our generation shall befall the world no more.

It is this incessant change of the minds of men, often so gradual as to be unperceived, sometimes so sudden that we call it revolution, which quite properly robs the prophet of honour alike in his own country and abroad. Just as a new undreamed-of discovery, the planetary nature of the earth, gravitation, radio-activity, may revolutionise a science, so a new event, the French Revolution, the Great War, may revolutionise society. It would seem as though nothing could be foreseen except the certainty of change.

And yet the change is not meaningless, not without direction. History is more than the record of aimless wonderings and fruitionless disasters. There is such a thing, imperfect and fragmentary though it be, as the history of *civilisation*. And one thing this history certainly reveals is the way in which the growth of human co-operation marches, step by step, with the growth of human intelligence. The world has grown smaller and the area of real community has grown greater at each successive stage of the world's history. Therefore, with the profound lesson of the present before us, we can safely prophesy this much, that twenty-five years from now Canada will be an autonomous and yet integral part of a closer Commonwealth of the British peoples which, in turn, will be a part of a real federation of the civilised world. And this civilised world itself—how shall we dare draw for it exclusive lines?

I wish to say something of what Canada *may* be then, and by that I mean what Canada *will* be if her citizens care enough to make it so. With every discovery and every application of science, with every advance of organisation and co-operation among men, what *will* be becomes more and more what *we will* to be.

When people think of the future of Canada they usually think first of boundless yet untenanted areas subdued by the ploughs and tractors of a prosperous fast-growing population. Twenty-five years from now there will still be in Canada boundless untenanted areas. In Patricia, in the region above Lake Superior, in Northern Manitoba, and Northern Saskatchewan, in the Yukon, and the North-West Territory, there will still remain, as now, the wild and the waste; and they will continue to hypnotise the minds of those who think of greatness in terms of vastness. Some regions now desolate will then be peopled, the neglected agricultural land north of Ottawa, the fertile forest belt south of the Albany River, the arid lands of Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan (made fertile by vast schemes of irrigation), and the great promising lands of the Peace River, all these will resound to the blow of the axe, the call to the horse.

But the increased area of cultivation will be a minor part of the growth of Canada in the next quarter-century. Far more remarkable, will be the new *organisation* of agriculture through the development of the great co-operative associations, through the improvement of communications and of marketing systems, through the application of science to agriculture on a scale unknown in the past, so that farming will take on something of the complex character of industrial production, and give the agriculturist endowed with brains something of the opportunity which is now the prerogative of the business man.

Twenty-five years from now, for all this growth, Canada will be a more industrialised country than it is to-day. A larger proportion will live in towns than live in them to-day. It is no mere accident, and no mere wilfulness of human nature, which has brought it about that in all civilised countries in the world, even in Canada with all its undeveloped lands, the proportion of country dwellers to town dwellers has decreased. No "back-to-the-land" campaign will ever stop the scientific process which makes it possible for an ever-smaller proportion (except in war-time) of the working population to supply the agricultural needs of the whole. This is a good thing, despite its dangers, for agriculture *alone*, fundamental as it is and must remain, never yet made a country prosperous.

The poorest countries in the world, China, for instance, are predominantly agricultural, whereas for real prosperity, industry and agriculture must go hand in hand.

Canada has all the requisites of an industrial future. She is beginning to realise, partly under the stress of the War, the necessity of the thorough application of science to industry. She has a great, and in some respects unique, abundance of metals and minerals in accessible places. Her one great lack, the absence of coal measures except in the far East and West, may well be overcome by science, and already there are signs of conquest, in new methods of treating peat and lignite, in new processes for the manufacture of gas, and in the development of hydro-electricity. Twenty-five years from now the conquest may well be complete, so that, not only on the coasts of the Maritime Provinces and of British Columbia, and perhaps on the coal-fields of Alberta, but also clustering along the shores of the Great Lakes and down the richly-mineraled valley of the St. Lawrence, there will arise new and populous industrial cities. Let us hope that these new cities will not require bitter experience to teach them the lesson that they might learn from the unhappy history of older cities, that poverty and squalor are no necessary concomitants of the power and activity which increase the riches of the world.

It may seem strange to say so at this hour of menacing war-taxation, but a grave danger for Canada lies in her prospects of material prosperity. Twenty-five years from now much of her wealth, yet latent, will be exploited, and a portion of her people will be greatly enriched. There lies in wait, even more obvious in democracy than elsewhere, the subtle degeneracy of success, the complacency and hardening selfishness of wealth, the narrow ambition to power and mastery, and the yet narrower vanity which its acquisition fosters. If in the next period of Canadian history the only progress were economic, it would, under the present conditions of the acquisition and distribution of wealth, be an evil thing for Canada.

BUT I think there will also be a great educational awakening, I think there are signs of it already. In consequence we shall see more clearly that wealth is but a means to welfare, an instrument whose abuse brings with it profound demoralisation, but whose rightful use is the condition of all that is worth having and worth seeking in life. We shall thus learn in greater measure the value of the inner interests to which wealth should be subservient, the value of wise and happy ways of living. And the War, in the longer retrospect, will enforce the lesson that the conditions of such living can be secured only if we make the business of the community our business, the well-being of the community our well-being, and no longer dare to entrust it blindly to the keeping of any set of men, let them be the most honest and enlightened in the world, while we devote ourselves wholly to what we are pleased to consider our individual interests. So there will grow a greater concern in government, and a more enlightened, more continuous, and less capricious criticism of it. Twenty-five years on, we shall be a more educated people, socially and politically, than we are to-day, and our laws, especially as regulating industrial conditions, will reflect the change in our thoughts.

IN this reformation women will take an increasing part. Women have been more the slaves of circumstance than men, more willing than men to accept as inevitable the power of circumstance over life. The extension of the suffrage is even more significant as an augury than as a present fact. It inaugurates an age in which woman, overcoming the social inertia inherited from a now obsolete condition of life, will take her share in destroying the evils of environment. Nowhere do these evils, and particularly the evils dependent on existing economic conditions, reveal themselves more manifestly than in that circle of life which is nearest to the heart of woman, the family. But this greater emancipation of which I speak will be scarcely begun twenty-five years from now.

In certain respects Canada will have become more of a unity than it is to-day. The bi-lingual problem will have been solved, because the growth of education will have undermined the prejudices on both sides which now stand in the way of solution. The further development of industry and the diversification of agriculture will have made the problems of East and West more similar than they are to-day. The means of communication and transportation will have developed, for in no direction has science been more triumphant than in the annihilation of distance. It may be that then we shall travel by aeroplane or airship as naturally as we now travel by train, but whatever the means certain it is that, in spite of the still intervening wilderness, Winnipeg will have been brought much nearer to Toronto, Toronto much nearer to Montreal, and the walls of partition which distance now creates, will thus be broken down. From Pacific coast to Atlantic coast Canada will be more of a real community than it is to-day.

That condition will give greater opportunity for a national art and literature. I do not mean an exclusive art or literature for no culture worth having is exclusive, but distinctive, breathing the spirit of native reflection and not merely imitative of outside traditions. Thus far the only art which has attained a real Canadian expression, at once native and strong, is that of painting. The annual exhibitions at Montreal and Toronto reveal the awakening of a genuine underivative artistic spirit. They manifest a distinctive vision of those aspects of nature which are themselves so distinctive in our land, caught and treated with fresh vigour and originality, without narrowness on the one hand and without submissiveness to tradition on the other. A quarter of a century hence there will be, in every great city of the Dominion, a Gallery of Art to preserve for the country the greater artistic work of its sons, and stimulate the sense of pictorial imagination which they undoubtedly possess.

So much cannot be said for the other arts at present, and in the absence of clear signs it is vain to prophesy. If I may speak out what I myself feel, it is that in the matter of the other arts, and of literature more particularly, Canada has "moved as in a strange diagonal," subject to two diverse forces, of English and of American origin respectively, so that we have not yet expressed our own thoughts, perhaps we have not even found them. Here and there appears an individual note, which may be the beginnings of independent interpretation, in poetry, for example, in the work of Duncan Campbell Scott, Marjorie Pickthall, and others. Twenty-five years from now will the real interpreters of Canadian life, social, political, and economic, have arrived? Who can say? Who can bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? But, be that as it may, as I have tried to show, two conditions may well be realised, which are as it were a preparation of the ground for the heaven-sent seed, a broader education bringing with it a clearer understanding of our aims and our fulfilments, and, freed both from exclusiveness and from felt dependence, a greater national unity.

Do You Write?

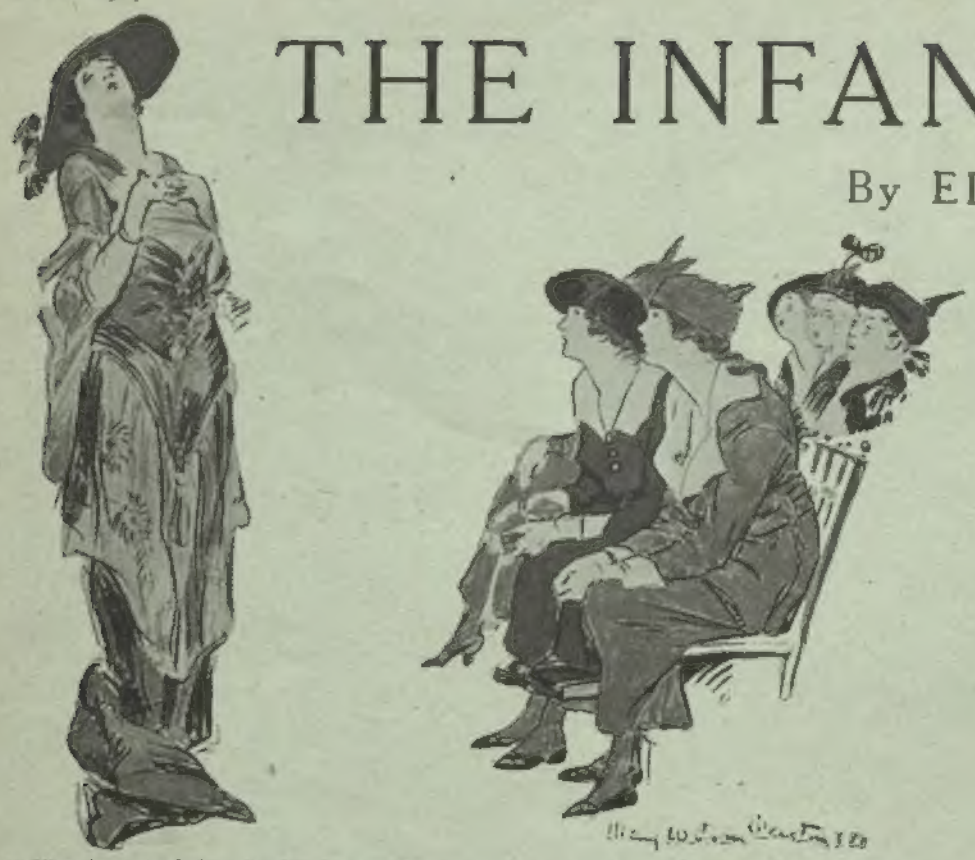
Read Professor Farmer's Article, "Will My Daughter be an Author?" in the August number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and learn the characteristics and qualities that go to the making of an author.

Every one craves self-expression, and since we all write, more or less, we turn naturally to this method of giving expression to our innermost thoughts. The reasons why we do not all succeed in getting into print are taken up and the difficulties, technical and otherwise, fully explained. If you have any talent this article will help you make good use of it, and show you why you have failed in the past. The information given is invaluable to those with aspirations toward authorship; and it may be that all you need is a little technical knowledge.

Magazines all over Canada and the United States are wanting stories, stories, stories, and are willing to pay good prices if they can get what they want. This article will help you give them what they want.

THE INFANT TENDERNESS

By ELOISE ROBINSON



"Not just spiritual gifts, you know," I told her. "I've been taken in that way before. I've no use for spiritual gifts. It's the real things I want, like clothes and—and—lovers."

MY father has just left the room, closing the door firmly behind him. His parting words to me were these:

"Barbara, I have reared three daughters into fine, self-respecting women who are a comfort and pleasure to your mother and to me. But it seems as though you are constantly making trouble for us all. Why is it, my child? Why is it?"

I did not answer. What was the use?

I cannot understand my father's attitude towards life. And if he knew all—but he is still ignorant of the fact that I have just finished cutting into small pieces a dress belonging to my sister Elizabeth that cost $59.50, reduced from $60.00. When this is discovered—words are too feeble to describe what will happen. But I am not sorry I did it. It may cause me suffering, but I am willing to sacrifice myself because, after all is over, it will teach Elizabeth that she cannot treat me like a child any longer.

I realize that I am now passing through the darkest hour of my existence. If I were a poet, I should enrich the world by pouring out sad and beautiful thoughts about death. Instead I shall write down a true and ferocious account of all the events that have brought me here, so that when I am gone my family may weep bitter tears to think how they have misjudged me. I hope my ghost will be able to see them.

I am an unbeliever. Before I became an unbeliever I believed in Thought Control, and in my childhood I was a Presbyterian. To explain why I am an unbeliever I shall have to tell how I became a believer in Thought Control. Sarah Delle Sherwin and I were walking home from school. I might say that we were not walking of our own free will. A week or so before this a Polish sufferer had been in the city. She was one of these fashionable sufferers who speak at teas. Not being there, I do not know all that she said, but I have been one of the chief victims of her remarks ever since, for the principal, and I might say the only, thought that Mother gathered from her talk was that, considering the fact that many millions of people in Poland were going around without anything but knitted mufflers some kind people had sent them, it was absolutely wicked for pampered children of America to drive in limousines. According to Mother she did not say anything against women riding, although your limbs get just as tired when you are sixteen as when you are forty or fifty. But ever since then, rain or shine, Sarah Delle and I have been expected to walk to school. Our mothers did not know that this foolish cruelty of theirs was forcing us to use the obnoxious street car, where we ran the risk of all kinds of catching diseases. The only reason we were not riding that day was because neither of us had a nickel.

"Good Grief!" Sarah Delle exclaimed, with an air of intense disgust. "Why is it that nothing exciting ever happens?"

I shook my head. It was a question which I had never been able to solve myself.

"I wish," Sarah Delle went on, "that we could go back to the Dark Ages. Then, instead of eking out a meagre existence as we do now, we should ride around on palfreys, and marvelous knights would fight for our sakes and hew and hack one another. Life would be worth living."

"I would be satisfied if only I had a few of the clothes I want and was allowed to go to dances," I replied. Sarah Delle's ideas are interesting but sometimes impractical.

This was the general trend of our conversation as we passed the new Thought Control Temple. I remember perfectly, because we decided to go in from sheer *ennui*. Little did I think, as I set my foot on the step, that I should come out of that building a changed woman.

There was a lecture going on by a woman whom the bulletin board called Lilla de Villbiss. The name fitted her so well that I doubt whether it was her own. She was the most flowing person I have ever seen. She had on a peacock and gold brocaded robe without any belt, and her voice was like a caramel sundae—thick and sweet. I must confess it took me a good while to catch the drift of her remarks. She seemed to have some peculiar expressions that got into the way of what she was trying to say, and every once in a while she would interrupt herself to clasp her hands on her chest-bone, and close her eyes and stand as though in great agony. After awhile this became monotonous.

"For Pete's sake, Barbie," Sarah Delle whispered, "let's go."

I was about to agree with her when my ear caught something Miss de Villbiss was saying and I poked Sarah Delle to keep quiet.

"And you who have starved souls! Stunted and dwarfed with cramped, narrow prisons for your ardent spirits! What is the message of the Infant Tenderness to you? Listen!"

SHE made a long pause, holding up one lily-white hand. I listened, because if ever there was a person with a stunted and dwarfed life and an ardent spirit confined in a narrow and cramped prison, it was I.

"Listen!" she repeated. "Whatsoever you desire is yours! *Whatsoever* you desire! 'Ask and ye shall receive,' is it not said? Lay hold upon the promises of the Infant Tenderness *now*, claim them for your own." And she went on diluting this thought at great length. I got the impression that what she meant to say was this: If you wanted anything, no matter how impossible it seemed, all you had to do was to go into a kind of trench and ask for it. But as none of our family had ever had the habit of going into trenches, I decided to wait until the meeting was over and find out more about the thing. If there was anything in the idea you may just believe I wanted to take advantage of it. Sarah Delle was skeptical, but I dragged her up with me.

"Miss de Villbiss," I said, "is that the honest truth, 'cross your heart and hope to die,' what you were saying about getting anything you want free, just by asking for it?"

Miss de Villbiss turned her large clear eye on us. I could see her taking us all in, and no doubt observing how our spirits were cramped.

"As true as that the sun rises," she answered. "The Infant Tenderness is as ready to give us good gifts as our parents are."

"Huh!" Sarah Delle's tone was not very trustful. She had had some experience with earthly parents and she did not think much of Miss de Villbiss' comparison. "Not just spiritual gifts. I have been taken in that way before. Barbie and I have no use for spiritual gifts. It's real things we want, like clothes—and lovers."

"The Infant Tenderness has given me these garments," Miss de Villbiss returned, stretching out her arms.

SARAH DELLE and I looked her over. Neither of us had ever seen a dress made as hers was—in fact, you could hardly say it was *made* at all—but it was stunning gold-brocade velvet. It couldn't have cost the Infant Tenderness less than ten dollars a yard.

"Well," Sarah Delle decided, "it can't do any harm to try, I suppose."

"I'm in favour of it," I announced, "and I'll become a follower right now if you'll show us how to work it."

Miss de Villbiss sat down with a happy light in her eye and proceeded to tell us how to constrain the Infant Tenderness. You did it by folding your hands on your chest and looking at the crack where the ceiling meets the wall and trying to sink yourself in the Infant Tenderness. After you were sunk you were to suggest to It that you needed a new hat, or whatever it was, and then you had to have faith to believe that the Infant Tenderness had given whatever you had asked for, whether It had or not. And you were to keep your mind calm and free from annoyances. If any one injured you, you were just to sit down and go into a trench and pray for her. She was only a gnat that buzzes, but cannot sing. (I say "she" because, although I am a woman myself, I must admit that it is women who do cause most of the annoyances of life. Take your own family, for instance.) After it was all over Sarah Delle and I went home and spent the rest of the afternoon sinking ourselves in the Infant Tenderness—at least I did.

Thinking the matter over carefully I had decided to ask for three things. One was some gorgeous clothes and another was a social career and the third was to be engaged. I am sorry now that I asked for the third. If I had not I might still be happy. It was not absolutely necessary to my scheme of life, but I had noticed that since my sister Elizabeth has been in this state she has been looked up to in a manner which must be a pleasant experience, and a great deal of consideration has been paid to her feelings. If my family could be put in the same attitude toward me it would make things a great deal easier for me. However, to prove the injustice of the world, there was anything but consideration shown me when I announced my engagement. But of that anon.

Delphine called me to dinner before I came out of my trench. While I was about it I wanted to make it very clear to the Infant Tenderness just what it was I wanted. I meant to give It no chance to fool me. So I told Delphine I wanted no dinner, which was true, and went right on with my meditations.

WHY is it your family will never leave you alone in peace? It wasn't three minutes before Delphine was back again saying that every one was at the table and I was to come at once. I did not answer her at all. I simply concentrated on the Infant Tenderness. After addressing me in tones that were not ladylike, and even shaking my shoulder, Delphine went away. But not for long was I left to myself. The next time it was Elizabeth.

"Barbara," she pecked out, "Mother says you are to come down to dinner at once."

I gazed at the crack in the ceiling with a rapt smile on my features, and said nothing.

"Barbara, do you hear?"

No reply.

"Barbara! What is the matter with you?"

I reminded myself that Elizabeth was only a gnat, and kept calm.

"If you don't answer, I'll have to tell Mother. What are you sitting here for?"

At last I looked at her. "I am praying," I said. I knew that would make her go away, and it did. After she had gone I went to the head of the stairs to hear what she would say in the dining-room.

"She says," Elizabeth repeated with relish, "that she is praying."

"That she is *what?*" gasped Mother in a shocked voice.

"Praying," Elizabeth told her again. I heard Kit giggle, but Mother's voice was solemn.

"Kelsey," she said to my father, "you had better go up and see what the trouble is. She may be ill."

"She ate most of a third of a (*Continued on page 29.*)

"I am sixteen," I reminded Aunt Barbara, "and a woman of the world, and I know that if it were my last earthly word, I should say that I want that dress."

FINDING BEAUTIFUL VACATION SPOTS RIGHT HERE IN CANADA

The Garden of the Gulf

Prince Edward Island is, in summer, a garden of perfect beauty fanned by cooling breezes from the Ocean, with mile after mile of sandy beaches. Moulding the red cliffs into fantastic shapes is the ever restless sea.

Near to Nature's Heart

Virgin Falls on the Nipigon River, Ont. The wild natural scenery surrounding these Falls adds to their grandeur and beauty by the contrast of calm strength with their turbulent waters.

Here's to the Speckled Trout!

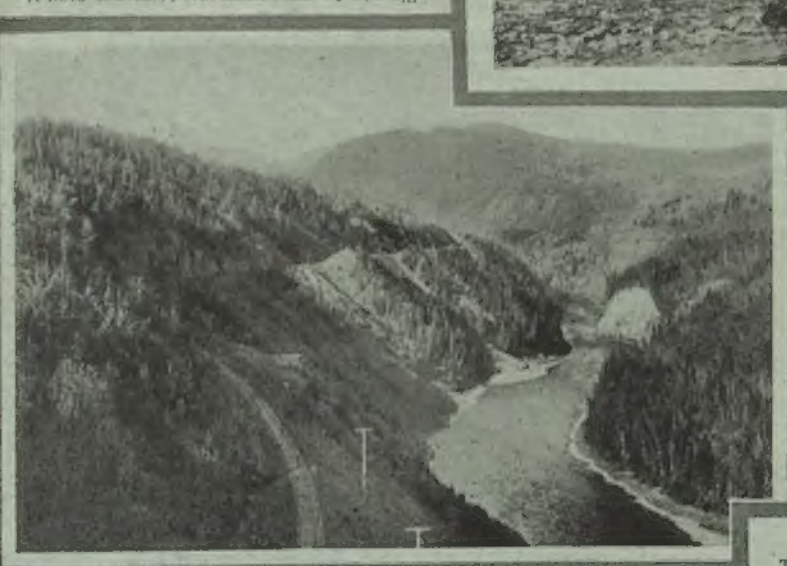
Nipigon River, the world's most famous fishing water for speckled trout, about a hundred miles east of Port Arthur. Well marked canoe routes and forest trails enhance the pleasure of this beautiful spot.

[Photo courtesy, Northern Railway System

Orient Bay

Nipigon Lodge on Orient Bay, in the heart of the great Nipigon Forest Reserve. The virgin forests, the calm, still waters of the bay and the multitude of birds and animals afford an abundance of nature study.

[Photo courtesy, Northern Railway System.



The wonderful Bulkley Valley, British Columbia. The famous Bulkley Gate spans this stream. [Photo courtesy, Grand Trunk Railway.

"A Gem of Purest Ray Serene"

Lying low in a chalice of cliffs and snow-clad peaks, Lake Louise is one of the most exquisite pictures in the whole, wide world. The waters of the Lake shade in tint from emerald to turquoise. Behind the peaks are the dazzling snows of Mount Victoria, and behind that again, is the azure sky. So clear is the atmosphere at this high altitude that the peak of Victoria, five miles away, seems almost within a stone's throw.

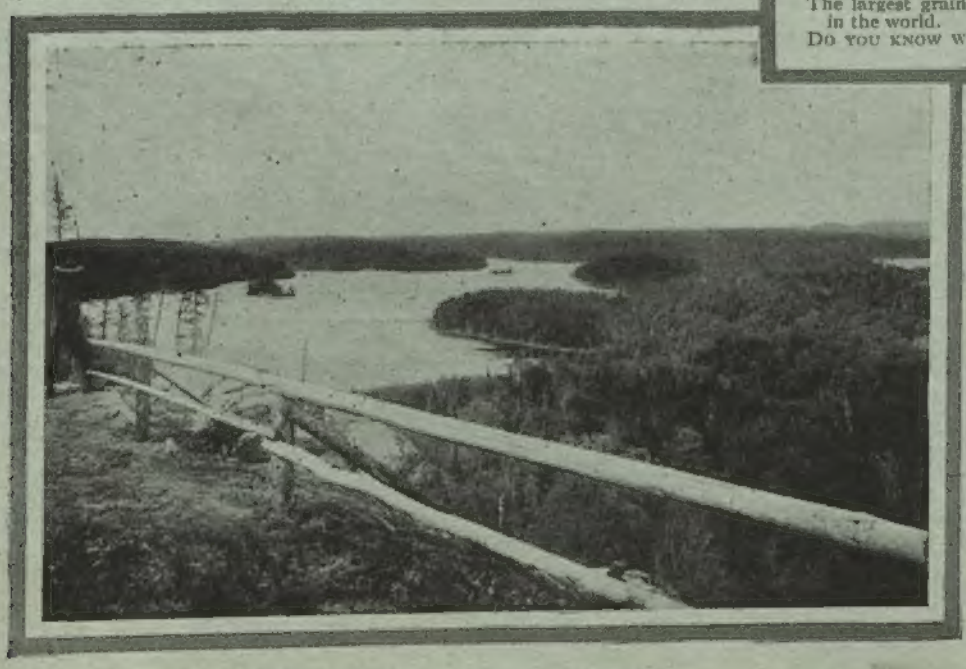
[Photo courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway.

Tadousac, quaintly beautiful, whose charm brings the tourist back year after year. [Photo courtesy, Canada Steamships Limited.

Canada Has

The most extensive sea fisheries:
The largest pulpwood resources:
The largest consecutive wheat field:
The thickest known coal seam:
The largest grain conveying system in the world.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE?



The Untouched Beauty of Nature

A gem in Ontario's wonderful Lakeland. In primitive loveliness, Algonquin Park is unexcelled on this broad continent. Caché Lake is only one of fifteen hundred lakes within the boundaries of the Park. [Photo courtesy, Grand Trunk Railway.

Lake Superior and Its 30,000 Islands

The wholesome Northland with its wealth of virgin forests, pure, blue waters, cooling breezes, and the numerous fishing grounds of the 30,000 Islands, make a trip through the invigorating air of Old Superior an ideal holiday. [Photo courtesy, Northern Navigation Company.

BRINGING MALCOLM TO TIME

By EDITH M. RUSSELL

Illustration by ESTELLE M. KERR

MALCOLM MACPHERSON'S gray eyes shone with an unwonted enthusiasm, and his arms swung from their broad shoulders with an air of determination that was new to his general easy-going manner, as with quick strides he turned the corner into Hawthorn Street and gaily ran up the well-worn steps of Jeanie Graham's house.

Jeanie opened the door when she saw him coming, exclaiming, "What ails ye, Malcolm? Yir dae'n an extra stunt the nicht, or is there a mad dog after ye, that ye step sae lively?"

"It's happy my thochts are the nicht, Jeanie, my lass. I've jist closed a big deal wi'——but, never mind."

"That's a' ye think aboot, Malcolm, the pennies and pounds. It's nae sae attentive ye've been tae me the last week past, Malcolm."

"It's there yir mistaken, lassie," assured Malcolm, as he reached a long arm around Jeanie's slender waist, and drew her gently toward him. "It's for the lo'e o' ye, Jeanie, that I've been sae busy the week. Is it mairrit next month we'll be, lass?"

"Next month, Malcolm? That's ower sudden!"

"Sudden!" repeated Malcolm. "Ye ken, lassie, that I've been comin' tae see ye this ten year back."

"I ken that weel eneuch, Malcolm, but ye haena askit me yet, an' noo ye rush things by amaist namin' the day yirsel," and Jeanie raised her eyes to her lover's with as warm a blush as had mantled her cheeks ten years before, when she had almost brought Malcolm to the point of asking the momentous question.

"It's ay, is it, lassie?"

"It's naethin' o' the kind, Malcolm. Dae ye think I'd be coorted thae ten years an' then be mairrit aff hurrit like withooot a bonnie set o' claes! I'll accept ye the nicht, Malcolm, an' the frien's an' neibors'll ken we're betrothed at last, but ye maun gie me time tae make mysel' a proper outfit as becomes the bride o' a MacPherson."

Malcolm's shaggy brows contracted for a moment.

"I didna ken ye wadna be willin', lass. Everything's ready an' I've ta'en a wee bit hoose frae the first o' July. O' course, if it'll inconvenience ye ony, there's ither lasses that wad jump at the chance. Little Belle Ferguson, wi' the saucy brown een, aye has a sweet smile for me, an'——"

"I haena been wastin' time wi' ye an' helpin' tae polish yir rough manners thae ten years tae han' ye ower tae Belle Ferguson, or ony ither belle, sae it's mairry ye, I will, Malcolm MacPherson, this day fortnicht, but mind ye, if ye hae tae han' ower my weddin' ootfit after the weddin', it's a' yir ain fault, no' bidin' yir time."

"That's spoken like my ain bonnie lass," declared Malcolm, and he seized Jeanie by the hands and swirled her into an ecstatic Highland Fling.

"I felt a' the time ye wad consent, lass, an' I've jist been tae the jeweller's an' I've bocht a nice wee ring."

Jeanie smiled as the tiny jewelled circlet was slipped over the bony finger that had toiled long enough to be rewarded with such an ornament.

"An' whaur maun the hoose be, Malcolm?" she asked, after the first emotions of the long deferred betrothal had subsided.

"That ye will no' ken, lassie, until we get back frae oor honeymoon."

"It's a queer way yir treatin' me, Malcolm. It will be ower late then I'm thinkin' tae see whether things maun be in guid order."

"I dinna wunner at ye, lass, for thinkin' hard o' my plan, but it's the maist joyous thing ever happened in a' my life. Jist bide a wee, lassie, an' ye'll ken a' aboot it."

When Malcolm left that night Jeanie lay awake until after the clock had chimed the midnight hour.

"Jeanie Graham," she chided herself, "ye maun be daft tae agree tae a' the fu' notions o' Malcolm MacPherson, an' consent tae a hasty marriage wi' jist the claes the village ken by hairt tae stan' up in. But for a' that I lo'e the lad dearly. He's braw an' bonnie, an' maist bewitchin' in his maisterfu' moods as he wis the nicht."

Between the ages of thirty and forty life has reached a stage when time seems to fly quickly. Added then to the fact that Jeanie Graham was somewhere between those years, and that her daily tasks did not permit her much leisure for dreaming, came the little preparation that could be made at short notice, so the fortnight between the proposal and the wedding was short indeed.

Malcolm MacPherson was the proudest man in Glendale the day of his wedding. His sandy hair was plastered down with oil, making its appearance both smoother and darker, but the deep rich voice made him still Malcolm as, with true Scotch reverence, he clasped the hand of his middle-aged lassie in the year-old sprigged muslin gown, and repeated with sincerity the words that spoke volumes, and united their destinies "till death us do part."

Then followed the general rejoicings, the good wishes of the villagers, and the proverbial rice thrown after the retreating couple.

Malcolm smiled at Jeanie as he speculated on the value of thrift, and wondered how many rice bannocks could have been made from the shower through which they passed from the church to the railway.

"They'll hae nae chance tae get near us comin' back, lassie; we'll be sae quick gettin' tae oor new hoose."

"An' hoo are ye sae sure o' that, Malcolm?"

"It's a' arrangit, lassie," and Malcolm drew a deep sigh of content as he gazed out on the fertile lands and entrancing scenery that invited them to a fortnight of happiness.

"A penny for yir thochts, lassie?"

"I'm thinkin', Malcolm, as hoo saft an' lily-white my han's will be wi' naethin' tae dae for twa lang weeks."

"I wis aye thinkin' that mysel', lassie, but the han's will hae a langer rest nor that. Wait an' see, Jeanie."

When the happy fortnight elapsed, Jeanie looked from the train window as the whistle shrieked and the locomotive drew up at the little station.

"Faither's nae here wi' Bluebell, Malcolm, but I can walk. It's a' pit on thae brides drivin' like royal buddies."

"It's naethin' o' the kind, Jeanie. Bluebell an' yir faither had their place this day fortnicht, but we'll gang tae oor ain hoose in gran' style. Step in, Jeanie."

"Hoots, mon! I'll nae be playin' a joke on the gentleman wha owns this motor. Ye can that weel eneuch, Malcolm."

"I ken weel eneuch, Jeanie, that this automobile is waitin' here for my ain true lassie, so step in."

In a twinkling, it seemed to Jeanie, they were whirled away, here a turn, there a turn, until they came to a bewitching cottage newly built—the cosiest home-nest that it was possible to conceive, and Jeanie uttered an exclamation of delight as the car stopped, and Malcolm led her triumphantly up the steps, closely followed by the supposed chauffeur, who looked almost as happy as the bridegroom.

"How does Mrs. MacPherson like the house?" he asked Malcolm.

"She hasna seen it yet. Ye'll ken in a meenit." Then to his bride, "This is Mr. Gray, Jeanie. He's proved a guid frien' taw me, an' ye'll no be unwillin', lass, gin he luiks at the hoose wi' us."

Jeanie held out her hand cordially to the new friend, and in her own and Malcolm's name bade him welcome to their new home.

AS the door was opened a maid in smart attire came forward with a light step, and pleasantly greeted her new master and mistress.

Jeanie was dumbfounded, but did not care to betray her surprise before her husband's friend. She managed, however, to whisper to Malcolm,

"There's nae tellin' whaur this extravagance will end, Malcolm. I'm nae sae delicate that I canna dae my ain wark."

"Wheesht, Jeanie, lass, I'll tell ye a' aboot it by-an'-by. An' tell me, lassie, hoo the furnishings suit ye?"

"I'm afeart, Malcolm, ye've spend a' yir bank account. It's gran', Malcolm. I dinna ken ye had sic guid taste. The rugs are that rich luikin', an' as saft as the sward o' auld Scotland. It's a' sae hamelike an' cheery. Even the canary bird asingin' sae sweet an' blithesome. See, Malcolm?"

"The song o' the tea-kettle is sweeter music in my ears the noo, lassie," replied Malcolm, as he hurried his bride's steps in the direction of the well appointed dining-room, where the dainty napery made a background for the most tempting feast imaginable, and the tea tasted delicious because its flavour was wafted from bridal rose china.

"It beats a', Malcolm, hoo ye coud a' thocht o' a' this. It seemed ye got manly an' wise a' at aince, for ye mind ye werna aye sae guid at plannin'. Ye ken weel hoo ye askit my opeenion afore ye bocht a wee bit thing like a necktie."

"I mind weel," returned Malcolm, "an, lassie, I'm nae better the noo at plannin' things. It's oor guid frien', Mr. Gray here that we maun baith thank."

"Mr. Gray!" repeated Jeanie in bewilderment, extending her hand for the second time to the beaming visitor.

"Please don't thank me, Mrs. MacPherson," laughed Mr. Gray. "It's your husband you should thank for reading the advertisements and acting on them."

"Here's the blessed advertisement," put in Malcolm, as he produced a clipping from his vest pocket and handed it to Jeanie.

And this is what the happy bride read:

"A HOME OF YOUR OWN

SPECIAL OFFER—EXTRAORDINARY

I WILL sell on easy terms to the first young couple answering this advertisement, not only a dear little home of seven rooms, but it will be furnished *complete*—everything from cellar to roof—including linen. There will be nothing lacking—even a ton of coal in the cellar. The night you return from your honeymoon I will be waiting for you at the depot, and will take you to your new home in my car. There will be a maid to greet you at the door (salary paid one month).

I regret that I cannot duplicate this offer—it applies to the one couple only—the first to close.

JOHN H. GRAY, 'THE REAL ESTATE MAN.'"

"I hardly ken what man tae thank," laughed Jeanie. "Mr. Gray, ye've dune the bravest thing in a' yir life, bringin' Malcolm tae time. Here he's been coortin' me for ten lang years, but ne'er a wurrd aboot a hoose until he read yir advertisement."

Mr. Gray laughed heartily. "And now that I see how pleased you both are, I shall withdraw my presence," he said, rising, "and in leaving you, congratulate you on the good start you have made in life, and wish you both health, wealth and all the good things of life."

After their benefactor, the real estate man, had left, Jeanie threw both arms around Malcolm's neck.

"Malcolm, yir lang-heided an' no the careless lad I tuik ye for. Wha'd a' thocht o' ye runnin' awa' at sic speed tae get a gran' bargain like this! A hoose a' furnished without a care on oor pairt!"

"I'm that prood o' ye, lassie, and gled o' the hoose for yir bonny sake."

"But, Malcolm,"—and Jeanie's blue eyes looked roguishly into her husband's gray ones—"what wad ye hae dune after buyin' the hoose, gin I had held oot against mairryin' ye afore June?"

"Dune what I said I wad dae afore, Jeanie lass—gi'en the guid name o' MacPherson tae wee Belle Ferguson, and had her share the hoose wi' me."

But the warm, lover-like kiss that Malcolm imprinted on his wife's rosy lips gave the lie to that explanation.

The Fight Against Race Track Gambling

A GREAT battle for moral right has just been fought against a vice that was but little known except to those who indulged and those who reaped the spoils—Race Track Gambling. The Federal Government has prohibited gambling and betting on races until after the War, and the question confronts every Canadian: If Race Track Gambling is an evil to-day, how can it be anything else in days of peace? Read all about it in the August issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and then prepare to fight so that it may not flourish after the War.

The Trained Girl Wins

CANADA is making an insistent call for trained women—the woman who knows. Less and less place is there in the world of endeavour for the girl who has no special training; and to better acquaint you with the sources of useful knowledge, the August issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD contains many important articles dealing with education and educational conditions throughout Canada.

Russian Women to Save the New Russia

AN amazing thing has happened in Russia—the people are enslaved by freedom! They have built themselves a monster worse than autocracy—ANARCHY!—and now they are looking to a new source of power, the power behind the Government. The women of Russia, highly cultured and strong-minded, despite their political subjugation, are expected to provide the means whereby Russia will achieve complete and happy freedom! Read about the new Russia in the August number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

By ISABEL PATERSON

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX

When he touched her hand he had not meant to retain it, but he did; then he captured the other. "I am going to marry you, you know," he said. "Are you?" she asked. She had not thought about marriage, but, of course, if he said so, they would be married.

New Readers Begin Here

DREAMY, and living much in the dreams she fashioned from the old romances she read, Hope Fielding lived in a world unreal, but real to her.

To her father's lonely ranch in Alberta came three strangers talking of the railroad which was coming through; one of these, Conroy Edgerton, who had a daughter about Hope's age, sent her a box of chocolates. When the railroad did come Mr. Fielding, who was a path-maker, and not a money-maker, moved back farther north.

Hope was ambitious and needed money to pay her way through the Normal School. She went to the city and engaged as housemaid in a hotel where Evan Hardy—one of the men—was boarding. Here Conroy Edgerton came and she recognized him instantly. He was interested and they met a few times.

Jim Sanderson—a boarder—had been pursuing Hope for months and finding her alone made himself so objectionable that she knocked him down with the butt end of a revolver. Then she left the hotel and went home.

Hope taught school and found life flat and unprofitable; she made friends with Mary Dark and Mrs. Patton, and with Allen Kirby who happened to be Edgerton's chauffeur. He took her motoring until Edgerton came—then Edgerton took her. Edgerton offered to send her to college, but Hope refused. Ned Angell took her to the Tennis Club dance where she met Tony Yorke. She also saw Jim Sanderson, but kept her self-possession and appeared not to recognize him.

CHAPTER IX

A FOOL'S paradise is quite as good as a philosopher's heaven—while it lasts. And while there is a vast difference in essence between mere credulity and the trust engendered of good faith, the result is too often quite the same. Julie de Lespinasse has not been reckoned wanting in wit, but she never, even on her death-bed, perceived the asses' ears of her utterly selfish and unmanly lover. Hope was not another Julie, but neither was she quite a fool. Indeed, she followed a very ancient wisdom, knowing that

"The lovers that disbelieve
Evil speaking shall grieve,
And false witness shall part."

But it is too true that there is no wisdom that will serve as a cloak for all weathers. And Hope was not weather-wise.

She and Mary Dark were living together. They took the half of a private house from an old friend of Mary's; Mrs. Hamilton, by name. They had three rooms, transformed into a separate apartment, furnished with grass chairs and cushions and bookcases mainly, with a rag rug on the floor, chintz curtains, and a desk and drawing-board. The desk Mary kept in her bedroom, so she might sit there and read and write if Hope had guests. They had a geranium in a pot and fussed over it with ineffectual pleasure. Hope settled herself in the new rooms like a cat on a hearthrug. Watching her darning stockings, or sketching, or running ribbons through her lingerie, Mary felt the same tender amusement one derives from the antics of a kitten or a puppy. But, sometimes, when the girl had one of her rare restless fits, and prowled about softly, touching things here and there or standing with her face pressed to the window-pane looking down the dusty street, Mary's heart misgave her. She connected it readily with Tony Yorke's visits. He had called, more than once. Ned Angell came much oftener, taught Hope the guitar, and sang to her, but Hope received him exactly as she did the three boisterous Hamilton children.

Mrs. Hamilton was, in a sense, a friend of the left hand. "A remarkable woman," said Mary briefly, and left Hope to discover the meaning of the phrase. It was not too difficult. Mrs. Hamilton, without a grain of intellect, possessed a steady intelligence, a deep simplicity, and that genuine sweetness of soul which St. Paul defines as charity. She knew no one in "Society" save Mary, and cared not at all; she went out but little, did her own housework, kept her own counsel and that of her friends, and was sincerely fond of the two girls without in the least desiring to regulate their conduct or inquire into their affairs. Her children were kept in order, and brought more pleasure than annoyance.

Mary had few callers, though she went out a good deal. Occasionally Hope was asked, also, but the thought of a gathering filled her with dumb misery. Eleanor Travers had been to call on both girls; there was a faint undercurrent of alarmed curiosity in her manner, struggling with an instinctive liking for Hope; Mary had watched her with a lazy smile. Hope felt baffled; then dismissed the remembrance, and was glad Miss Travers was out when she returned the call.

Once she asked Allen Kirby to the house. He came readily and was obviously ill at ease. She was "away off" indeed. It was not the same girl who received him in a trailing gown and offered him chocolate in a fragile little cup as she who came flying out through the dark, short-skirted and sweatered, to scramble into the big automobile and crowd the engine to the limit of its capacity through the adventurous dark. So they kept to that.

Tony caught her in yet another phase. He came unexpectedly, when she thought he had forgotten. If he had never come, he would in time have become a sort of private legend to her.

Mrs. Hamilton let him in, but did not trouble to announce him. He found Hope a little dishevelled and fatigued, in a ruffled print house-frock, holding the Hamilton baby on her knee, and telling him stories with a slightly absent air. She was hardly thinking of the stories; her mind was really occupied pleasantly with the aspect of the room which she had just dusted and set in order. The geranium glistened from a late watering, sitting in the window where it caught the last daylight. The baby, with an expression of serious rapture, repeated after her such phrases of the story as caught his ear, and pored attentively over certain pictures Hope had drawn to make it clear to his youthful mind. She and Mary amused themselves so at times. The stories, Mary wrote; and Hope sketched for them as they progressed. When they were finished, the girls tore them up, or allowed them to accumulate in odd corners, thinking of them merely as divertisement.

SHE did not rise at his entrance, but offered him her hand, still clutching little Bobby with a kind of desperation, and terribly conscious of her tumbled hair. Bobby had pulled it down into her eyes, and her collar was unfastened, and she felt too confused to correct either negligence. It would have been like decking herself for his approval, and she wanted him, somehow, to accept her as "a poor thing, but his own," without garnishment.

"How domestic you look," he said, laughing.

"But I *am* horribly domestic," she assured him. He laughed more, and insisted on hearing the rest of the story, looking at her sketches with real interest and some amazement, such as most of us feel when one we know displays a talent, however slight. Achievement, to the majority of us, seems to be possible only to persons we do not know; super-beings, not accessible in daily life.

"But you're alarmingly clever," he said, to her great embarrassment. She clutched Bobby till he squirmed, and murmured, "No, no," very positively. Then the baby insisted on being let go; she led him to the door, came back and sat down tentatively. She felt as though she must entertain Tony, and at the same time as though she herself did not require any entertainment, but merely to sit and see him opposite her. But she must have talked of something, for they laughed a great deal in the next half-hour, and at the end of it he was sitting beside her on the cushioned wicker settee. The awkwardness had passed

Tony Yorke enjoyed life a great deal because he never knew exactly what he was going to do, and so suffered no disappointments, while at the same time everything had for him the flavour of novelty. He had not meant to make love to Hope when he set out to see her, but neither had he any resolution formed against it. When he touched her hand in taking a match from her fingers, he had not meant to retain it, but he did. It lay in his, submissive and yet uncertain; and then he captured the other and drew her toward him. It was dusk now; she had not put on the lights, but her clear yet clouded blue eyes, fixed on his, had an illumination of their own, and her hands were pearly white in his brown ones. She said nothing as he bent to her, but watched him, and he waited on her word, ready to release her, even while he still drew her closer. Then her eyelids fell softly, and he knew he was going to kiss her.

And when he touched her cool, trembling lips he knew, however incredible it would have seemed but an hour earlier, that he loved her.

He had been aware of a kind of charm that had fallen on them at their first meeting, but had afterward put it down to the music, the excitement of the dance, the exotic atmosphere of an assemblage of young and light-hearted pleasure-seekers. Now, with her in his arms, he knew she had sounded the depths of his nature—shallow water all, but all of him. He was essentially a lover of women, not of one woman, but, at the least, he loved them all for their fineness, and his own type of woman was not the type that touched him emotionally. Rather, perhaps he was all things to all women, but himself first—and last.

His tribute was the conventional one, but still again his best, and all he had, and even a little more. For he spoke of marriage, not that night, but the next time. And he knew quite well that, by his own standard, he could not afford to marry. Subconsciously, he had always expected to marry a girl with money. Not for her money, but it would just happen so. Yet he said, after Hope had come forward timidly, and put her hands in his:

"I'm going to marry you, you know?" (*See opposite page*)

"Are you?" she said, and might have added: "'I have laid my life at thy feet; do as it please thee with it, for what shall please thee is sweet.'" But neither then nor ever was she able to put into words to him all the romance and wonder he meant to her. No doubt they would be married; she had not really thought of that, although she had often contemplated her own possible marriage before meeting him. One had to be born; one had to die; one had to be married, also; these were the inevitable triology. And since marriage was the only one of the three in which the principal actor had any say, it lent itself generously to speculation. Very erratic speculation. But the fact is that romantic love does not trouble about marriage. It can feed on moonlight, nourish itself on sonnets; so to Hope the idea of marrying Tony was quite by the way. But, of course, if he said so, they would be married—and, being married, matters would be in no whit altered.

After he had gone, however, she treasured the words, as a guarantee of the permanence of her happiness. Him, she had never doubted as loving her always, but an instinct as old as time and the changing seasons had warned her that this wonder would not last. Not any more does one expect spring to remain after its appointed period. Something, somehow, would come between them, and leave her only a memory. To this absurd tangle of "forever" and "but a little while" Tony had brought the word marriage like a sword, and the knot was cut cleanly. He had spoken; if there were any untoward circumstance, he would overcome it. He would overawe the face of Fate.

A singular quiet fell on her restless spirit. Mary noticed she no longer complained of the stagnation of life, though on the surface it was all the same. At hazard, Mary guessed correctly; being in love was itself an adventure, and all-absorbing. The impatience of her moments of waiting for Tony was not her old tugging at the leash. She even withdrew as far as possible what tentative feelers she had thrown out before. With Ned she was indifferent and distrait to the point of rudeness. He tried to sulk. She did not even notice, and he returned, after telling Lisbeth and Mary in strict confidence that she was a disagreeable little beast and that only his high regard for them made him tolerate her. She had always been high-handed with Allen Kirby, but Allen's philosophy permitted him to enjoy what he could get. He had never made any claims. He was always ready, if she had nothing better to do. And since she liked him very well, and he had accepted with equanimity his first tacit definition of their relations, she did not feel that they infringed on Tony's possession of all that was herself.

But with Edgerton she was vaguely troubled, and seemed to be in a perpetual retreat. He felt her slipping away from him, half surmised the truth, but could put no name to the cause. Of her life he knew nothing except what she told him herself. And she had the straightforward reticence of the truthful. Clumsily he tried to hold her, accepting each rebuff with a dogged gentleness that made her feel pitiful toward him. At the same time she was at a loss to understand what he wanted. He had so much already.

ONCE she voiced the question to Mary. Edgerton had been to see her. He came but the once. The last time he had been in town she had put him off prettily, because she had an engagement with Tony. Her rudeness smote her; in answer to a note Mary had tossed her, she had telephoned, told him to call. He had been strangely unwilling, though plainly he wanted to see her. But he came

What she remembered most was the way his eyes followed her about the room, as if photographing every trivial gesture she made. When she gave him her hand he tried to take her in his arms, and she said "No, no," and avoided him. Afterward, just as the first time, she shyly gave him a cheek to kiss, as an amende. But his unease perplexed her.

"What is it?" she asked. "Aren't you comfortable? I'm going to make some coffee." It seemed he did not want coffee, and she sat pondering him. "You're different," was all she could make of it.

"No, you are," he returned bluntly. "Well, I might have known it would come. I say—"

"Yes?"

"If—if anything goes wrong— If I can help you, let me know." And he was for going. "Oh, why?" she said gently. "It's early." She held him by the lapel of his coat, looking up at him engagingly, and he would have kissed her again.

But he knew too well she had nothing for him. And after all, with a heavy heart he knew he had nothing for her.

"No, I must. I've got some things to see to—Emily—my daughter— is coming up. I want you to meet her."

"I should like to," said Hope bravely, concealing her horror and alarm at the idea of meeting a strange girl. There was a certain incredibility, too, about his having a grown daughter. Hope had been bred to the old order. A man married was married, and that was the end of him. Edgerton, appearing always alone, had somehow in her mind extricated himself from that fixed position, and now it seemed she must replace him, and he really would not quite fit. He would not fit anywhere, that was the trouble. A man of his age— She had dissociated him from all that, his age, his circumstances, his very physical appearance, at last; she no longer felt inclined to giggle secretly at the spectacle of his grey hairs abasing themselves before her triumphant youth; and now she would have to laboriously recreate him in her mind. Actually, she never did, she continued to feel him her equal; her rejection of him became a matter of personal choice, not of any outward disparity. It would have comforted him to know that, strangely. But he never did know it, being secretly modest.

After he had gone, she interrogated Mary, as she had been wont to question Agnes.

"He must be worried about something," she said sagely, interrupting Mary's peaceful scribbling in the bedroom. "He seemed to be on pins and needles."

"It was me," said Mary, disregarding syntax, and further replied to Hope's stare. "He wondered where I might be; he feels rather silly before me. Did he ask?"

"No. Was *that* it?"

Mary nodded, smiling. "Certainly. He could feel my eye gimleting through the keyhole. Wicked child, why don't you let that poor man alone?"

"I don't do anything to him," said Hope indignantly.

"Horrid little flirt," said Mary calmly.

"I am *not!*"

"No? What then do you want with all those men?" Mary's voice, sweetly lazy and receptive, wooed to confidence.

"Only four," Hope protested. "I *don't* flirt with them. I"—she paused a long time. "Maybe you can understand. It's like this—there are so many things I'd like to do and see and feel, all at once; I should like to grow in every direction. I wish the world were an orange and I could eat it—"

"An apple, you mean," murmured Mary. "Well?"

"When I hear of a strange country, I long to be there immediately;" Hope pursued resolutely. "To read of some new discovery makes me wish I were at the inventor's elbow; to hear of a big adventure fills me with an awful longing to have experienced it. And I'd like to be a man—but I'd like to be a woman, too. Of course I simply can't have any of those things. But Ned and Allen and Con Edgerton and—all of them—" she hesitated obviously over Tony Yorke's name—"they're my foreign countries, my other lives. I explore them and watch them; I take some of their lives from them. Because they let me see themselves. So do you; maybe Lisbeth does; but no one else. People in a crowd aren't interesting. A crowd brings out points of resemblance; in extreme cases it turns into one creature, a mob! But that wasn't what I started to say, was it?"

"No," said Mary. "Never mind, I understand Yes 'But he who lives more lives than one, more deaths than one must die.'"

"I've died a million times here in the last two years," retorted Hope. "I think I'm getting used to it now."

"You're not such a fidget," agreed Mary. "But is that it? Is—it—?"

There was no answer.

"Aren't you engaged to Tony Yorke?"

Hope looked up quickly, her eyes round with surprise, a defensive blankness clouding them.

"Why do you ask that?" she parried.

"Because I have no manners," Mary smiled. "Now, aren't you?" But her real reason she could not tell.

"Yes," said Hope, rosily shamefaced and a little proud. "But I'll never forgive you if you tell any one. You won't, will you?"

"Not unless you say I may," Mary hesitated. "But—you ought to announce it. Did—did Tony ask you not to?"

"No, of course not," said Hope, placidly astonished. "We never spoke of it. Who cares, anyway? No one would be interested, except maybe you and Lisbeth. And I don't want to be served up with the sandwiches at every afternoon tea from now till next year. If you tell I'll hate you!"

"As you say," agreed Mary, secretly resolved to alter that decision. "When will you be married?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometime. As soon as we save enough money," Hope laughed happily.

"It will be never," said Mary to herself. "I wonder if I shall be able to help her at all?" But aloud she said: "I forgot to say the usual thing, my dear. But you know I hope you find the magpie's nest."

"What magpie's nest?" enquired Hope, round-eyed again.

"A *facon de parler*, dear; the French say happiness is to be found in a magpie's nest. Because the magpie always builds out of reach!"

Hope smiled to herself, with deep assurance.

"But I forgot to ask you," she said, "what *does* Mr. Edgerton want?"

Mary, in silent despair, refused to answer.

TURN ABOUT

Love knocked at my door, one summer's day,
And called, "Let me in, I pray!"
There he stood
The gay little fellow,
His laughing blue eyes,
Growing dark with surprise,
As I said, "Little Love, nay, nay,
Go away,
Many things in this world I fain would do,
Before I'll have any time for you,
Nay, nay,
Little Love, go away!"

Love sped past my door one summer's day,
Sped quickly past and away:
In haste
I started to follow,
Then, all chuckling with glee,
He called back to me,
"Oh, ho! Turn about's fair play,
So they say:
There're so many things in this world to do,
I fear I'll never have time for you."
Since that day
I have sought little Love alway

—*A. M. Bowers.*

CHAPTER X.

GOSSIP that builds up slowly, like accretions to a coral reef, is more dangerous and difficult than a rumour that runs like sudden flame in dry grass. That will burn itself out, and new grass grow. But the other remains, fetters its hapless object; unless it concerns one of unusual mental and spiritual stature, who can calmly rise clear, and use it as a footing And that takes time.

These tiny, ever-increasing tributes of idleness and malice Mary dreaded for Hope, saw them piling about her, and was helpless. Warn her? It would not help. The girl might struggle to amend, but wanted experience to perceive her error. She would be simply overwhelmed, frightened, and sickened of the unprovoked baseness, it would seem to show her, in human nature. She had never injured any one; lacking the flavour of reprisal, the attack would seem merely wanton. Hope still had that terrible sense of justice discernible in young and unhappily inarticulate children. She would see herself punished for a fault uncommitted. She would not know how to recover herself and strike back, and the wound would be poisoned thereby.

No, there was nothing to be done. And perhaps luck would incline the other way; the situation was so singularly mixed now, no one could see the end. If there was such a thing as fool's luck—well, Hope deserved it. She was such an idiot—and she juggled her own fortunes as carelessly as though they were ivory instead of crystal.

Emily Edgerton's visit, though delayed, had materialized. She was much lunched and refreshed with vast quantities of tea by the local ladies, but Hope had met her first. Emily was just past eighteen, but tall and well-grown, attractive with health and good nature and her father's millions. She was brown, and rather pretty; brown eyes, brown hair, a few brown freckles, and a figure rounded from tennis and dancing. She was armed *point de vise* with that knowledge of security which is the portion of daughters of the rich. Hope wondered and envied, not perceiving the source. Mary understood, and wished Hope might have a few years of the same ease, to put her on her feet. This was at tea, and they were planning some way to pass the evening without boredom—a difficult thing in that city. Nothing offered but a second-rate theatrical performance; it would undoubtedly be second-rate, since none others came so far from the centres of civilization. But Edgerton and Emily professed themselves quite willing to take what chance there might be of a smile, and while he was thinking whom he might ask to complete the party—"I'd feel altogether too greedy with three pretty women to myself," he thought—Tony Yorke was observed on the verandah. So he was brought in, like the wedding guests who were gathered in from the hedges and byways; and the party was declared filled, for their box could not possibly hold more than five.

SO they sat very splendidly in the stage box; there were only four boxes and they were all stage boxes. One could not see all that went on on the stage, but Mary said the audience was much more amusing anyway. From the other side of the house, Mrs. Shane nodded to Mary, scrutinized Hope through an opera glass, and smiled at Tony.

Tony and Mary tossed the ball between them at first. She knew him, heart and soul, reading him, perhaps, through another she had once known. But she had grown clever now; so that he could not guess how clever she was. "A silly muddle," she was saying to herself before the evening was well begun, looking at Hope, slim and shrinking in her black gown, with drooped lids, so that Mary's eyes outshone her, and the rose in Emily Edgerton's cheek. With a little pang at heart Mary saw that Edgerton still turned to her. After all, he was twice the man Tony was; it had never been her surface that had caught him. For all his simplicity, he phrased himself very neatly, apropos of what Mary did not catch.

"I can see through a ladder when there's a lantern on the other side."

"Well, Daddy, I always told you I wasn't a ladder," remarked Emily cheerfully, and pinched his arm. That was about the depth of the conversation.

"Aren't you?" murmured Hope idiotically, and they laughed until Mrs. Shane heard them.

"Are you?" asked Tony very seriously, addressing Hope.

She rallied. "Yes, I am," she declared. "Any one can see through me—or put a foot on me." Her eyes acknowledged that he, at least, could.

"Your vocation," said Mary, "is evidently marriage."

"Marriage isn't a vocation," returned Hope lightly, swimming on the tide of her own frivolity, "it's an accident. And accidents never happen to me; I'm always on the verge of them, right under the chariot wheels you may say, but some rude person always rescues me." She avoided Tony's glance as she spoke. Another woman would have looked at him with coquettish denial of her words. Mary saw Hope's attitude in advance; what hurt and shocked her despite herself was that Tony, too, looked deliberately preoccupied and gay. Ah, he should have been possessive, given himself away. He left his rightful part to Edgerton—who accepted it. It was a muddle, indeed.

"Oh, you'll marry," said Edgerton, rather gloomily. She shook her head, contradicting, with a little lift of her eyelashes at him. "Why do you think so?" But he did not seem able to say. Tony had fallen into a low-toned conversation with Emily Edgerton; Mary, smiling dreamily out over the orchestra, felt like an exceedingly exclusive audience. Tony had got Emily's fan, and they retreated behind it, and Emily dimpled and smiled—she was really rather charming, and Tony's eyes had not forgotten their old trick. "The next day?" Mary heard him ask. "Perhaps," said Emily. "Shall we all go?" she looked at the others. "If you like," said Tony, gallantly.

Well, the evening was over. In the lobby, Mrs. Shane captured them, pressed them to supper, all of them. It was Edgerton who did not want to go, and it was Mary who, having learned to read his long primer print very easily in her elbow-to-elbow working hours with him, made their excuses. It was Mary, too, who heard Tony promising that he might be there later. She grimaced, hiding it under her hood. Was a man so avid of the moment's distraction worth luring? But that was for Hope to settle, not her.

"We'll get enough of the Shanes to-morrow," said Edgerton bluntly to Mary. "We've got to dine with them." Mary nodded. Shane was involved in Edgerton's latest deal, for the power rights on the Kenatchee Falls.

Dine they did, and Tony was at that dinner too. He had been of the theatre party by accident; he was always at Mrs. Shane's dinners, and thereafter, because of the sheep instinct in people, he was everywhere asked where Emily Edgerton was asked, which was everywhere, merely because people knew of the two initial occasions.

If he had wished just such a development in the first instance, it was by no means on account of Emily herself. He needed the financial backing of Edgerton; he had staked all his own money, and some he had got from his mother, not an enormous sum, on the Kenatchee Falls deal, and without Edgerton's help, he might just as well have set it sailing down the Bow River in paper boats. Shane's backing could do no more than get him a hearing and give him a little local prestige, for Shane, though growing rich as a small city counts riches, had many irons in the fire and needed all his loose capital for himself. But a word, a scratch of the pen, from Edgerton would unlock the vaults of any of the powerful banks; he could command money enough to dam the Bow with silver if he chose. He had more than money; he had credit, he was a man who never lost. By sheer tenacity, the ability to play a waiting game, Edgerton had recouped himself a dozen times in deals where one less long-sighted, would have given up and admitted defeat. And there were not many men in the North-West of whom so much could be said. Boom times do not breed shrewdness. Edgerton had not floated in on the tide of any boom; he had made his start a dollar at a time, and never forgot what a dollar cost in actual effort. He was the one man Tony Yorke wanted.

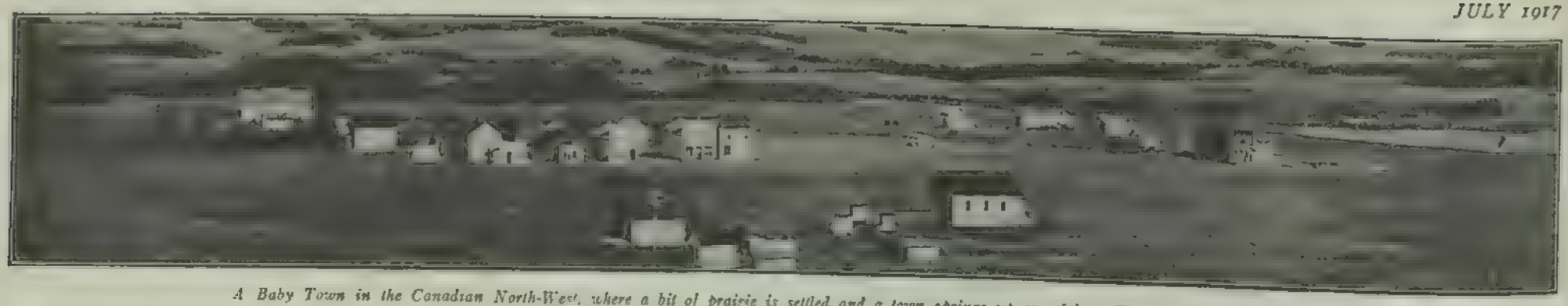
But it had to be soon. The franchise was already granted, passed but a few weeks before by a gratified Assembly at Edmonton. A provincial election impended within another twelvemonth, with a threat of an over-turned Government. The fear of that undesirable consummation had forced even the secret shareholders of the company, who sat in the Assembly, to assent to an obnoxious rider to the Bill calling for certain work upon the power plant to be completed within the year—expensive work. There were ways, certainly, to obtain a postponement, but they were also somewhat expensive. They would be doubly so with a new provincial cabinet, hungry from enforced abstinence, to appease.

"With me," Shane told Tony frankly, "it's a gamble; and I'll have to pass up the next raise. I've reached my limit. But if we can get Edgerton—why, we'll just be taking over the bank, that's all. We'll have the percentage on our side. I hope we can get him. But he's a singed cat for caution. And it's no use crowding him." That was very well for Shane; he played within his means. But Tony had put all he had in the pot; he *had* to win.

PENNINGTON YORKE (that was his full name, though he had nearly forgotten it himself) had begun his financial education at the wrong end; he had learned how to spend money before he knew anything about making it. In four dizzy years at college he had dispersed the nucleus of a comfortable fortune. Thereafter he had been in the position of the Chinaman who went tobogganing, as he explained once to Hope: "Whizz-z-z—go down like hellee—walk back six miles!" All his personal assets here were valueless; connections, charm, social polish, he found quite useless in a place where the social order was just emerging from a pastoral democracy. True, he had friends; and from them he got friendship of a sort—just what he gave, in fact, which was just what he did not need. At home he could, if he had chosen to be a little patient, have come into his own, but he had no patience, and the West looked to him like an industrial faro game, where everything might be won on a single turn of the wheel—and nothing lost, if one had nothing to lose.

He had, certainly, got Shane's countenance and support. But Mrs. Shane was an able woman! She was bored a good deal; she and Tony had in common a million trifles and a large selfishness. Shane liked Tony, too, but if Cora had disliked him, she would have seen to it that her husband shared her feelings. As it was, Tony told her all his affairs, or at least, all his financial affairs, and she sympathized with him. Nothing is easier, when one does not have to suffer through those affairs. She had even tried to help him with Edgerton; it was one of her notable failures, and it stung, rather. She did not forget it, though she had the wit to leave alone the further conduct of the business end of matters.

Bred to the current (*Continued on page 26*)



A Baby Town in the Canadian North-West, where a bit of prairie is settled and a town springs up overnight. They are patriotic, too, these pioneers; note the Union Jack floating from the flag pole.—Punnichy Sask.

HOW GRANDMOTHER LIVED IN PRE-CONFEDERATION DAYS

By FRANK YEIGH

HOW did our grandmothers live in pre-Confederation days?

What kind of a country was Canada away back in the fifties and sixties? What features marked the national, community, home, and domestic life? And what are the outstanding differences between then and now?

It is a fitting time to ask and to attempt to answer such questions in this year that closes a half-century in the life of Canada, a half-century since she became a Dominion under the Confederation of 1867. It is, moreover, worth while recalling those earlier formative years and bringing back to mind the worthy members of a generation that has almost passed away, to honour their memory for the life they lived, the part they played, and the contribution they made to their native or adopted land. The further opportunity is also presented of comparing the two periods and the span between and to take note of the progress made in all departments of human life and activity. These were, in truth, the good old days; but there are, in equal truth, the better new days bringing in their train larger privileges and opportunities and a more advanced and highly developed civilisation

One effective way of describing those middle years of the nineteenth century is by recalling the improvements since then and the many inventions our grandparents had, perforce, to do without. Just bring to mind the long list of things that have come into existence since Confederation; the telephone, both wire and wireless; electricity applied and unapplied, phonographs and gramophones ("What's the difference between them?" Grandmother would have asked); fireless cookers and gas ranges; apartment houses and "flats" therein; patent breakfast foods and other pre-digested articles of diet ("I'll do my own digesting, thank you," Grandmother would have asserted)

And Grandfather would be mightily interested in scores of inventions: motor cars and boats; traction and gasolene engines; electric street cars; typewriters; departmental stores; aeroplanes—fill out the list yourself.

Instead of "Posty" bringing the letters, as in these days of the Rural Delivery, and depositing them in the little tin post-office dangling at the end of a pole right in front of the farm gate, Grandfather and Grandmother welcomed the excuse to hitch up old Bess and drive to the Corners, and to have a visit with the neighbour folk at the same time. The Rural Delivery is not very neighbourly when you come to think of it, but it is mighty convenient!

Think, too, of what Grandmother missed in parlour and kitchen! There were, at that time, oil lamps and candles; but gas and electricity were as yet unadvertised! However did she curl her hair, in her girlhood days without modern electric curling tongs? Well, she did the curling all right; for evidence look at the very curls themselves showing in the dear old daguerreotype that is your most precious possession. No wonder Granddaddy lost his heart and his head to her, when he went acourting Miss Lavinia Thompson in the long, long ago.

The Old Gage Homestead on the Stoney Creek Battlefield, near Hamilton, used as Military Headquarters in the War of 1812-1814 when the British and Canadian Militia drove back the United States forces. The property is now a Government Park, and the Gage Homestead is preserved as an example of early Canadian architecture, and is open to the public as an historical museum. An obelisk commemorating the Battle of Stoney Creek stands in the Park

Belles and Beaux of fifty years ago. The position of the hands is to steady the sitters, as the time exposure for a good daguerreotype was three or four minutes.

No fireless cookers or electric stoves occupied a place in the kitchen with the painted floor, but the old stove did fairly well at the business when a wood fire crackled under the four black lids and showed its flames through the door frames and front gate.

How Grandfather would have laughed at a sulky plow—riding lazily at his work, the very idea! And if a modern tractor had suddenly appeared on the townline road, he would have taken to the woods in sheer fright.

When he and Grandmother drove to town on market-day they were happily content with horse and top buggy as their transportation system. What the skittish roan would have thought of a modern automobile making twenty miles an hour, or a panting, puffy motor-cycle, is difficult to imagine. But our travellers of long ago would, undoubtedly, have taken to a modern express train, a trolley car, or a limousine, with keen delight.

When they reached the county seat each transacted business and shopping in ways that, since the dawn of time, have differentiated the sons of Adam and the daughters of Eve. Shopping was done leisurely; buying groceries in a grocery store; medicine in a drug store; linen in a dry goods store, and a treat of oysters or oranges in the fruit store 'round the corner. Had they been told that, some day in the then future, all their shopping could be done in one store and under one roof, their surprise would have shown some incredulity.

If, in addition, we could place the road they travelled over in 1867, say, with a modern "good roads" highway, even the faithful old family horse would welcome the improvement and wish he were living now when the task of drawing his load would be greatly lessened.

But let us come a little closer, and in a more positive way, to the dear old folk in the dear old homestead Let us draw back the curtain of time and peer in, without offensive intrusion, as they sit in the living room on, say, a winter night. How "comfy" the place is; how homy the hon espun carpet; how clean table spreads and curtains and linen. Why, it represents the original "Spotless Town"!

The stove is singing a song in tune with the kettle, for they have ever been fast and warm, indeed at times, hot friends

The chores are done (milking ten cows; feeding and bedding four horses; giving supper to fourteen squealing pigs, a score of less blatant sheep, and a flock of chattering hens); supper is over, lamps or candles are lighted; Grandmother, and Mother too, have their knitting; Grandfather is reading the one weekly paper, which is his political and almost his spiritual guide, though nothing takes the place of family prayers And who shall estimate their value or their importance in the quiet and yet well ordered economy of their life? We, of more modern days, have little time or place for this old-fashioned custom. We praise them for observing it while, at the same time, we disregard it—who is right?

If you peep into this rural home on another night, it is alive and alight, even the spare room and the parlour are lighted and filled up, as is every other apartment, *(Continued on page 28)*

These Modern Belles are out for a good time, giving more thought to the health and enjoyment resulting therefrom than to finery or appearance.

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THE charm of your personal appearance is judged, to a great extent, by the quality of hosiery you wear. MONARCH-KNIT Hosiery has that richness of appearance, without being costly, which the modern woman will admire. The product of beautiful materials and pure dyes, long wear and quality are combined in MONARCH-KNIT hosiery in an inseparable union.

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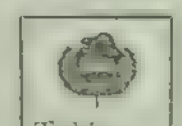
Jean Blewett's Own Page



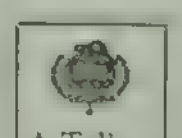
Taking a Man's Advice

THE LADIES had our booksellers wondering a while back. "I don't know what to make of it," confided the proprietor of an old established shop on Yonge Street. "We've had three books on our shelves for years, fine books, but up to a day or so ago the demand for them has been anything but phenomenal. Now, half the women in town, women old and young, women frivolous and firm, women rich and poor, bookish women and the other kind, have come in search of these three. What are the books? Listen to the request of the would-be customer coming this way and you'll know."

The "would-be" was a pretty silken-clad young matron. "Please send over to the house Ruskin's 'Two Paths,' Henry George's 'Free Trade and Tariffs,' and Carlyle's 'Heroes and Hero Worship,'" was what she said. Even as the salesman was explaining that he could not fill the order for a few days, in came another customer, an elderly, capable woman from the farm and on exactly the same quest as the city matron. To her the proprietor addressed the query "Why the interest in these particular books?" She favoured him with a shrewd smile as she said, "The other day, at the very first political convention ever held by the women of this Province, Dr. Clark, M.P., commonly known as 'Red Michael,' told us that our entrance into the arena at this juncture was providential, and also said that we should read three books, the three I asked for, as they would teach us political economy, ideals, etc. We know we have the vote, but it's about all we do know, a lot of us. We've had no chance to study political economy, being kept busy practising the common everyday variety that's standing us in such good stead these war times. But if we're going in for politics we've got to know politics, hence our pursuit of Carlyle, Henry George, and Ruskin. Some of us are late in beginning, but if you can find a woman who will own to being too old to learn, just point her out to me."

Employment Bureau

EACH MONTH THE WORK of the Women's Department of the Employment Bureau, established by the Ontario Government, grows in importance. The women in charge get to be very wise in the matter of judging from appearances and manners who, of the throng of applicants, will go on working long after the novelty has worn off and who will tire quickly. The degrees of usefulness vary, of course. Temperament has much to do with the success or failure of women workers on farm or in munition factory; but that quality which, for want of a better name, is termed persistency, and means sticking to an undertaking through thick and thin, not letting go, not knowing how to let go, means more. Women wailed for an opportunity to prove themselves worth while. Well, it is here. Last month 600 applicants for women workers came to the Women's Employment Bureau from the makers of munitions alone. And "Come over and help us," cried farmers and fruit growers. "Can you secure us a draughtsman?" runs one application. "We could use a large number of women decorators and painters," from another. This month the demand for skilled and unskilled labour is much heavier. The Employment Bureau is certainly a busy place.

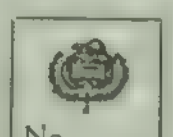


A Talk With the Groom

"I THOUGHT BEING A MODEL WIFE would be easy, but I counted without my host—or my husband," confides the young matron. "I want to be a real help-meet, share all his worries and all his thoughts, but he will not have it so. He absolutely refuses to respond to my advances. I had planned, in my own mind, to hold a weighty discussion with him on things in general and business affairs—*our* business affairs in particular—so yesterday when he reached home a full hour before dinner, I seized on the opportunity; I was very much in earnest, and went right to the root of the matter. Putting on the matter-of-fact expression I'd been cultivating for the occasion, I said, "Dear, instead of the fond and foolish nothings which we generally talk when we are alone together, let us have a serious conversation. I don't want to be a society butterfly. I don't want to be the ordinary wife—" "You couldn't be if you tried," he interrupted. "The ordinary wife and housekeeper," I continued without noticing his flattery. "I aim to be a model wife, and to help me accomplish this, I ask you to take me into your full confidence, tell me of your business, its worries and successes, tell me everything about it so that I can be helpful." I was quite wrought up, but he showed no enthusiasm whatever, said he wished I'd hurry up dinner. Think of it! Dinner! When I persisted, he got cross, wouldn't talk, read the evening papers. Not a thing did he tell me, by which token I know that he doesn't desire a model wife—for how can I counsel or comfort if I am kept in ignorance? A wife's sympathy ought to be the best thing in the world to a man, don't you think?" The young matron's tone is an injured one, her eyes are severe. No wonder; she has been wounded in her tenderest feelings.

Confidence by Coaxing

IT IS THE VERY BEST thing, this sympathy of a wife for the wage-earner, no one gainsays it—only she mustn't make the proffering of it a regular business affair. This was the young matron's first mistake. Her second was the stand-and-deliver method employed, the matter-of-fact expression assumed. Neither of these appealed to him, naturally. He was still so proud of the new wife he did not desire her to be anything else, not even a co-worker or business adviser. Assault a clam—we beg leave to change the metaphor. Grasp the sensitive plant (let us be flowery when we can) and, instead of unfolding until its heart is bare, it deftly closes its pale mauve doors, pulls down its paler mauve curtains until we cannot be sure it has a heart at all. When it comes to being confidential with his wife the average young husband—also the average husband who isn't young—is remarkably like the plant, but the wise wife wins out. What the sun and dew mean in the opening up of the flower, her tact and tenderness mean in the expanding of the man's trust in her. By-and-by she will be sharing, well, not "all his worries and all his thoughts" but as many of these as are good for her. Confidence comes by coaxing—which is no copy-book maxim, but a truth backed up, proven, demonstrated by the experience of innumerable wives.



No Party Politics

PEOPLE WHO DO NOT KNOW whereof they speak are given to calling the Women's Christian Temperance Union a fanatical, narrow organization. Not so. It has been the power behind the throne in most of the reform measures this Province has achieved, and it disproves the charge of narrowness by being the first of our Woman's Clubs and Woman's Societies to set to its seal, publicly, that it abjures party politics. Pending a meeting of the Provincial body the sub-executive of Bruce County Women's Christian Temperance Union took up the matter of Woman's Suffrage at once, and pledged itself to stand, a free and independent body, supporting only such candidates as will work to safeguard the home. And that it will demand of candidates earnest and honest efforts to secure better laws, and amendments that will protect the feeble minded, and prevent the marriage of persons diseased, or unfit. Also candidates, to secure support, must promise women judges for Juvenile Courts, and the appointment of nurses to the Provincial Health Board. When the Women's Christian Temperance Union members cast the ballot they worked so hard to win, they mean to make it tell. Bravo!

A Woman Judge's Opinion

JANEY CANUCK, the well-known writer, and also judge of the Women's and Children's Court, Edmonton, writes:

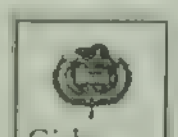
"As day by day, one listens to the soft voices and looks into the flower-like faces of girls who have fallen into wrong doing, it is heart-breaking to find how small a cause has brought about a girl's downfall. Not long ago a mistress was heard to boast that she had locked her housemaid out all night because the girl returned home late. Sometimes a woman, who would not permit her own daughter to attend a party unchaperoned, will leave her young maid-servant to keep house during the holiday season for the male members thereof." One of the white slaver's methods is to persuade girls they are irretrievably lost, that no respectable occupation is open to them. Indeed, some most excellent Christian women have been hypnotised into thinking the same thing of erring girls. Adelaide Porter gave it the lie when she said: "We always may be what we might have been."

The Saint and the Sinner

TO MAINTAIN that all good women cherish feelings of hostility toward such of their sisters as have erred would be manifestly unfair. Purity and prudery lie poles apart. It is the woman of clean soul, clean life, who is often—and should be always—the first to the rescue, the quickest with the word of cheer, the most prodigal with her sympathy. Good women have been maligned in this matter. Goodness never narrows a soul—though it is sometimes content to dwell in quarters too narrow for it. The woman who is good through and through is pitiful of her fallen sister, and is neither afraid nor ashamed to lift her up. What if the world does call the poor girl "bad"? What if the church does esteem her "lost"? What if prudery, calling itself respectability, does cast stones at her? The good woman sees in her one to be lifted, set on her feet, saved to a sane life, a clean and useful life—and seeing, lends her strength and faith to the Christ-like task of bringing it to pass.

Second Time in Court

"I DIDN'T set out to be a bad woman," said the seventeen-year-old girl who had just stood up in the Police Court and received her sentence of six months' in the Reformatory, "but there wasn't nothin' else to do. There ain't many jobs waitin' for a girl who has been up in Court for tryin' to kill herself because she was in trouble. I made myself take the poison. I didn't want to die—I was scared to die—but shamed to live any longer. If my Ma had been alive I'd have gone home, but the woman Pa married after Ma went wouldn't have let me in the house. Say, that first time in the dock I felt I couldn't face it, wanted to go through the floor, but," callously, "you get used to shame, same as to other things. You get over the feelin' of scorchin' and shrivellin' up under all the curious eyes. After all—what's the use? Maybe it's all right what you say about livin' it down, but it strikes me neither God nor man thinks a girl of the streets worth savin'." Her face, young, pale, passionate, grew softer—"I didn't set out to be a bad woman," she reiterated, "but after the first mistake it's all up with you. You've got to eat to live—and dyin' don't come easy at seventeen. I tried it. You can't get work—and if you do the women folks treat you like a dog." These are the real facts of a real case, and the query presses home: "Who helps to make a bad woman of the girl who goes wrong by causing her to believe she has sinned past forgiveness?" Some one is to blame.



Girls Who Go Wrong

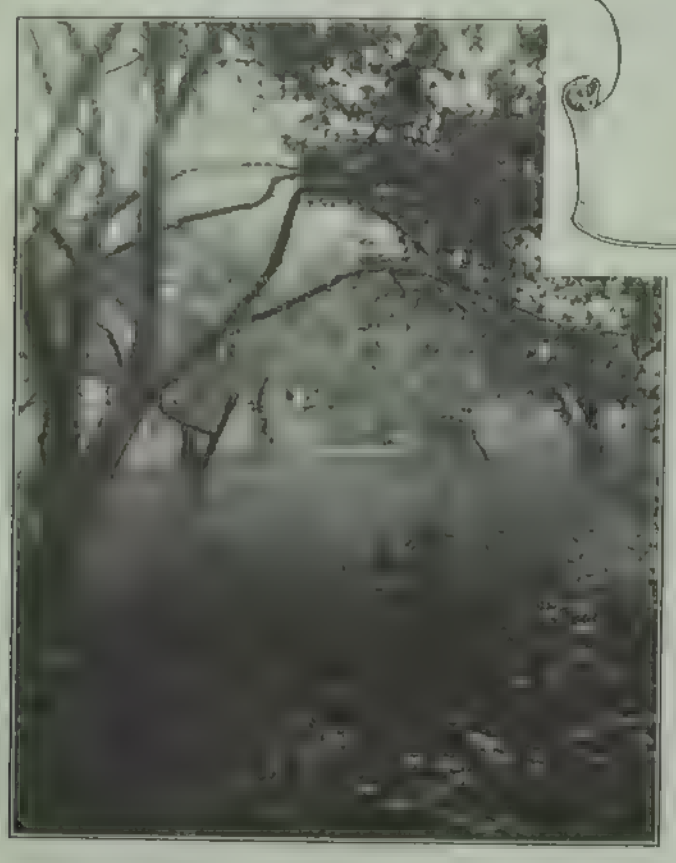
THE TROUBLE with much of our safeguarding methods is that we begin too late. The time to win a girl from an evil life is before she knows by experience what evil means. The girl who grows up good is not going to love wrong doing, nor to plunge into evil. She may drift, and there is always danger in drifting, but her desire will be to live purely. Home girls are nicer than street girls. A mother should know when and with whom her girls are, and it is an unwise one who takes the easy way out by letting them do as they please. No living thing is sweeter than a pure-minded girl, and nothing, nothing is sadder than one who has fallen into evil ways. Chastity is the very soul of womanhood—a girl's most precious possession. Once she makes a false step, a hundred hands are outstretched, not to lift her up, but to hold her down. We are getting more human, more humane toward the woman who goes astray, but in the matter of outgrowing our pharisaical tendencies we make haste slowly. We enquired of the Superintendent of a great reform institution, "Do you believe that a fallen woman can rise to a clean life?" The answer came: "Yes, if her hard-hearted sisters will let her. She fears the goody-goody would-be 'saint' as she does the devil—only more so."

THE ALPINE PATH

The Story of My Career

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

(Second Instalment)



The old orchard at Cavendish. This is one of the two orchards of which the "King Orchard" in "The Story Girl" is a composite. The trees here were beautiful.

THE next summer, when I was six, I began to go to school. The Cavendish school-house was a white-washed, low-eaved building on the side of the road just outside our gate. To the west and south was a spruce grove, covering a sloping hill. That old spruce grove, with its sprinkling of maple, was a fairy realm of beauty and romance to my childish imagination. I shall always be thankful that my school was near a grove—a place with winding paths and treasure-trove of ferns and mosses and wood-flowers. It was a stronger and better educative influence in my life than the lessons learned at the desk in the school-house.

And there was a brook in it, too—a delightful brook, with a big, deep, clear spring—where we went for buckets of water, and no end of pools and nooks where the pupils put their bottles of milk to keep sweet and cold until dinner hour. Each pupil had his or her own particular place, and woe betide a lad or lass who usurped another's prescriptive spot. I, alas, had no rights in the brook. Not for me was the pleasure of "scooting" down the winding path before school-time to put my bottle against a mossy log, where the sunlit water might dance and ripple against its creamy whiteness.

I had to go home to my dinner every day, and I was scandalously ungrateful for the privilege. Of course, I realize now that I was very fortunate in being able to go home every day for a good, warm dinner. But I could not see it in that light then. It was not half so interesting as taking lunch to school and eating it in sociable rings on the playground, or in groups under the trees. Great was my delight on those few stormy winter days when I had to take my dinner, too. I was "one of the crowd" then, not set apart in any lonely distinction of superior advantages.

Another thing that worried me with a sense of unlikeness was the fact that I was never allowed to go to school barefooted. All the other children went so, and I felt that this was a humiliating difference. At home I could run barefoot, but in school I must wear "buttoned boots." Not long ago, a girl who went to school with me confessed that she had always envied me those "lovely buttoned boots." Human nature always desirous of what it has not got! There was I, aching to go barefoot like my mates; there were they, resentfully thinking that it was bliss to wear buttoned boots!

I do not think that the majority of grown-ups have any real conception of the tortures sensitive children suffer over any marked difference between themselves and the other denizens of their small world. I remember one winter I was sent to school wearing a new style of apron. I think still that it was rather ugly. *Then* I thought it was hideous. It was a long, sack-like garment, with *sleeves*. Those sleeves were the crowning indignity. Nobody in school had ever worn aprons with sleeves before. When I went to school one of the girls sneeringly remarked that they were *baby aprons*. This capped all! I could not bear to wear them, but wear them I had to. The humiliation never grew less. To the end of their existence, and they *did* wear horribly well, those "baby" aprons marked for me the extreme limit of human endurance.

I have no especial remembrance of my first day in school. Aunt Emily took me down to the school-house and gave me into the charge of some of the "big girls," with whom I sat that day. But my second day—ah! I shall not forget it while life lasts. I was late and had to go in alone. Very shyly I slipped in and sat down beside a "big girl." At once a wave of laughter rippled over the room. *I had come in with my hat on.*

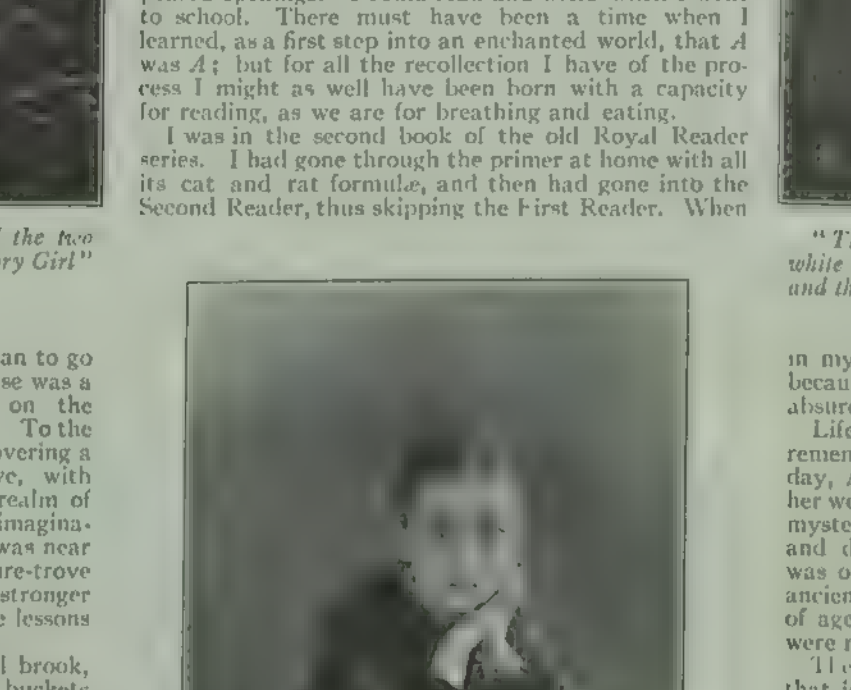
As I write, the fearful shame and humiliation I endured at that moment rushes over me again. I felt that I was a target for the ridicule of the universe. Never, I felt certain, could I live down such a dreadful mistake. I crept out to take off my hat, a crushed morsel of humanity.

My novelty with the "big girls"—they were ten years old and seemed all but grown-up to me—soon grew stale, and I gravitated down to the girls of my own age. We "did" sums, and learned the multiplication table, and wrote "copies," and read lessons, and repeated spellings. I could read and write when I went to school. There must have been a time when I learned, as a first step into an enchanted world, that *A* was *A*; but for all the recollection I have of the process I might as well have been born with a capacity for reading, as we are for breathing and eating.

I was in the second book of the old Royal Reader series. I had gone through the primer at home with all its cat and rat formulæ, and then had gone into the Second Reader, thus skipping the First Reader. When

I was in a pensive mood when this was taken, and just ten years old.

I went to school and found that there was a First Reader I felt greatly aggrieved to think that I had never gone through it. I seemed to have missed something, to suffer, in my own estimation, at least, a certain loss of standing because I had never had it. To this day there is a queer, absurd regret in my soul over missing that First Reader.



A view of my old home from a distance. The window of the gable was in my room where I sat to write my first four books. The "cross" is just above the spot on the dyke, under the old tamarack tree, where we saw our "ghost."

"The White Lady." I had a fancy about this beautiful white birch that she was beloved of all the park spruces near, and that they were rivals for her love.

Life, from my seventh year, becomes more distinct in remembrance. In the winter following my seventh birthday, Aunt Emily married and went away. I remember her wedding as a most exciting event, as well as the weeks of mysterious preparation before; all the baking and frosting and decorating of cakes which went on. Aunt Emily was only a young girl then, but in my eyes she was as ancient as all the other grown-ups. I had no conception of age at that time. Either you were grown up or you were not, that was all there was about it.

The wedding was one of the good, old-fashioned kind that is not known nowadays. All the big "connection" on both sides were present, the ceremony at seven o'clock, supper immediately afterward, then dancing and games, with another big supper at one o'clock.

For once I was permitted to stay up, probably because there was no place where I could be put to bed, every room being used for some gala purpose, and between excitement and unwatched indulgence in good things I was done up for a week. But it was worth it! Also, I regret to say, I pounded my new uncle with my fists and told him I hated him because he was taking Aunt Emily away.

The next summer two little boys came to board at my grandfather's and attend school, Wellington and David Nelson, better known as "Well" and "Dave." Well was just my age. Dave, a year younger. They were my playmates for three happy years; we *did* have fun in abundance, simple, wholesome, delightful fun, with our playhouses and our games in the beautiful summer twilights, when we ranged happily through fields and orchards, or in the long winter evenings by the fire.

The first summer they came we built a playhouse in the spruce grove to the west of our front orchard. It was in a little circle of young spruces. We built our house by driving stakes into the ground between the trees, and lacing fir boughs in and out. I was especially expert at this, and always won the boys' admiration by my knack of filling up obstreperous holes in our verdant castle. We also manufactured a door for it, a very rickety affair, consisting of three rough boards nailed uncertainly across two others, and hung to a long-suffering birch tree by ragged leather hinges cut from old boots. But that door was as beautiful and precious in our eyes as the Gate Beautiful of the Temple was to the Jews of old. You see, we had made it ourselves!

THEN we had a little garden, our pride and delight, albeit it rewarded all our labour very meagrely. We planted live-forevers around all our beds, and they grew as only live-forevers *can* grow. They were almost the only things that *did* grow. Our carrots and parsnips, our lettuces and beets, our phlox and sweet-peas—either failed to come up at all, or dragged a pallid, spindling existence to an ignoble end, in spite of all our patient digging, manuring, weeding, and watering, or, perhaps, because of it, for I fear we were more zealous than wise. But we worked persistently, and took our consolation out of a few hardy sunflowers which, sown in an uncared-for spot, throve better than all our petted darlings, and lighted up a corner of the spruce grove with their cheery golden lamps. I remember we were in great tribulation because our beans persisted in coming up with their skins over their heads. We (*Continued on page 32*)

SHALL THEY BE PAID IN HONOUR ONLY?

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

WHETHER Canada finally adopts conscription or not, she must realise that she owes a debt to the men in khaki and their dependents—a debt that must be paid in cold, hard cash, or its equivalent. In a short war the voluntary system of recruiting could have done effective work if sufficient pay were given the soldier. In a long War, and the great European conflict may last another year, conscription becomes necessary to cope with the situation as it augments itself, and it becomes even more necessary that the dependents of those at the Front should be given a decent living while the bread-earner is serving the State. It becomes even more incumbent on the Government to protect those dependents when, by the scourge of war, their men folk are taken permanently from them in the death-sweep of battle.

"How are we doing our duty by those who have given their all?" is the biggest question facing Canadians to-day. There are other questions of large economic value—food regulation, munitions, conscription of man-power and wealth, and pressing constitutional problems, yet the only way to keep alive a real flaming spirit of patriotism is to show our fighting men that they can serve the State with the assured knowledge that the State will protect their families. If Canada is to put forth her utmost strength, this must be done. Patriotism, after all, begins at home. The average Canadian of ordinary ethics loves his family, and his first duty is to see that they are amply protected and provided for; from no sense of slacking he will wait, and wait a long time, before he crosses the ocean to fight his country's battles, if he must leave that family unprotected.

The situation as it confronts the returned soldier to-day is the only way by which the man-in-the-street can judge of the treatment which may be meted out to him should he enlist either voluntarily or under conscription.

It is a question whether the present rate of pay, $1.10 a day, is sufficient to cope with to-day's high cost of living. It is quite true that at the beginning of the war the rate was fair enough as conditions were then, but with the constant rise in the price of food and other commodities, it would seem that either the rate of pay, or the separation allowance should be increased.

The pension problem is another vital consideration. Here again the original problem has changed with changing conditions; but yet the remuneration for the sacrifice made is far too small to satisfy any fair-minded citizen, or to appeal to the man who, in fighting, risks limb and life. Those who have crossed the seas during the last three years in the cause of justice, liberty and freedom, did so of their own free will; many gave up regular incomes to fight a common foe. As voluntary citizen soldiers they deserve far better treatment than the conscript soldier of former days. The Government owes it to every man in the Overseas Army and to every man at home, to bring order out of the present pension muddle and to inaugurate an efficient and workable plan of compensation. So far as is possible, no man should be worse off, financially, because he gives his life and services to his country. We who enjoy comfort and security while they endure the hardship and chance of a terrible war should see to it that they receive, as a just right and not as a charity, a compensation worthy of their heroism and self-sacrifice. If needs be, Canada should not only welcome but invite extraordinary taxation that the men at the Front may be fittingly recompensed. By the same argument those who were depending on the man who does not return should be adequately cared for. The Canadian soldier, sleeping his last sleep in France or Belgium, or in the near east, would rest easier if he knew that his women and children are not only shielded from want, but enabled to live in some degree of comfort, and that provision is made whereby his children may receive an education and a start in life

The pension problem is new to Canada and mistakes will occur, but fair play should be assured in the findings of the commissioners, and prompt settlement of all claims should be ordered. There has been time now for a fair plan to be worked out and put into operation.

Various Veterans' Associations have recommended that a pension schedule on a basis of $100.00 a month for total disability should be instituted at once; this was months ago, but as yet no action has been taken.

The pension schedule as it is at present is woefully inadequate: For disability of over 80 per cent., the amount is $384.00 a year; for over 60 per cent. but under 80 per cent., the amount is $260.00 a year; for total deafness, the soldier receives $280.00, quit claim; for partial deafness of both ears, he receives a gratuity of $100.00. Pensions such as these give the soldier no chance to return to the position he occupied before the War.

Widows and orphans are even less adequately provided for. It is quite true that a non-partisan committee of the House of Commons is considering the whole question of pensions for revision, but Parliament should discuss the question so that the whole country may know exactly what is being done.

I have it on the best authority that the Pensions Board has notified all soldiers' aid commissions and other organisations that "all information with regard to pensions will be, henceforth, considered confidential." This act on the part of the Pensions Board may have been brought about on the assumption that such information, if published, would discourage enlisting and spread discontent; but the best way to obviate complaints, is to make a thorough investigation as to how local boards are carrying out the duties entrusted to them. Secrecy in public affairs smacks too much of that overbearing Prussian bureaucracy which brought on this war with all its consequences. The remedy of any bad condition is not in the suppression of questionable methods, but in thorough investigation and free information regarding it and in a rapid and radical change of policy to something better. The policy of secrecy may have been necessary in some departments in the initial stages of the War, but it is not only unnecessary now, but most unwise. People must know the worst if abuses are to be corrected, and if they are to put forth their best endeavours to carry the war to a successful end.

Secrecy of Army and Navy procedures cannot be successfully imposed; neither can it be excused or justified on any grounds whatsoever. Even without newspaper publicity information regarding outstanding cases spreads rapidly among friends of each man affected and this soon finds an outlet into the ranks of civilians and thus becomes common knowledge. It could not possibly be suppressed, even if all the periodicals in the Dominion should fall short of their required duty to the public. And in the instance of certain flagrant cases it would soon create an even greater public uproar than these have so far done, because word of mouth rumours are always magnified when popular imagination becomes inflamed.

REMEMBER!

You cheered them when they marched away:
Now, they are back again—
But broken men who grimly bear
Their legacy of pain.

Be sure you treat them kindly still—
From some the blood yet runs—
For they're home again among us,
Back from the torturing guns.

Through roaring walls of hell they've been,
Their lives remain our debt,
So lend a hand; help them to smile:
Don't let us now forget.

—*Owen E. McGillicuddy.*

The Wounded Soldier and His Problem

Let us leave the pension problem for the time being, and turn our attention to the treatment which is accorded wounded soldiers when they finally arrive back in their respective home centres. It is quite true that the Government has spent a lot of money on buildings for looking after convalescents and those who have been incurably wounded, but from talks I have had with a number of these returned men I find there are still many complaints regarding the treatment accorded them.

Their first contention is that there is a daily delay in medical attendance which keeps them waiting sometimes for hours, and at a great inconvenience to themselves and family.

In the second place, they claim there is a general neglect of any attention to some patients when there is a "big crowd" in attendance to be looked after.

They claim, in the third place, that there is a lot of unnecessary red tape and officiousness in connection with wounded men which sometimes occasion worry, inconvenience, and undue exertion to those who are in a weak condition.

In the fourth place they claim there is a delay of from four to six weeks in forwarding accounts of men's pay from Ottawa.

In the fifth place there seems to be a lack of clear understanding among the men as to "where they are at"—what their standing and status really is.

They find in the sixth place, very unsuitable accommodation for amputation convalescents, and a tardy provision of artificial limbs for those who sorely need them.

In the seventh place they believe there is a "cold charity" spirit in handling men who have returned broken and unfit for further service, which contrasts a great deal with the spirit at present prevailing in Great Britain.

In the eighth place it is claimed that men are too readily separated from their families by sending them to convalescent homes in inaccessible places.

The Remedies

These findings have all been gained from interviews with army and navy veterans in (*Continued on page 42*)

WILL MY BOY BE A FARMER?

By ARTHUR B. FARMER
Head of the Psychological Clinic, Memorial Institute, Toronto

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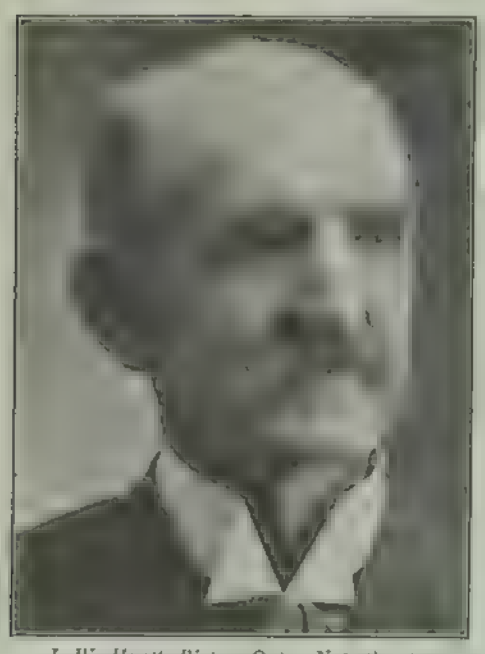
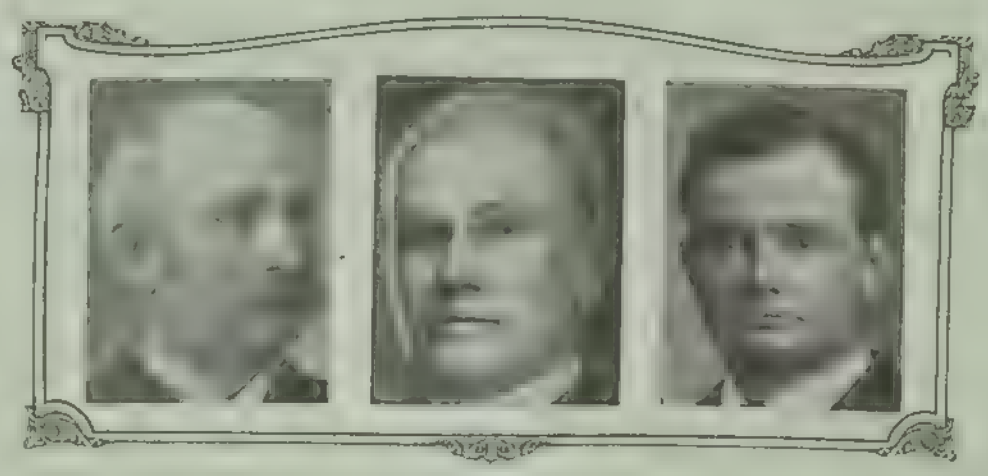


J. W. Hyatt, Picton, Ont. Note the strong nose and chin, and the width of the [illegible] the ears, all indications of physical strength energy, and endurance The forehead, prominent at the base, and the rather deep-set eyes show the keen observer who says little.



The late Hon. J. S Duf[illegible] excellent type of [illegible] the strong nose, [illegible] especially the [illegible] the ears, indicating [illegible] animals. The high forehead shows tact, sympathy, and generosity

This is a composite picture made from the photographs of four very successful farmers. We intended to secure a picture of the ideal farmer, but what we did get is a picture of a successful business man

E. C. Drury is the dark type; note the width between the ears, showing energy and love of the soil; width at temples gives inventive ability. Fullness and breadth at lower part of forehead indicates a philosophical bent of mind

P. O. Vansickle; a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College Mr. Vansickle has made a success of Dairy Farming. The dark hair, forehead, full back head and general refinement form a splendid example of the farmer who specializes in some one branch of farming

AT no time in the history of the world has such an impetus been given to the "Back-to-the-land" movement—an impetus so great, so urgent, that we have entirely lost sight of the old cry in the vital necessity, the world-wide need of increased production

"Back-to-the-land" once meant back to the farms that are idle, or run down and going to waste for want of sufficient workers but this, needful as it was, is swallowed up in the absolute necessity for more and yet more production without which the Empire must suffer hunger and famine: increased loss of men and a lengthened war followed by famine more terrible than the War itself

The stream that has for years been from the farm to the city must now turn backward and carry its thousands of workers to the soil to wrest from it, not a living, but life.

Many causes were, each in part, responsible for the general migration of the farmers' sons and daughters to the town and city. The ambition of the mother was one. How few mothers on the farm really desire, down in their hearts, that their children should stay at home and work as they and their fathers have? Is it not true that when the boy shows signs of unusual ability the mother hopes and works that he may have advantages, and do better than his father did? A mother sees her children as she wants them to be, not as they are, and the number who give promise of being able to "do something" is large. The three dollars a week that Tommy earns clerking look big they are real, hard dollars that can be converted into store clothes and amusement. Dollars are tangible things, their value is easily seen; but what the farm and the children lose is not so easily calculated and the day of reckoning is put off

Perhaps Thomas is sent to college; Thomas is clever and one of the professions is none too good for him. But that a first-class farmer is spoilt in the making of a tenth-rate doctor or lawyer never dawns on his fond mother's mind, although Thomas may have an inkling that such is the case. The novelty of the different life appeals to him and he hates to disappoint the "Mater"—he once said "Ma." The suspicion that he is a misfit is pressed home to him in later years when he ekes out a bare living as do so many professional men.

Education for the Farm

THE first colleges and universities were founded with the simple intention of preparing men for the professions, for the ministry, for medicine, and for law; and our whole educational system was built up to prepare boys for the college and the university. Consequently the whole tendency of education was to take the sons of ambitious mothers, the very best product of the farm, and direct them into professional life

It was natural, therefore, that the exodus should have been viewed with alarm, and as a counteraction to the movement from the land, the agricultural college was established. At first it was regarded with suspicion by practical, hard-headed farmers Conservative people are always shy of new ideas and institutions, and from the very nature of his work the farmer is compelled to be conservative and to adopt new ideas slowly. He cannot afford to make mistakes or to experiment rashly.

Then, too, many of the earlier students at the Agricultural Colleges felt that their education placed them above the need to do the rough work of the farm, they thought themselves prepared to teach agriculture, but far too educated to practise it.

By degrees, however, the Agricultural College came to be an accepted institution. The students soon discovered that the best place in the world to apply scientific knowledge of agriculture is on the farm, and, with the development of the Continuation Schools in the rural districts came the opportunity for the boys trained in the Agricultural Colleges to exercise their attainments, in the spread of modern ideas and methods.

Machinery and the Price of Land

SCHOOLS and colleges were not all to blame, however, for taking boys from the farms. There were other conditions.

One, a cause which, to my mind, has been overrated, was the introduction of machinery. While modern equipment tended to reduce the number of people on the farms, it has been cause for wonder that it has not enabled a family to make as good a living from fifty acres as the family could formerly make from one hundred acres. This, coupled with closer and better markets, has tended to decrease the number of people gaining a livelihood from the farms, for when we come near to the borders of the great cities, instead of a remarkably thrifty and prosperous farm population, such as one should expect in proximity to a splendid home market, we find hundreds and, in fact, thousands of acres lying idle, and growing weed seed to hamper the efforts of farmers farther away, as though, in some strange way, the presence of the city cast a blight on the surrounding country.

Many farmers, finding that the land they purchased ten years ago had doubled in value, apart from the value of any improvements they have made on it, feel that the right place to put their savings is in the purchase of more land, with the result that they came to measure their prosperity by the number of acres owned rather than by the amount of crops raised or the number of hands profitably employed. This leads to extensive rather than intensive cultivation and a thinning out of the rural population, making still more difficult of solution the problems of education and social life, the lack of which have been a serious obstacle to happy country living.

Further, the amount of capital needed for the purchase of land to start the farmer's son on a farm of his own is twice or more than twice what it was ten or twenty years ago. As a consequence, the young man is forced either to go to the far borders of civilization where free or cheap land is still available, and where he must face the hardships of the pioneer, or become the resident of some city or town.

The higher price of land does not increase the value of crops; it does not enable the farmer to pay higher wages to his help; but it does increase the capital involved in his business, and increases the opportunities for those who have acquired large holdings to retire and lease or sell their holdings, thus placing on the shoulders of others the financial burdens involved in the increased land price. It encourages the holding of idle land. So long as taxes penalize farm buildings and improvements, and enable a man to hold unused or half-used land with little or no taxes, just so long will this tendency continue to force the boys away from the farms; increase the amount of unused or half-used farm land, promote extensive rather than intensive farming, increase the proportion of tenant farmers, and reduce the rural population and intensify all the social problems that involve.

City or Farm?

YET, let it not be forgotten, that if economic forces are working to make farm life difficult, the real rewards of labour on the farm can never be far below the rewards of equal labour in the cities

If the farmer work longer hours than the city [illegible], the work of the city man is far less varied. If the farmer must use his muscles, fresh air and muscular exercise are far better for the health than confinement in shop, factory, or office. If the farmer sees fewer real dollars in a year, his land produces most of the necessities of life which in the city cost more dollars in a year than many a farmer really needs. If the city man can enjoy more opportunities for recreation and education, the farmer enjoys a far greater degree of independence, and the long winter evenings afford him, too, an opportunity for the improvement of his mind.

If the young man in the city has before him many opportunities for advancement, that advancement comes only to the man who has the vision to see his opportunities and the industry to improve them, while in the country every acre, every variety of soil and plant and animal is an opportunity, and no man yet has exhausted the productive possibilities of a single acre.

The man who would advance in the city must be a student, a constant student of the work in which he is engaged, and likewise to the man who loves his work on the farm and who studies the science behind his work and applies his knowledge with [illegible] opportunities for independence and comfort, and even for comparative wealth are as great as in the city [illegible] the aid of [illegible] profits, and make the conditions of living as good, or better, than those of the city.

Educational Advantages

IN the matter of education the farm boy [illegible] ought to be at a disadvantage, for he can go to school for a limited time only, because of distance, weather, and work. But the coming remedies for this are the consolidated schools and improved methods of transportation

Beside school learning, there is an education [illegible] the boy on the farm gets of far more value [illegible] anything he can learn from books a [illegible] knowledge which makes more available and [illegible] all that he learns in later life. The boy on the farm does not meet so many people as the city boy meets but he sees more of the people he does know and comes to know them better.

The greatest asset any man can have in the business world is an understanding of people, and it is because of his early opportunities that the boy from the farm so often excels in the world of business.

Another opportunity the farm boy has is to observe animals.

(Continued on page 36)

This boy is neat, orderly, practical, and shows first-class ability to handle figures and money, but does not love hard work. He will make a better office man than farmer.

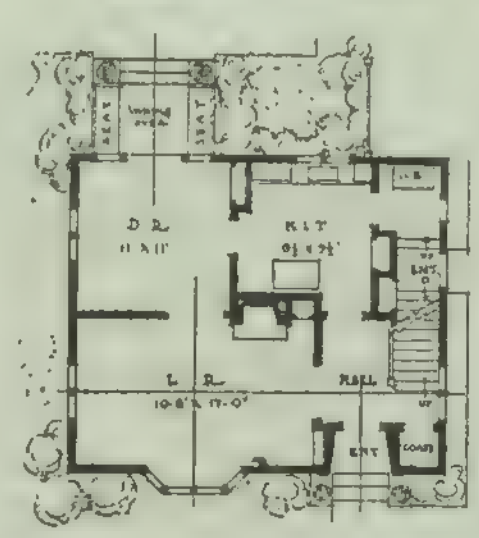
J. M. Gardhouse, Weston, Ont., a successful cattle breeder. Note the wide head, prominent features, long upper lip. A good example of the man who will succeed in trading as well as in raising cattle.

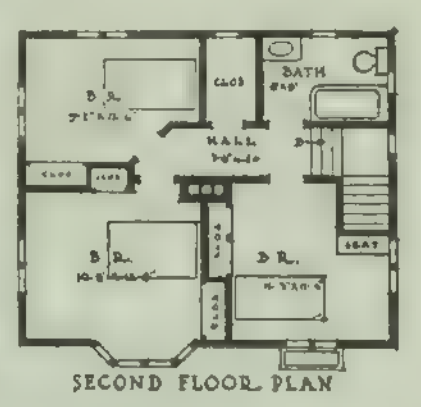
Excellent type for farm—low broad forehead, wide head at the ears, long upper lip—should be especially successful in grain growing.

A splendid type for farming; energetic, thorough, practical, and with a love for getting at the cause of things. He would make a really scientific farmer.

M. L. Halcy; dexterous, ingenious, with love of machinery; kindness and generosity. A good type for farming; dark enough to stand any amount of sunshine and to spend his life in one place.

If this boy grew up on the farm, he would stay there. He has energy and self-reliance, but he would stick to the old methods and be rather slow in adopting new ideas.





SECOND FLOOR PLAN

THIS house has a setback from the street, which is desirable, but a setback that leaves plenty of land for a garden or grass plot in the rear.

The plan is based on the square type. The relation of rooms is convenient and would make a good living arrangement. From the kitchen, you go easily to the dining-room, the front door, and the back door without passing through one room to get to another. The omission of pantry is to be praised and not blamed. In a small house the kitchen should be equipped with counters, shelves, cases, etc., to take the place of pantry or serving-room. There is but one chimney, and this is an inside one—a most economical scheme—which provides for heater, stove, and fireplace. The bedrooms all have cross drafts, and there is plenty of wall space in each against which to place beds and other furniture.

FOUR PRIZE $3,000 HOMES

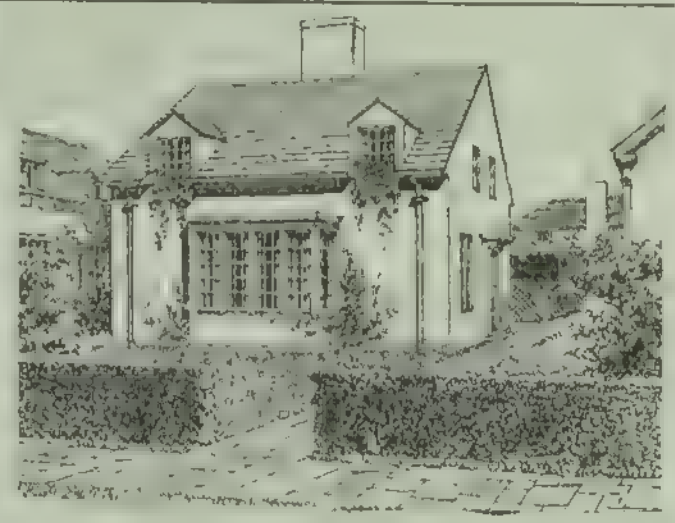
STUCCO on metal lath was chosen as the construction materials of this design, which shows many points of originality.

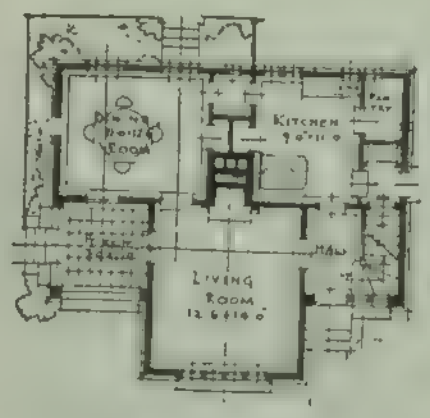
The bay, extending from ground to roof, is the predominant note of this little house's exterior. Inside, a roomy living-room, with an inviting open fireplace, suggests a homelike abode. The large cold-room, off the kitchen, will please the lady-of-the-house.

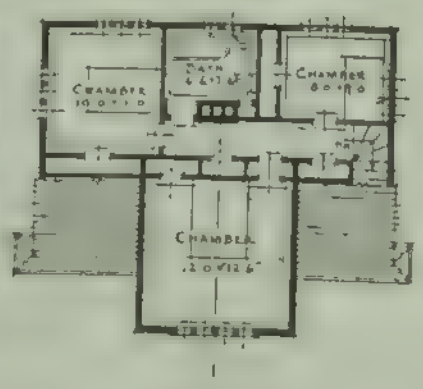
Despite the fact that two large bedrooms are provided for, there is still room for a storage closet of ample size.

The little entry provides room for a couple of stairs, while the rear porch insures a lounging place for quite a party.

What bride would not be delighted to move into this charming little home after her honeymoon?







A STRIKING feature of this house is the substitution of a large bay window at the front instead of the conventional porch. The entrance is thus removed from the front to the side of the house. The big living-room will be cool in summer and a real home room in winter, well lighted, and provided with a large fireplace.

The dining- and living-room really form one large room, L-shaped. At the rear is a large porch, French doors opening into it from the dining-room. The kitchen contains all the necessaries of the culinary department.

The stair is arranged convenient to both living-room and kitchen.

The bedrooms are large and well provided with large closets. There is also a linen closet in the hall.

This house is of stucco with slate roof, both roof and woodwork finished in green.

NOTE.—All the house designs shown on this page won prizes at various architects' competitions. None of the houses costs more than $3,000 to build, this being the chief consideration of the judges in selecting the prize winners. Besides the cost, compactness, harmonious and tasteful design, and the provision for convenience and pleasant living were taken into consideration.

THE architect of this effective, cozy, and cheerful home has evolved a house of exceptionally interesting exterior. The placing of the enclosed porch and entrance on opposite sides of a front wing, the rather steep roofs and the single large chimney placed in the centre of the building give it the effect of bigness, which is a feature of this interesting design.

The interior arrangement is good from every point of view, and the rooms, both downstairs and up, are large, and well lighted and ventilated.

Stucco was the material chosen for the exterior finish.

The living-room and dining-room are separated merely by an arch, but, if more privacy be desired, a solid wall with a door may be substituted; or a lounge may be placed so that a full view of the dining-room is obstructed.

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This is the day of "captains." The times call for captains in all lines of endeavor, military and industrial. Behind the captains in the Army and Navy must stand the captains of Industry. In war and in peace our national security is a question of factories and food. The best food for men and women who plan and direct great enterprises is

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BEAUTIFUL WAISTS ANY WOMAN CAN MAKE

Pattern No. 9357.—Ladies' Waist. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 40-inch material, with ⅞ yard 27-inch contrasting goods. The vest and collar of plain white are the only trimmings on this unusually attractive waist. The sleeves may be either full length or short; the plain turn-back cuff is used to finish both, and is in excellent style. Pattern, 15 cents.

Pattern No. 9020.—Ladies' Corset Cover. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 16-inch flouncing and 3 yards ribbon; or ⅞ yard 27-inch material, ¼ yard bolduc, 1⅞ yards lace edging, and 3 yards ribbon. This design is particularly neat and attractive and may be made with or without peplum as preferred. Pattern, 15 cents.

Pattern No. 9614.—Ladies' Surplice Waist. 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 40 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch material, with ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting goods, and 2¼ yards lace edging. This stylish waist may be made with either of two styles of sleeve, both are decidedly smart. The fashionable collar of contrasting material furnishes an effective trimming. Pattern, 15 cents.

Pattern No. 9940.—Ladies' Shirtwaist. Sizes 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch material, with ¼ yard 22-inch contrasting goods. This waist has the popular convertible collar. The plaited fronts are in good style. The choice of two different styles of sleeve is offered; both are one-seamed. It is an excellent style for general wear. Pattern, 15 cents.

Pattern No. 9032.—Ladies' Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material, with ¾ yard 27-inch contrasting goods, and 1½ yards plaiting or 4½ yards lace edging. A very dainty waist of voile or batiste may be made from this design. The fronts are tucked, and the back extends over in shallow yoke effect. Two different styles of sleeve are offered. Pattern, 15 cents.

Pattern No. 9924.—Ladies' Fichu and Two Sets of Turn-back Cuffs. One size. Fichu and cuffs require 1¼ yards 30-inch material, with 4¼ yards plaiting. Separate fichu requires 1¼ yards 24-inch material, with 3¼ yards plaiting. Separate cuffs require ¼ yard 30-inch material, with 1 yard plaiting. Patterns, 15 cents. Embroidery Pattern, No. 14286, price 10 cents.

THESE SKIRTS SHOW NEW DESIGNS IN POCKETS

Pattern No. 9961.—Ladies' Two-Gored Gathered Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 5 yards 27-inch material, with 1¼ yards 36-inch contrasting goods, and measures 2¼ yards at lower edge. Skirt is cut with slightly raised waistline. The trimming band, belt and pockets may be omitted. Pattern, 15 cents.

Pattern No. 9943.—Ladies' Four-Piece Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material, and measures 2½ yards at lower edge. The front and back are in panel effect; the sides may be shirred or gathered and joined to yokes. The belts and side trimming pockets may be omitted. Pattern, 15 cents.

Pattern No. 9792.—Ladies' Three-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material, and measures 2¾ yards at lower edge. Skirt is gathered at back. The belt and pockets are cut in one, which is quite an unusual feature and adds individual style to the skirt. Pattern, 15 cents.

Pattern No. 9959.—Ladies' Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3 yards 44-inch material, and measures 2½ yards at lower edge. Skirt is cut with slightly raised waistline. The belt may be omitted, but its unusual shape adds a decided note of smartness to the skirt. Pattern, 15 cents.

Pattern No. 9952.—Ladies' Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3 yards 36-inch material, and measures 2½ yards at lower edge. Skirt may be plain or buttoned entire length at both sides. The belt may be omitted, and the skirt finished with pockets as shown in the small view. Pattern, 15 cents.

Pattern No. 9928.—Ladies' One-Piece Gathered Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch material, and measures 2½ yards at lower edge. This skirt can be adapted to flouncing or bordered material as it is cut with straight lower edge. It is an ideal skirt to complete the dainty lingerie frock. Pattern, 15 cents.

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UNUSUAL SUMMER DESIGNS

Kimono 7821 Breakfast Set 7201 Kimono 6489

No. 6489 Ladies and Misses Kimono Pattern in 3 sizes small, 32 to 34, medium, 36 to 38, large 40 to 42 bust. 15 cents.—Medium size requires 8¼ yards 36-inch crepe ¼ yard 27-inch lawn for collar. Pattern 15 cents.

No. 7834 Girl's Dress Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years. 15 cents. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 38-inch striped and 1¼ yards same width plain gingham. Pattern 20 cents.

No. 7838 Girls Dress with or without straight band. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years. 15 cents. Size 14 requires for band, collar and cuffs 1⅝ yards 32-inch plaid and 3¼ yards same width plain gingham. Pattern 20 cents.

Dress 7834 Dress 7838

No. 7773 Ladies' Chemise Bathing Suit, with bloomers. Pattern in 5 sizes 34 to 42 bust. 20 cents. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool jersey, and 3⅛ yard 36-inch satin for collar. Pattern 20 cents.

No. 7852 — Ladies Bathing Suit, with bloomers or to be worn over tights. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Pattern 20c

Bathing Suit 7773 Bathing Suit 7852 Bathing Suit 7852

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"Mine did until I used this wonderful new tooth paste
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GALLI-CURCI

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WILLIAMS NEW SCALE PIANO

for her personal use at the hotel during her engagement in Toronto. The tone must be perfect and every note true, to accompany such a remarkable voice.

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

The World's Greatest Soprano

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

The Lyric Marchioness, Galli Curci

ONCE in a great while it is our privilege to hear an artist who gives us the conviction that we are in the presence of one of the immortals of one whose genius and achievements will be remembered long after we are dead. That is the feeling inspired by hearing the singing of Amelita Galli-Curci. It was the feeling that Patti ever gave her hearers when she loomed on the world over a quarter of a century ago. It was a thought that lay back of one's enjoyment of Irving's acting at its best, that still gives an aura of distinction to the dancing of Anna Pavlowa. With Galli-Curci, every sensitive listener gives her at once a place in history, and enrolls her name with those of the great in the annals of the past.

Among musical critics there has been, for years past, a tendency to depreciate the art of *coloratura* singers, to term it cold, technical achievement. "Art for art's sake" and nothing more, was the cry; but the instinct of the music-loving public has always been to pay royal homage to the woman gifted by God with a voice of supreme excellence. It is, perhaps, because humanity can feel and understand the greatness of great singing more fully than it can appreciate any other form of art, that this is so. Since Galli-Curci's appearance in Toronto, I have been frequently asked what is meant by *coloratura* singing. Literally it means ornamental vocal effect, like unto the decorative achievements of a great master of line and colour. It is a revel in the beauties of pure tone, apart from an interpretative intention. But while Galli-Curci describes herself as a *coloratura* singer, she is much more; she is also a mistress of interpretation. Her art and personality convey intellectual distinction, just as do the paintings of Whistler, above and beyond their decorative qualities.

SINCE [illegible] there have been [illegible] exceptions to the rule, artists have been [illegible] an average vocal equipment who has mastered the art of interpretation is a not infrequent phenomenon. The proverb "Vox et Praeterea Nihil" [illegible] and beyond that nothing is so well known. Such a singer was Tetrazzini whose first notes were glorious natural but [illegible] was devoid of personal distinction. Galli-Curci, apart from her stupendous vocal gifts, is the very embodiment of attractive personality. The picture she makes on the stage recalls the delicate old prints of singers in the early part of the nineteenth century and brings to mind *prima donnas* like Pasta, Grisi, and Clara Novello. Her deportment, light, graceful, and charming, with nothing of the air of the robust *prima donna* adds to the satisfying effect and delights the eye, appeals to the intelligence, and ravishes the ear.

No doubt, the superfine quality of the singer is due to the fact that she was born in a cultured environment. A misleading impression has gone abroad that she is an untrained singer: that she sprang on the world full armed with knowledge. It is true that she did not undergo, in her childhood, the long years of drudgery that were the lot of Malibran, Patti, and other noted women who were the children of strolling operatic singers and got their training in the rough school of experience. Galli-Curci's preparation, like that of the exquisite artist Marcella Sembrich, was provided by an all-round education, in which music was included. She may boast, with justice, that her vocal development has been directed by her own intelligence, though for seven years she has enjoyed an invaluable experience that has brought her into contact with many of the greatest singers of the day. She is, moreover, the native of a city where operatic music, is an integral part of the life of the community.

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI, who is in private life, Marchioness Galli-Curci, was born in Milan, Italy, on November 18th, 1889. She has a Spanish strain, which shows in her countenance. Quite early she showed a great aptitude for languages, literature, and the intellectual side of music. As a girl she took first prize in literature at the Lycee Alessandro Manzoni, and highest honours at the International Institute of Languages, Milan. To-day, she speaks, in addition to her native tongue, English, French, Spanish and German, and has a working knowledge of Russian. She developed an ambition to become a pianist and composer and studied harmony with Maestro A. Piani; capturing the Grand Prix at the Milan Conservatory. When approaching her twentieth year it became clear that her beautiful voice fitted her for an operatic career. To an intellectual young woman a knowledge of operatic traditions and methods is more easily obtainable in Milan than in most other cities of the world; but her *debut* was made at the Constanzi, Rome, in February, 1910, as *Gilda* in "Rigoletto." Curragati, a noted Italian critic, rightly proclaimed her "a messenger of the Goddess," and within a year or two musical Italy was convinced that in her would be revived the earlier glories of Italian song.

For the Italian singer, South America offers a very profitable field, and Buenos Ayres in the Argentine Republic, which possesses a very large Italian population, maintains grand opera on a magnificent scale. Thither the young Milanese went, at last to sing in company with such great vocalists as Caruso and Tito Ruffo, who later brought her fame to North America, though many parts of the world before she electrified the public. After her season at Buenos Ayres, there followed a triumph at the National Opera House, Havana, and it is singular that no American *impressario* had the foresight to snap her up then. From Havana she went to Turin, and then came to her the opportunity she most coveted, an engagement at La Scala, Milan.

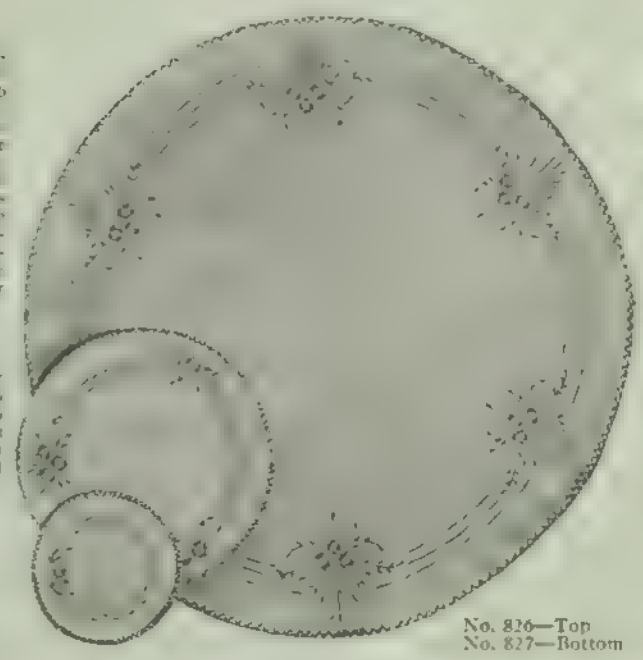
Engagements in many capitals intervened before Cleofonte Campanini (*Continued on page 45*)

Galli Curci and the Marquis, her husband, at breakfast, the home loving phase of her life

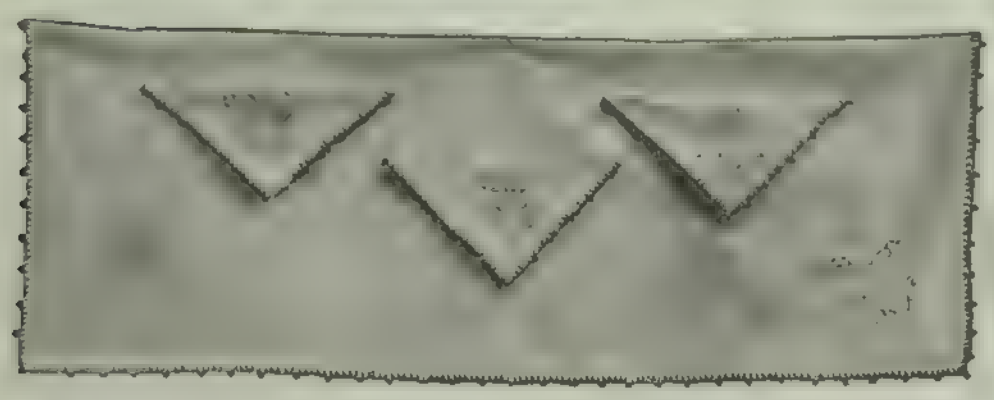
NEW SUMMER NEEDLECRAFT

No. 826 [illegible] for 24-in. [illegible] centres and 6 circles for Napkins. Mitred corners. Novel and dainty design. Excellent for [illegible] and [illegible] Complete directions with the pattern. Transfer design, [illegible]

No. 827—Japanese Design for Tea Cloth, and 6 Napkins. Two large designs about 6 inches across and 3 [illegible] made with crochet cotton. Crochet directions given with pattern. Transfer design, 15 cents.



No. 826—Top
No. 827—Bottom

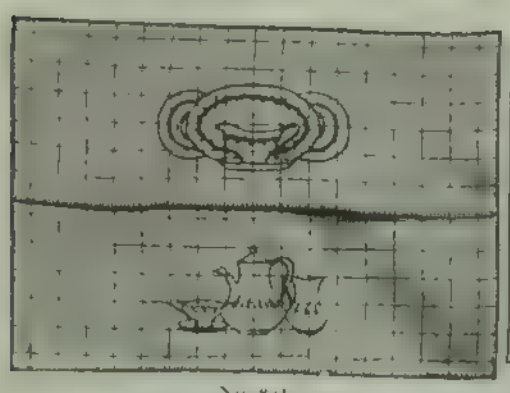


No. 828

Detail of 828

No. 831—Four designs for Kitchen Towels. Two transfers of each design given. These designs make very attractive towels embroidered in red or blue marking cotton or medium-weight mercerized cotton on plain or cross-barred toweling. Embroidered in outline-stitch with blanket-stitched finish. Directions with pattern. Transfer design, 10 cents.

Napkin Corner in 826



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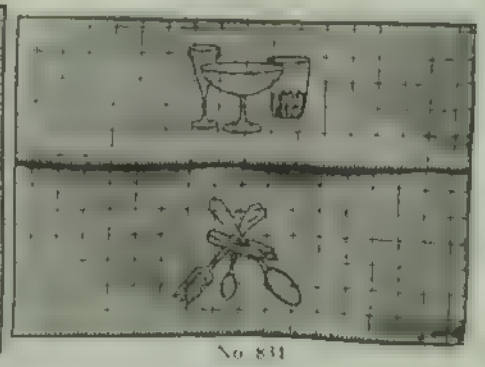

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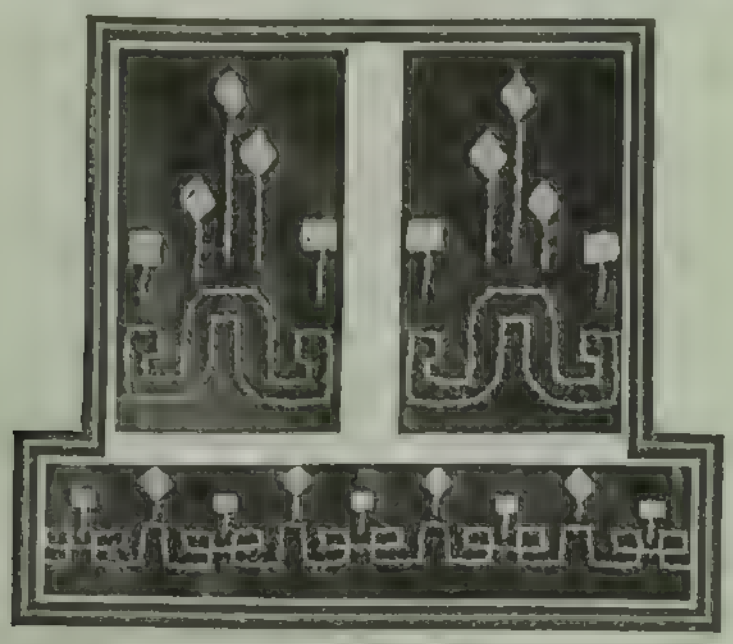

No. 796

No. 796—Motif and Banding Design. Simple in style, very effective and quick to work in outline and satin-stitch with medium-weight silk or cotton. 2½ yards of banding 1⅝ inches wide and 7 motifs In yellow or blue. Price 10 cents.

Patterns for designs shown on this page mailed on receipt of price. Give number of pattern wanted. Write your name and address clearly. Address, The Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

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To-day women are making munitions better than men ever made them; women are planting and caring for thousands of acres of land. For greatest efficiency women should be garbed in efficient

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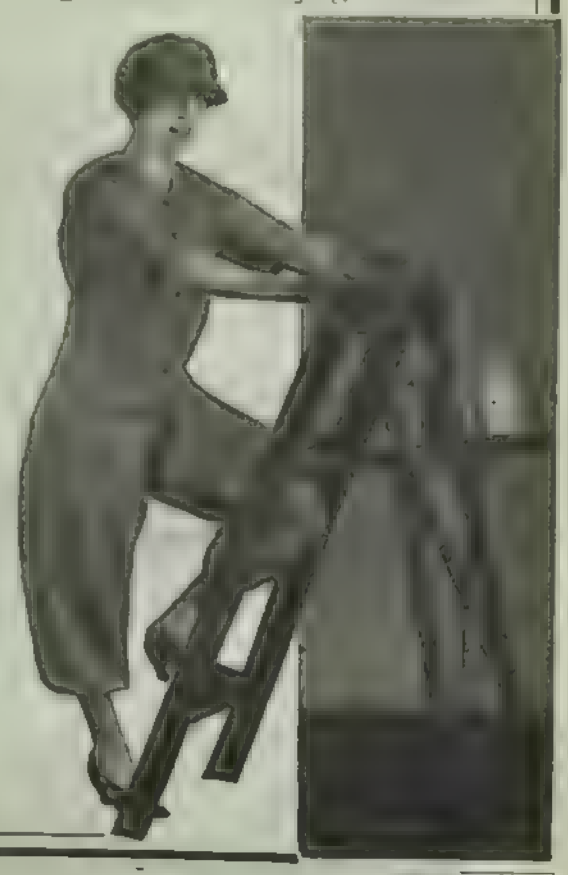

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Doesn't hurt a bit! Corns and calluses loosen and fall off! Magic!

Few drops of Freezone take all pain and soreness from corns instantly

No humbug! Any corn, whether hard, soft or between the toes, will loosen right up and lift out, without a particle of pain or soreness.

Wonderful discovery by Cincinnati man

This remarkable drug is called freezone and is a compound of ether discovered by a Cincinnati man.

Ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone, which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every corn or callus.

Put a few drops directly upon any tender, aching corn or callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly the corn or callus will loosen and can be lifted right off with the fingers.

Freezone doesn't eat out the corns or calluses but shrivels or rather loosens them without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Just think! No pain at all; no soreness or smarting when applying it or afterwards. Try a little and see for yourself. It is surprising.

Few drops stop corn-pain

Take soreness from any corn or callus instantly

Women should keep freezone on their dressers and never let a corn ache twice. If a corn starts hurting just apply a drop. The pain stops instantly, corn goes!

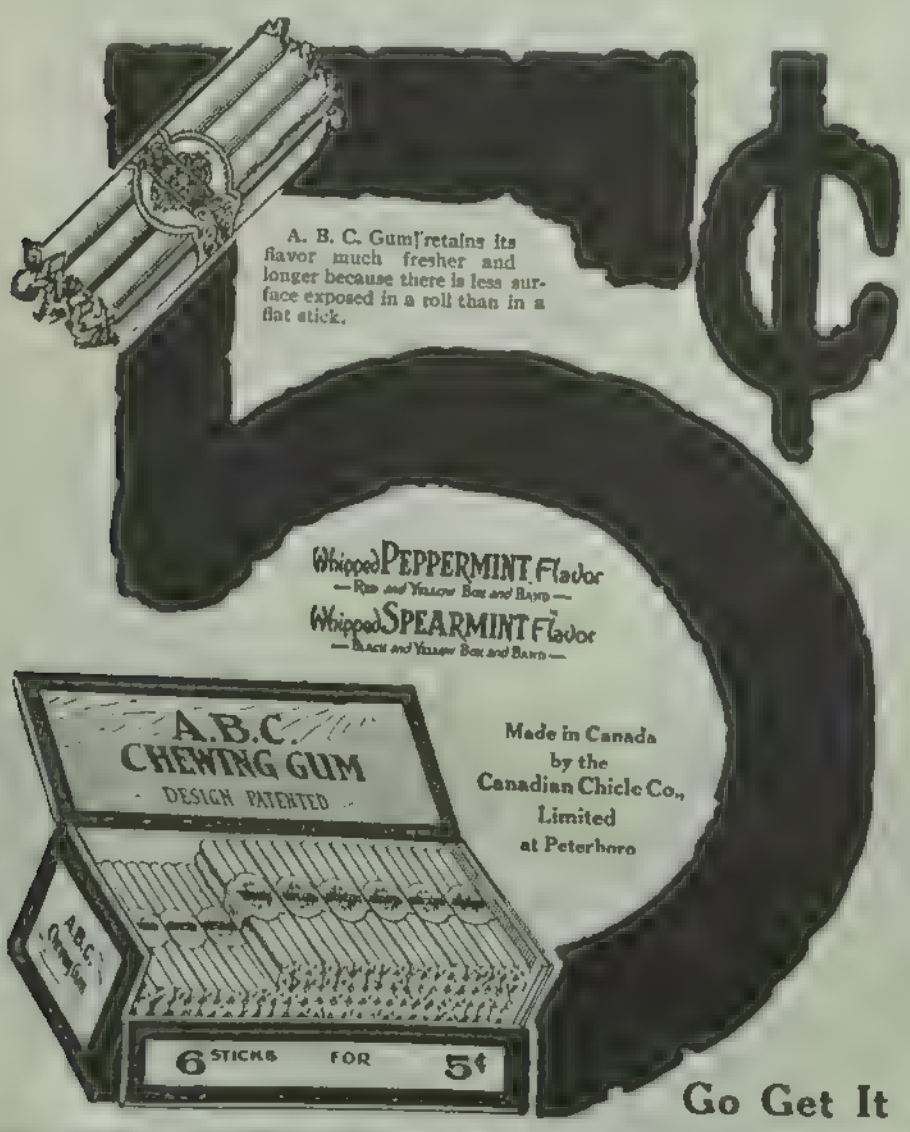
Tiny bottles of Freezone cost but a few cents at any drug store.

FLY THE UNION JACK over your home or school. You can have a large one FREE. See page 38.

A.B.C.

CHEWING GUM

The most delightfully flavored, smoothest and most wholesome gum ever made. Give 5 cents to the man behind the counter, and help yourself from the box as shown below.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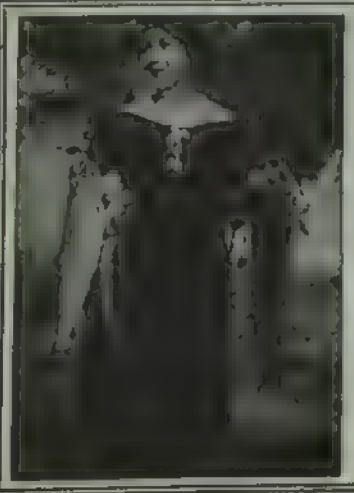
90-C



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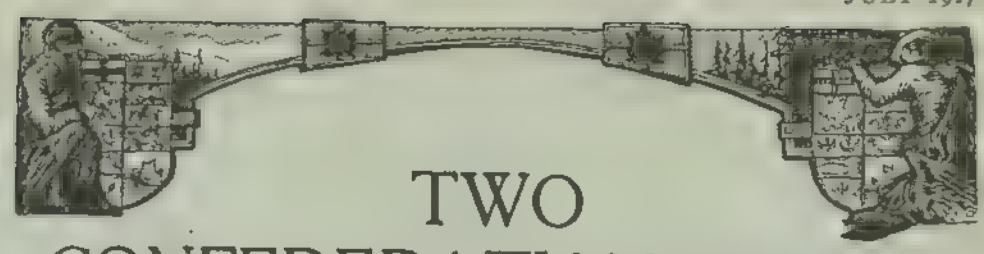


TWO CONFEDERATION BRIDES

By A. WYLIE MAHON

THE Fathers of Confederation, where are they, and the political prophets, do they live forever? They have followed one another into the wiser and happier citizenship of a country that is fairer even than this dear land they loved so well, and which is to-day giving many infallible proofs of being worthy of their love.

Sir Charles Tupper was the last to leave us, as though he lingered on to see the fulfilment of his wonderful political prophecies—prophecies which many of the wisest of his contemporaries thought were the dreams of a visionary.

Although the Fathers of Confederation have all gone on into another land, the widows of the two who celebrated the union of the Canadian Provinces fifty years ago by getting married, have been graciously spared to us to see this National Jubilee—Baroness Macdonald of Earnscliffe and Lady Tilley, both of whom have contributed not a little to the happy and wholesome development of this young nation.

It was no great surprise to some of the Canadian delegates assembled in London in 1867 to complete the arrangements for the Confederation of the Provinces on the First of July of that year, when Sir John Macdonald's engagement to Miss Agnes Bernard was announced. Miss Bernard was the sister of his private secretary and the daughter of an English gentleman who had occupied a most distinguished place in the government of Jamaica.

It was well known that for some time Sir John had been most devoted to this talented lady, but the impression had gone abroad that she had declined his repeated offers of marriage, not because she did not love him, but because, like a wise woman, she wished to prove him. But presently she accepted his offer, and they were married on the sixteenth of February, 1867. No Canadian marriage in London, or anywhere else for that matter, was ever witnessed by so brilliant an assemblage of Canada's distinguished men and women, and no affair of this kind has ever awakend so widespread an interest, or has been fraught with happier results.

Bishop Fulford, the Metropolitan of Canada, happening to be in London at the time, tied the nuptial knot, and all the Canadian delegates and many distinguished English persons witnessed the ceremony. The four bridesmaids were Canadian girls, daughters of the Confederation delegates.

At the wedding breakfast Sir John made one of his wittiest speeches. The happy union of the Canadian Provinces, under the gracious rule of the best Queen who ever lived, he said, had led him to contemplate matrimony, to bring his life under the personal sway of the Queen of Hearts.

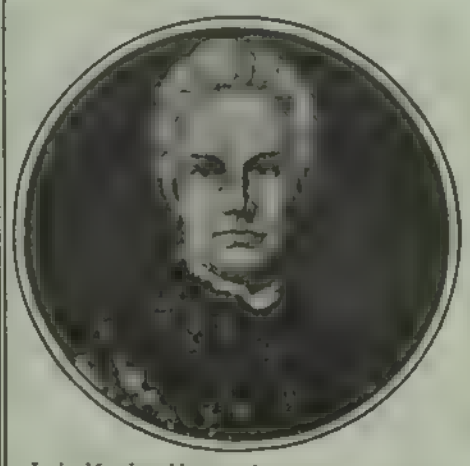
It was a great occasion in the history of Canada, for no man needed a wife more than Sir John, who had been a widower for nearly ten years, and no one could have made a better wife than the brilliant woman whom he led to the altar that day who, though twenty-one years younger than he, was one with him in all the varied experiences of his eventful life.

Queen Victoria was interested in that marriage, and before the honeymoon was over commanded that the distinguished bride and bridegroom be presented to her at court. Sir John used to say jocosely that he explained to Her Gracious Majesty that day how he had been forced by a woman's witchery to swear allegiance to a new queen, the Queen of Hearts.

The old saying, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," was never popular in London, for the sun has a selfish way in that great city of not shining very much on anybody; so Lady Macdonald had no reason to bemoan her fate in having a dull, dreary day for her marriage. She always laughingly maintained that she had learned by observation that wedding days, like dreams, go by contraries.

Canada was no strange land to Lady Macdonald; she was only a girl in her teens when she came with her mother to reside in Ontario, where her brother had preceded her.

There was something very beautiful in the loving devotion of Lady Macdonald to her husband, who needed so much the strength and comfort and companionship of such a wife. Those who saw her, day after day, in the Speaker's Gallery, when Parliament was in session, sometimes wondered whether it was her interest in Canadian politics, or her deeper interest in her husband that brought her to the House. It was said that they learned a deaf and dumb alphabet of their own that they might have a word with each other while the House was in session, without fear of being interpreted by any of the other members.



Lady Macdonald, created Baroness Macdonald of Earnscliffe, 1891

Lady Tilley, who was a bride of Confederation in 1867.

Lady Tilley's Message to the Women of Canada

At the request of the Editor, Lady Tilley sends this inspiring and purposeful message to the women of Canada:

"During the fifty years of Confederation the women of Canada, while lovingly keeping the home-fires burning and making home-life the sweetest thing in the land, have dreamed of larger service, with all the inherited handicaps of life removed. These dreams are coming true to-day, and many new doors of loving service have been opened of which we never dreamed fifty years ago, or even three years ago. My message to the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is: QUIT YOU LIKE WOMEN, BE STRONG; for through much tribulation our dear land is being born again, and we have come to our Kingdom for just such a momentous time as this."

During Sir John's sudden prostration, a few years after their marriage, almost everybody felt that he could not recover, but Lady Macdonald would not give him up, and by her untiring ministrations succeeded in nursing him back to health; but the time came in 1891, when even her supreme love and devotion could not prolong his days.

When sorrow stricken, nothing touched this lovable woman more tenderly than the autograph letter of love and sympathy which Queen Victoria sent her. In recognition of the distinguished services which Sir John had rendered his country, the Queen was graciously pleased to bestow a peerage on his widow, who assumed the title, Baroness Macdonald of Earnscliffe.

Sir Leonard Tilley, who at the time of Confederation, was Premier of New Brunswick, was present at Sir John's marriage, where the matrimonial microbe got in so much effective work that he soon followed his illustrious leader's example.

Sir Leonard was singularly blessed in winning the heart and hand of Miss Alice Chipman, of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, a devoted and charming helpmeet, who by her wise counsel and winning personality contributed not a little to his success in the larger sphere of Dominion politics, and who made his home one of the most delightful and restful that a public man ever enjoyed. When Mr. Gladstone was asked how he succeeded in standing the work and worry of public life he said, "I am happy at home." Sir Leonard could bear the burdens of state because he was happy at home.

It was a brilliant period in the social life of Ottawa when the two Confederation brides appeared at the Capital, and by their striking personalities, rare gifts, and winsome ways won for themselves, all unconsciously, the leadership in that galaxy of notable Canadian women. No social function was complete without their presence. Both were delightful conversationalists who possessed *(Continued on page 26)*

A FATHER OF CONFEDERATION

Who Claimed That His Wife Was the Making of Him

By A. WYLIE MAHON

A DISTINGUISHED Scotchman said once, "Whenever I hear of a great man I always ask who his mother was." Sometimes it is equally wise to ask who his wife was, for wives have exercised a wonderful influence over great men's lives. Mrs. Gladstone's undying conviction that nobody but William could make the world go round, led Mr. Gladstone to do his best not to fall below his wife's ideal.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in his "Reminiscences," says that for fifty years his wife was the best part of him. She inspired him to do his best, and encouraged him when he seemed doomed to failure. Even after she had passed away out of the shadow into the perfect light he could say, "I do not think her dead, nor have I lost her companionship. Her ambition for me keeps me young at seventy-eight; her faith in me still inspires me with faith in myself."

It is said that very few bachelors ever attain greatness. Mr. Arthur J. Balfour is believed to be lacking in nothing but a wife, but this is so serious a defect that he is likely to go down in history as the Great Indolent Arthur, who needed a wife to inspire him to something more than books and golf.

In the "Life and Letters of Sir Charles Tupper," edited by Dr. Saunders, the father of the author of "Beautiful Joe," we have a touching testimony from one of the greatest of Canadian statesmen as to the inspiring influence of his wife in making him what he was. At a great banquet at Ottawa, when Sir Charles was at the height of his political glory, he said: "But I am bound to the County of Cumberland by a still closer tie than that of birth or political affection. Thirty-seven years ago I took a girl, with the bloom of Cumberland upon her cheeks, to be my wife. Gentlemen, that bloom is on my heart now, for I am only doing justice to my own feelings if I say that if I have been enabled to render my country any service, I owe it in large measure to her wise counsel."

Sir Charles was deeply indebted to his distinguished father, the Reverend Charles Tupper, for getting a good start in life. At seven years old this precocious boy had read the whole Bible aloud to his father. When Dr. Andrew Bonar, the distinguished Scottish divine, for whom Andrew Bonar Law was named, remonstrated laughingly with a woman in his Bible Class who in reading the Scripture lesson had skipped some of the long Hebrew names, she replied, "Is it not better to do so than to misca' the gentlemen?" The seven year old boy, who was destined to make a great name for himself in the world, who was destined to become one of the most distinguished of that wonderful group of men who are known to-day as the Fathers of Confederation, as the Makers of Canada, was not allowed to skip any of the hard Bible names, nor was he allowed to misca' the gentlemen.

When Sir Charles was a small boy his father, who was a great linguist and read the Bible in eight languages, started him at Latin, and offered him as a reward a halfpenny for every page in the reader he succeeded in translating correctly. Like his father, he had a marvellously retentive memory, which enabled him to acquire languages readily. When he was eighty-four he and his favourite granddaughter began the study of Italian at Rome, and Sir Charles was not long in learning to read the Italian newspapers, and when Bishop Cameron, of Antigonishe, Nova Scotia, who happened to be in Rome, presented him to the Pope, he was able to address His Holiness in Italian.

Sir Charles had no opportunity of getting a college education, for clergymen in that day, like many of the brethren to-day, were not embarrassed with worldly wealth, but in some way his father succeeded in scraping enough together to send his son to Horton Academy, a famous preparatory school of that day. Judge Longley, in his valuable life of Sir Charles, recently published, refers to a tradition that he eked out his scanty means by working at a shoemaker's bench. It was not long after this that Edward, Prince of Wales, was learning the shoemaker's trade, not to get an education by it, but to make a life. We have no record that when they met, as they did many times in later life, they talked over this common experience of their boyhood, or that they regretted that they had not stuck to their lasts.

LONG ago the story was current in Nova Scotia, especially amongst Dr. Tupper's political opponents, that he, when a young man, had become engaged to marry a girl in Amherst, who furnished him with the money necessary to pursue his medical studies in Edinburgh, but when he returned he jilted her that he might marry the woman he loved.

A good many years later, when Dr. Tupper was a member of the Nova Scotia Legislature, a political opponent twitted him with his infidelity to his first love. If duelling had not gone out of fashion, something tragical might have happened, for Sir Charles was a man of war from his youth. As it was the member of Parliament who made this irritating insinuation was never so bethumped with words since he first called his brother's father, Dad, as the great word-wizard has expressed it in "King John."

Judge Longley refers to this story, and leaves the reader in doubt as to whether there were any truth in it or not. Dr. Saunders quotes Sir Charles as saying that his Uncle Nathan made it possible for him to pursue his medical studies in Edinburgh. It looks as if this statement was made with the express purpose of discrediting the old story which some people have never forgotten.

For about ten years after Dr. Tupper's marriage with Miss Frances Morse, of Amherst, Nova Scotia, he practised his profession in Cumberland County. During that time he made for himself a great name as a medical man, and his wife made for him a kind of heaven of a home, the thought of which made many a long tiresome journey over rough country roads almost enjoyable. He knew that there was always one waiting and watching for his return and ready to minister to him in the most loving way.

AT first this devoted wife was not much in sympathy with her husband's political aspirations. She thought that Sam Slick, the cute Yankee who dealt in wooden clocks and soft sodder, was right in saying that politics, like crowsfoot and whiteweed, flourished too abundantly in Nova Scotia, and that there were cleaner things to handle and pleasanter to smell.

Mrs. Tupper believed that her husband, who was the most skilful medical man in that part of the country, was doing a great work—was engaged in a ministry of healing which had an akinness to the work of the "greatest Man that e'er wore earth about him, the first true Gentleman that ever breathed." But when nomination day came and she, seated at an open window near-by, heard her husband's magnificent speech in reply to Joseph Howe, the popular idol of the people, she experienced a sudden conversion, and from that day entered into his life-work with all the happy inspiration of one who was capable of seeing visions and dreaming dreams.

When the election of 1855 was over and Dr. Tupper had beaten Joseph Howe, the most popular man who ever played a part on the political stage of that Province, the Honourable J. W. Johnstone sent him the following message: "I congratulate you and *sympathise with your wife* in your triumph." It was not necessary then for any one to sympathise with Mrs. Tupper, for she had caught the political infection and was far more highly elated than the Doctor himself over his victory.

In the life of Sir Charles we find some beautiful revelations of how completely he and his wife were bound up in the bundle of life together. With Goldsmith he could say:

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee."

Once when crossing the Atlantic, he dreamed that his wife was dangerously ill. When he reached Liverpool, he wrote to her about the matter, telling her how troubled he was over it, for it seemed something more than a dream. On receiving a letter from home he learned that his wife had been seriously indisposed at the very time he was dreaming about her.

On another occasion, in later life, he dreamed in Paris that Lady Tupper was ill in England, where he had left her in perfect health. He returned at once to find that his dream was true.

Some of the most sympathetic students of psychical phenomena tell us that it is possible for two souls to be so completely in tune with each other that the thoughts and feelings of the one will, under certain circumstances, make an impression upon the other, it matters not how far apart they may be in space. This may be an explanation of Sir Charles' dreams.

The whole story of Sir Charles' wonderful life makes it clear that he made no mistake in marrying the girl he did, with the bloom of Cumberland on her cheeks, and an ever-increasing love in her heart for the man she married, for a happier union was never consummated.

After sixty-six years of married bliss, Lady Tupper passed behind the veil, and Sir Charles, at ninety-one years of age, came voyaging homeward from Britain with his loved dead, that she might "sleep the sleep that knows not breaking" in the land that was so dear to her.

Three years afterwards, loved ones bore the body of Sir Charles to its last resting-place in Halifax, beside the one who had done so much to make his life a good success.

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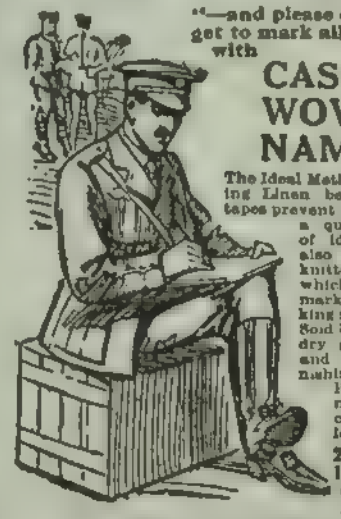

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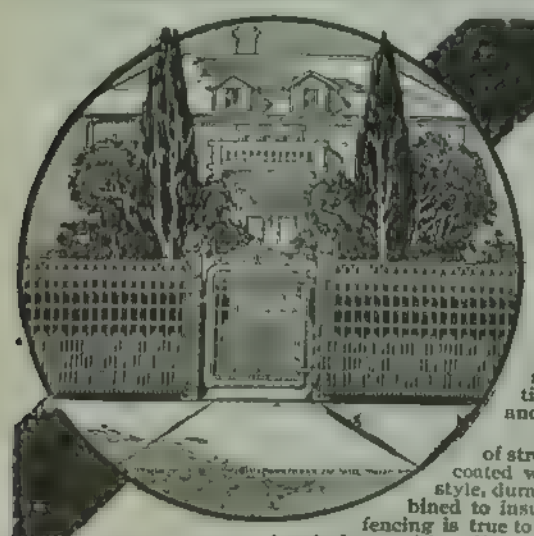

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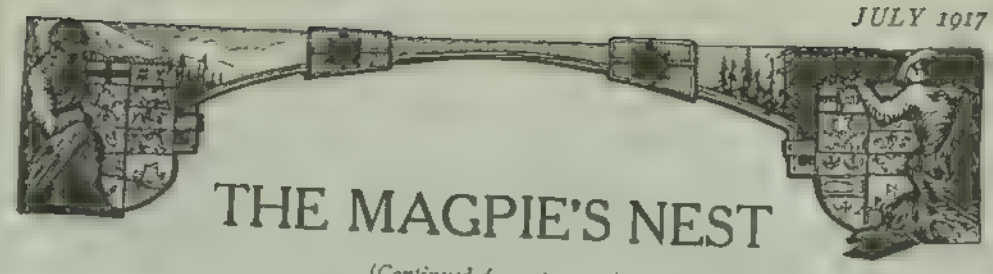

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(*Continued from page 11*)

social code, her smouldering resentment did not prevent her being entirely amiable and gracious toward Emily Edgerton. After the dinner, she contrived that Emily should pay her duty call without her father; no hard matter. Mrs. Shane lived on one of the streets of trees; her house, though small, had an inviting porch covered with vines. Within, the rooms, all on one floor, had the charm of comfort and taste in daily use. The three rooms stretching across the front were practically in one, and gave the needed setting for a grand piano at one end, a carved oak sideboard at the other, and deep soft chairs everywhere. There were flowers, great pink roses, nodding to their own reflection on the polished surface of the piano top. A darning basket, filled with silk stockings, beside them, in some curious way added the last touch necessary to express the mistress of the house. To Emily it looked elegantly Bohemian.

Mrs. Shane rallied the child, not too obliquely, about Tony Yorke, pumped her dry of all relevant and irrelevant information and filled up the vacancy with the pleasantest of impressions, and produced Tony, finally, as a conjuror brings a rabbit out of a hat. Tony himself had not at all expected to see Emily, but he supported the encounter with equanimity. Her quick blush at his entrance was not unflattering; naturally, he could not know what Cora had said no more than five minutes before. But they had had the pleasantest of rides, as Emily admitted by merely mentioning it; what a woman remembers is a good index to what she likes. On the whole, that sapient observation is no less true of men.

The half-hour following amused all three very much; Emily had all the pleasure of the *jeune fille* in being almost shocked; Cora and Tony all the amusement of talking their own language over the head of an unconscious third party. And Tony told himself that, after all, Emily hardly deserved to be called a "nursery chit." Some day she would be a thorough woman of the world, and the reading of her unfulfilled promise was in its way as interesting as would be the contemplation of her final perfection. Bread and butter she might be as yet, but it was "the best butter." Besides, Tony had rather a liking for bread and butter, not unusual in a man who has sampled other and at times too pungent fare. It sharpens the palate, for one thing. Yes, Emily—Miss Edgerton, of course, in his audible address of her—had all the points, physical and mental. He found himself surveying with pleasure the fine, almost imperceptible curve in the line from under her arm to her slender hip; a rare beauty, which only the connoisseur observes. She had a well-turned wrist and ankle, too. She was quite aware of his scrutiny, but held her colour; only surprise had brought that first blush. Quite naturally her truly innocent, girlishly immature mind set it down to honest admiration, perhaps dawning love. There is a stage of awakening consciousness, still clean of passion and therefore unashamed in the wildest flights of imagination when youth perceives in every new acquaintance a probable lover. The earthy substance in which love must root is ignored; Emily was saved the embarrassment of reading anything grosser into Tony's gaze. In fact, it was not there; he could take an almost impersonal pleasure in the sight of a pretty woman, as a work of art. And he was not preoccupied with Hope.

"I'll take you to the Falls next time," he told Emily, laughing. "It's only fifty miles."

"'Sir, you go too far,'" answered Emily. "But—I rather should like to see them. Are they pretty? I believe I'll ask Daddy to take us up in the car. That's where he's going to built the power plant, isn't it?"

"Very pretty," assented Tony, exchanging a glance with Cora Shane. "So he is going too is he?"

"Why, I suppose so," said Emily carelessly. "He's always doing something; I'm sure I heard him speak of it. Shall we consider it settled—going there, I mean?"

"Both, if you like," said Tony. "You evidently have a good deal of influence with your father, young lady."

"He spoils me horribly," agreed Emily. "I always tell him he has no right to ruin my character just to gratify his own selfish pleasure in giving me things; but he does it just the same. He'll be waiting for me now; he *will* dine at six o'clock. Good-bye, Mrs. Shane." She gave her hand to Tony last, and her eyes therewith. They watched her graceful progress to the front gate, where Allen Kirby waited with the motor. She sprang into it, smiled and spoke to Allen, turned and waved her hand, and was borne out of sight, a little princess of democracy.

(*To be continued*)

TWO CONFEDERATION BRIDES

(*Continued from page 24*)

the rare grace of inspiring others to talk well, because they were interested in what others said, and showed a disposition to be pleased as well as to please

Happy memories of those far-off days are still fresh in the minds of the younger members of that group, who are spared to witness Canada's Jubilee, and many an interesting reminiscence of that period is given to-day, as we indulge in the pleasure of looking back.

Lady Tilley has been a prominent member of the National Council of Women since its institution, and those who know her best realize how beautifully the Confession of Faith of that great organization, which aims at making home life sweet and helpful, and national life free from all injustice and impurity, which aims at making the Golden Rule the common law of life, is illustrated in her daily life. She lives for the good that she can do, and many a sufferer in the Victoria Cottage Hospital at Fredericton, and in the Chipman Memorial Hospital at St. Stephen, New Brunswick, which Lady Tilley was largely instrumental in founding—the latter being her lovely old home overlooking the historic St. Croix River—has felt it easier to endure suffering through her loving ministrations, and many a sailor in the Seamen's Mission, St. John, in which Lady Tilley has always taken a deep interest, has carried away with him to sea a warm affection for the Blessed Mother as she was known amongst them, who revived his faith in woman and in Heaven.

A sailor who had enjoyed the advantages of good training in his early days, but who had lived in such a way that the sweet constraints of home and mother had lost their grip on him, told that Lady Tilley had, by her interest in him, reawakened the old home feeling in his heart and led him to write to his mother, something he had not done for years, and to purpose to live the life of the which he had promised her to live when she had kissed him good-bye.

When a mere boy Sir Leonard Tilley became a total abstainer from all intoxicants, at a time when a step of that kind exposed a young man to the fate of being a temperance crank. Throughout his whole life he adhered so religiously to his early purpose that when he was Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick he and Lady Tilley decided that no intoxicants should ever be found on the table at Government House. In that day this required almost as much moral courage as the Hebrew boy Daniel manifested in Babylon in refusing the King's wine. We are living to-day in a new era. The old order changeth, and the evil custom which has done so much to corrupt the world has given place to something far better, till wine has been banished even from the King's table.

It is said that an intellectual woman should not marry an intellectual man, for two clever people in one house cannot get on well together. Tennyson evidently did not believe in this saying, for he condemns the woman in "Locksley Hall" in most unmeasured terms for mating with a clown instead of marrying himself. For a perfect union there must be intellectual sympathy as well as love. In this respect, as in every other, Lady Tilley was an ideal wife. She was a stately flower of perfect wifehood, like the poet's "Isabel."

Sir Leonard Tilley passed away in 1896, greatly beloved by every one, a man who stood four-square to all the winds that blew. Since that time Lady Tilley has given herself up largely to benevolent work. At the beginning of the present war she entered whole-heartedly into promoting Red Cross activities, and in ministering in many ways to the comfort of the soldiers whom she calls "my boys."

Lady Macdonald and Lady Tilley are singularly akin in the breadth of their sympathies. Like that interesting character, *Piper Tom* in Myrtle Reed's "A Spinner in the Sun," they both believe that service should bind us all rich and poor—into one great brotherhood. Many a one has felt the kind, beautiful spirit which lightens the burdens of life and makes the days brighter, which these great lovable women, whom Canada delights to honour, have lavished so freely on others.

A poor old man, whom Lady Macdonald had befriended, used to say that the weather was never so fine at Ottawa when the Lady of Earnscliffe was away from home.

I have often seen Lady Tilley in the quaint old town of St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, where she has a beautiful summer home, going about in the most friendly way amongst the people, sharing their joys and sorrows.

Canada has good reason to be proud of her women, never more so than to-day. No country under the sun can show a more unselfish type. The two Confederation brides of fifty years ago, who are privileged to rejoice in what Canada has done, and is doing, are an embodiment of the noble spirit which animates all true Canadian women, whether high or low, rich or poor.

Uncle Peter's Puzzle Corner
for Boys and Girls

THE Success Club have asked Uncle Peter to write a Puzzle page every month for our boys and girls and to give heaps of fine prizes to all our young friends who solve the puzzles.

So here we are with a long list of cash prizes all waiting to be won.

Listen:—

First there will be $25.00 in special prizes—a first prize of $10.00 cash, a second prize of $5.00 cash and 5 fine prizes of $2.00 cash each.

Next:—

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Not a single one of you need be disappointed. Every one of you may win a prize of One Dollar, provided that your answers to the puzzle are correct, and that you carry out the conditions of the contest properly. This month's puzzle is in the next 2 colums.

How to Enter the Competition

1. Write Uncle Peter's letter out in full, using plain English instead of the pictures. You will have to carefully solve each word that is made up of both letters and a picture in order to make sure that you have the proper word fitted in to each place.

2. Write on one side of the paper only and put your full name and address and your age on last birthday, in the upper left hand corner of the first sheet.

The prizes will be awarded to the boys and girls fulfilling the conditions of the competition whose solutions of my letter are correct or nearest correct and are considered neatest and best written. Spelling and punctuation will count too. You are sure to receive one of the cash prizes of from $1.00 up to $5.00 if you solve the puzzle letter correctly and fulfill the following simple condition which is the only one you are required to comply with.

If you send a correct solution to the puzzle and I know you are in line for one of the prizes, I will send you free, a special copy of the latest issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD which you will be required to show to two of your mother's friends who do not take it now and who will want it to come to them every month. You all know how much EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is enjoyed by your own family and you will be glad to have this chance of your showing your magazine to some of your friends. If there are any children there you will be able to show them Uncle Peter's page, and tell them about the Bunny Club and the Success Club, and about Uncle Peter's puzzle page. I am quite sure their mothers will want to have EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD come to them every month, as much for the kiddies as for themselves.

You Can Go in for This Competition Whether You Take Everywoman's World in Your Home or Not

So come along boys and girls, and win the prizes. Perhaps you may win the $5.00 prizes. At any rate, it will be easy for everyone of you to win one of the One Dollar prizes, however many hundreds of there may be in the competition.

Send your answers to

UNCLE PETER,
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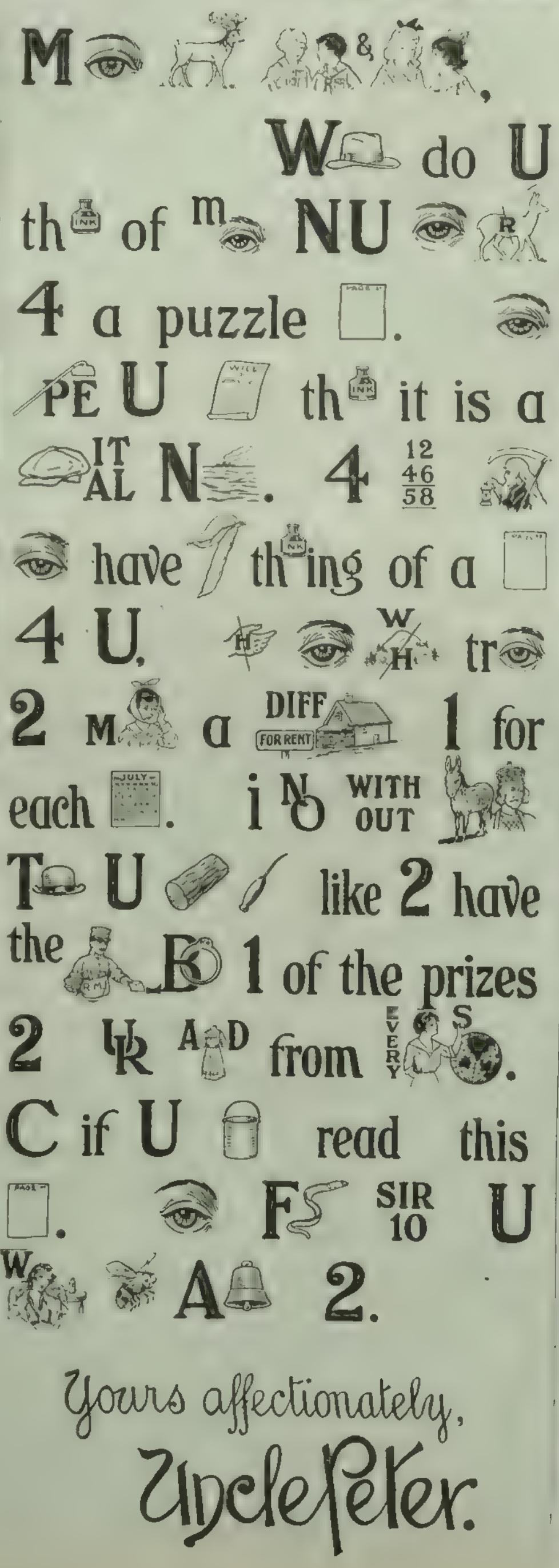
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

Uncle Peter's Bunny Club Contest

The special prize of Two Dollars for the April Bunny Club Competition has been sent to Miss Beatrice Comeau, of Little Aldouane, N.B., and the six other prizes to the following Bunnies: Miss Alison Grace Killam, Weymouth, N.S.; Clarence F. Book, Smithville, Ont.; Miss Amanda Bluhm, Desboro, Ont.; Harold Cybulskie, Barry's Bay, Ont.; Sydney Bateson, Sydney Mines, N.S.; Alfie Wise, Toronto.

Uncle Peter's Bunny Page will appear as usual next month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HOW GRANDMOTHER LIVED IN PRE-CONFEDERATION DAYS

(*Continued from page 12*)

including the kitchen. There are great doings in the old home, this night of over half a century ago, for an apple-paring, or sewing bee, is in full swing. The most modern *soiree* or reception in the grandest come-out for a bewitching *debutante*, does not match an old-time neighbourly party in the country, if unartificial, human intercourse, well mingled with talk and laughter, is to be the measuring standard.

In a word, these earlier days of which we write, and which seem so remote to the present-day youth, although they are not so long past, were the days of the home, and the hand-made. Every home was a school of domestic science from which our mothers graduated; and who can excel their cooking or their home-making? The village dressmaker had, it is true, come into the arena of professional workers, but only in the case of a best dress or a wedding garment. Grandmother still sewed and stitched and knitted, and some of her handwork yet exists

Home-made, also, were the homely remedies, and they must have been fairly efficacious, for the folk of that day lived as long as a good average; perhaps it was, in part, because they were ignorant of dangerous microbes and deadly germs and destructive bacilli. They even worried along with a complete appendix in position, or tonsils hanging from the back of the mouth. The modern craze for surgical "removals" of these parts of the human anatomy had not become fashionable, and as for having one's department of the interior revealed and exposed by an X-ray—they also worried along without that. And yet these dear friends, whose faces peer at us from ancient photographs, would be the first to wonder at and approve of the newer methods and advantages of to-day. Progress marks every department of life. Contrast a modern industrial plant, well lighted and ventilated, with a dusty, dark, old machine shop or foundry of earlier times; watch the marvels of modern automobile machinery doing its work with almost uncanny cleverness; consider the advance in health measures, the new weapons with which old diseases are fought, the improved sanitary conditions—to adequately appreciate what the half-century shows in the way of advancement.

Grandmother would be surprised, if she were to return to this mortal sphere, to find that she could vote in some of the provinces, and that other rights long withheld from her and her sisters have since been accorded by male legislators. If she would "exercise the franchise," once it were bestowed, and how she would vote—these are among the insolvable questions.

MORE is made than ever in the past, of fresh air and light and ventilation; of artistic home interiors as well as exteriors; of culture development, as education has marched with the advancing years. Life, in some aspects, is easier and, in the last analysis, the newest days are the best.

Then, there were these first Dominion Days, when, possibly, they hardly knew how to celebrate; one wonders if they realised the import of the new order as we do with the aid of a fifty-year retrospect. Did they feel a new feeling of national unity when the first four provinces joined hands and forces? Did they realise that 1867 was in reality Canada's natal day?

What a different Canada it was, too, from the one we know to-day. Just look at the distance we have come since 1867. Contrast yesterday with to-day, not alone as to the way people lived in their domestic life, but on a broader scale. Then, less than 3,000 miles of railway served a relatively small area of the new Dominion; in fact, there was not a single line of steel north of Lake Superior. To-day, 37,000 miles of tracks gridiron the Dominion through every part.

The great West of to-day was the lone land of yesterday. Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Vancouver, were mere embryo villages, if even that. Few settlers "tickled the prairie with a plow that it might laugh back with a harvest," and the way over and across the snow-crowned Rockies was a closed path to any but the adventurous explorer.

Toronto was a comparatively small town without street cars, cement walks, or sky-scrapers. Only a few other towns marked the map in Eastern Canada, and Ottawa, the newly chosen capital of the new Dominion, was a very crude little centre, far different from the city of to-day.

The ocean steamers that sailed up the St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal, were pigmies beside the giants of to-day; the seaports of St. John and Halifax were without the great docks our modern marine commerce demands, and Sydney never dreamed that she would become an iron and steel centre.

Now, the four provinces of 1867 have grown to nine, making a chain across the continent. Some of them have an area as large as an European Empire, but so vast is this country of ours that there is enough land left to make nine provinces more if there were population to warrant it. Even in population, our numbers have more than doubled, with the greatest ratio of increase in the last census decade.

For a bushel of wheat grown in 1867 a hundred are grown now, and yet we are only beginning to grow grain in Canada; less than ten per cent. of the tillable area of the entire country being under cultivation. It is equally true that we are only beginning to reap our harvest of the sea, to mine our minerals and to realise on our rich forest resources. It has remained for recent years to utilize that other great potential resource of the "white power" as the water powers have been called in their production of electrical energy. This again, is a great national asset of almost incomputable value which was unknown to the generation of pre-Confederation times. "Harnessed lightning" belongs to a later day.

Nothing more marvelous marks to-day than that the mighty power of Niagara, held temporarily in leash by the ingenuity of man, lights cities, draws street cars, and supplies energy to industries hundreds of miles away from the sound of the cataract, and only less wonderful in degree is the application of the same transmitted power in electrical currents to the farm and the barn, to the churn and the grain chopper.

Canada has journeyed far on the high road to nationhood since the thirty-three Fathers of Confederation laid the foundations of a new order half a century ago. She has passed through the stages of infancy and youth, and is now on the threshold of full manhood.

Alluring as is the future, historically suggestive is a retrospect of the past. Such a retrospect will be valueless, however, if it leaves out the foundation service of our grandparents or parents who lived their day and did their work ere the Dominion was born or when it was young. If Canada ever has a Hall of Fame, or a Roll of Immortals, these foundation builders—many, if not most of whom are unknown beyond their own parish—would deserve a niche and national recognition.

As they gazed into the unknown future, and dreamed dreams of the Canada to be, so may we, who are playing our part fifty years later, sing of the Canada to be, in the coming half-century, in the stirring lines of Charles G. D. Roberts:

An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
"Lo, yon thy future ,yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth,—our own Canadian land!

The Little Leaks

The little leaks in a household mount up in the course of a year. A cent here, a cent there; half a loaf of bread wasted, the remainder of the roast thrown out; when the gas leaks, or the range damper is broken; when a stocking goes unmended, or handkerchiefs are lost; when we write a letter and, forgetting to say the important thing, must write another; when we waste paper, ink and time in several attempts before we finally decide just what we do want to say; when pencils are lost and school books defaced; when too much is cooked, and the dog or cat get the extra chop or piece of steak; when potatoes are thrown out, and other vegetables find their way to the garbage can; when a few hours' work would bring a blouse up-to-date, but instead it is consigned to the rag bag or attic—all small things, but at the end of the year the amount that has been waste is large.

Prayer of the Red Cross Nurse

By Marion Seymour Kirkland

Dear Lord, if I can smooth a brow,
Or soothe a fevered brain,
Or staunch the life-blood of a heart,
I serve, and not in vain.

Oh, but my need for help and strength
Is as the need of ten;
I pray Thee, pour Thy grace on me—
Not for myself, but them!

When sunken eyes look into mine,
They must find courage there;
I must give hope, e'en when my heart
Of hope is stripped and bare.

I know no country, creed, or race,
But o'er life's little span,
'Tis mine to steady wounded feet,
To serve Thee Lord,—and Man.

And so I lift my hands to Thee;
Lord, fill them for my task,
That they may overflow to them—
Lord, this is what I ask.

THE INFANT TENDERNESS

(*Continued from page 7.*)

cake, ma'am, and the dozen doughnuts you ordered for the kitchen since she came home," I heard the maid saying. This was a vile slander, I had only eaten seven.

It seemed, for a while after I went to the table, as though there might be going to be some unpleasantness. That there was not was due solely to the fact that I remembered what Miss de Villbiss had said about keeping your soul calm amid annoyances. And after dinner I had my reward. We all went into the library and Elizabeth grabbed up the mail. After handing Mother and Dad and Kit their letters and taking nearly all the rest herself, Elizabeth threw one miserable envelope back on the table remarking, casually:

"There's a letter for you, Barbie. Looks like an invitation."

WITH a dignity that I hoped would rebuke Elizabeth for her rudeness to me, I said sweetly, "Thank you, Elizabeth dear," and picked up the letter. It was an invitation, and the kind of invitation I had never received before, being actually engraved on a big, square card. It said that Miss Field was giving a *the dansant* for Eugenia Wiggers, Al's sister, at the Columns, and I was invited. I do not usually associate with Eugenia. I cannot afford to because she is so much younger, being only fifteen. But this was different. Doubtless Al would be there and all of our crowd. I could scarcely believe my senses. It seemed impossible that anything so wonderful as a *the dansant* at the Columns was happening to me. And then I realized that it was the work of the Infant Tenderness. I had not expected any answer to my meditations so soon, but there it was—the beginning of my social career. It was Mother who brought me back from my thoughts.

"Haven't you some lessons to-night, Barbie?" she asked, pleasantly—too pleasantly. I knew immediately that for some reason Mother wanted to get me out of the room. I immediately decided not to go if I could possibly help it.

"Not to-night," I said. I intended, on going to bed, to sink myself in the Infant Tenderness and ask that I know my lessons without studying them.

When Mother found she had no excuse for sending me off up-stairs she handed the letter she had been reading to Dad, making signs for him to look at it and let her know by a silent motion of the head what he thought about it. But for once Dad failed her, and fortunate for me that he did!

"What does Barbie say about this?" he inquired, looking at me with a twinkle in his eye.

"I haven't been told about it yet," I returned coldly and distinctly. Mother was displeased and looked at Dad, meaningly. "If it is anything that concerns me I must insist on being told," I added.

"I suppose you will have to know now," Mother admitted, ungraciously.

"What does make that child so disagreeable?" Kit put in with feeling, although it was not I who was being disagreeable.

But Dad simply began reading the letter. It was from my Aunt Barbara Vane—the one I'm named after. Aunt Barbara was coming to spend the winter with us. She had been born and brought up in our city, but she had spent most of her life in foreign parts of the world. Now she wanted a winter at home with her family because in the spring she was going to be married and go to China with her husband, who was a civil engineer and building a railroad or a canal or something. She hoped Mr. Vincent could arrange to come on for a week while she was here so we could see him, for there was no telling when they would come back. And then came the interesting part. She had always intended doing something for me when I came out, because I was her namesake, she said. Of course she realized that I was too young to come out this winter, but under the circumstances, wouldn't Mother let her give me a series of little parties such as were suitable for juniors, starting, perhaps, with something a little more elaborate—a dinner dance, say. It could be understood that it was not a coming-out party.

"Why, the idea!" Kit gasped. Fortunate for me that Kit isn't my mother!

"I don't know," Mother meditated, "whether it is wise or not."

Father turned to me. "What do you say, Kiddie?"

I HAD sunk down in a chair and was unconsciously sitting with my hands clasped in the attitude of meditation recommended by Miss de Villbiss. I felt almost stunned. The way the Infant Tenderness was working things made me fairly tremble with awe.

"Barbie, what's the matter?" I heard Father say from a great distance. "The child is fairly pale."

"Oh!" I managed at last. "Oh! A *the dansant* at the Columns and now this! In one evening! It is too much!"

Dad looked at Mother with a puzzled air.

"A *the dansant* at the Columns?" Mother questioned. "What do you mean?"

I handed her the invitation I had just received. "Miss Field!" Mother exclaimed. "Miss Field of Grandin Road! Kit and Elizabeth, a *the dansant* for Eugenia Wiggers! Why didn't you show this to me before, Barbie? It puts a new complexion on the matter. If Miss Field gives a party for Eugenia I don't see why your Aunt Barbara— The dinner dance, anyway. We can decide about the others later."

When my Aunt Barbara came she brought with her another proof of what the Infant Tenderness could do. It was a sealskin coat for me When I looked at that coat I felt as though I were about to burst into pieces. I had never dreamed in my wildest moments that I should ever really possess anything like it. It had natural lynx collar and cuffs, and it was lined with rose-coloured brocade. I just gave one look and folded the lovely thing in my arms while the tears ran unheeded down my cheeks. It was almost the holiest moment in my life.

"There, there!" said Aunt Barbara, and even Mother seemed moved, for she did not tell me it was too old or even remind me that I should be a happy, grateful girl.

"You must wear it for the first time to Miss Field's tea," was all she remarked.

I nodded dumbly. My mind was busy figuring out what kind of a dress would be wonderful enough to go with it. Mother expected me to wear my white tulle over green, which was considered by the family a very daring dress for me, and I did not undeceive her. But I knew differently. The Infant Tenderness would never allow a thing like that. But just what I should wear I only found out two days before the party. Aunt Barbara and I had gone down-town to order the invitations for my dinner and to buy place-cards and inquire about flowers and food and other luscious things. Aunt Barbara stopped for a minute at Glidden's to ask about a suit for herself, and there we saw it—my party frock, I mean

Of course it was pink. It was covered with a frosty overdress of gauze embroidered in silver lilies. But I can't describe it for whenever I think of that frock which is now no more—

"Oh, Aunt Barbara!"

Aunt Barbara looked up. "What is it, dear?"

"Oh! That pink dress!"

Aunt Barbara went over to where it was standing on a form. "It is a sweet thing," she agreed. "Elizabeth would look like a wild rose in it."

I gave a start and a great shudder. Elizabeth! Elizabeth has fair hair, and every one knows that pink is a brunette's colour. I could just see my dark head poised above it daintily, but—Elizabeth!

AUNT Barbara glanced at me. "It's too old for you, Barbie, dear; we'll find something prettier. You wouldn't like that dress." She used the mollifying tone of voice people sometimes do use to me and that always makes me perfectly furious

"I may never be able to have it, Aunt Barbara," I corrected firmly and with great dignity, "but that does not mean that I do not know what I want. I am sixteen and a woman of the world, and I know that if it were my last earthly words I should say I want that dress."

Aunt Barbara seemed amused. I despise people when they are amused at me. It is the lowest form of wit. So I paid no more attention to Aunt Barbara. While she turned back to her suit I fairly hurled myself into the depths of the Gracious Silence. I felt as though this were the test. If It denied me that dress I should have no more use for the Infant Tenderness. I resolved to have faith that I should have that dress somehow before the party. So when Aunt Barbara finished and suggested that we go to the misses' department and see if there wasn't something I liked, I said "No, I had a lovely dress for the party, one I'd never worn and I was crazy about it."

And, sure enough, just as I came home from school the next afternoon Glidden's wagon was stopping in front of our house and the boy was running in with a suit-box. I signed for it without his having to ring, for it was marked "Miss Barbara Vane." I knew at once what it was. Fortunately everybody had gone out somewhere, and I carried the box to my room unmolested. I was glad that not even Delphine saw me. I have often had the experience of having to act as though I had done something wrong when I am really innocent. I was in that position now. So I hung the pink frock under my white tulle in the back of my closet, and thought of how, on the next day, I should burst into society.

All this time I have not mentioned the third request I had made of the Infant Tenderness—being engaged. This is not because nothing had happened, but because it is a painful subject. However, I intend to tell all, so that my posterities will be warned by my misfortunes and not be too trusting in a world where there is no justice.

When two weeks had gone by and I still saw no indications that I was engaged, I began to wonder what was the matter. It finally came over me that I was not acting as though I were engaged—I wasn't showing my faith. So the first thing I did was to tell Fidenia Jacocks—*in confidence*. Fidenia is like most women. If you just tell her something she is likely to forget it, but if you impress on her that not under any circumstances must any one else know, it is naturally the first thing she thinks of when she sees anybody. Within the short space of one day it was known all over the school that I was engaged, and I was an object of profound veneration and awe.

Now I leave it to (*Continued on next page.*)

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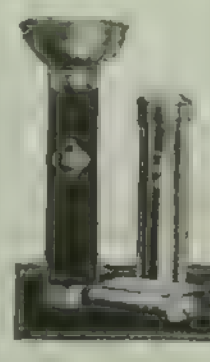

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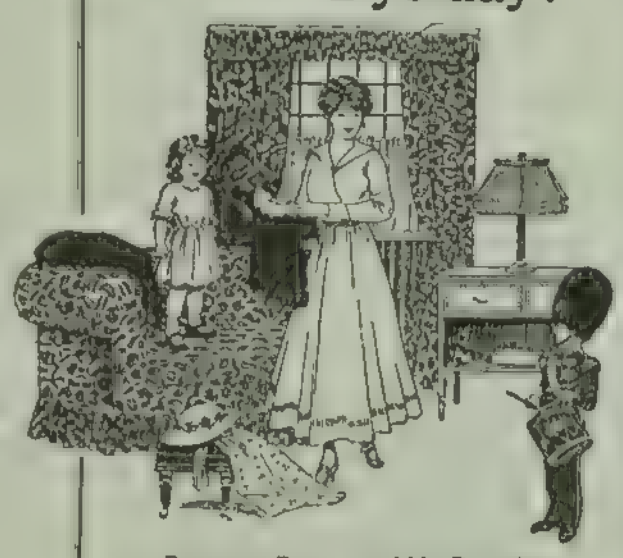

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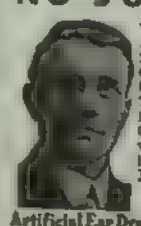

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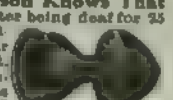

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I like it, too, because it is perfectly safe to use day or night—you know Carbona is the one cleaning fluid that—

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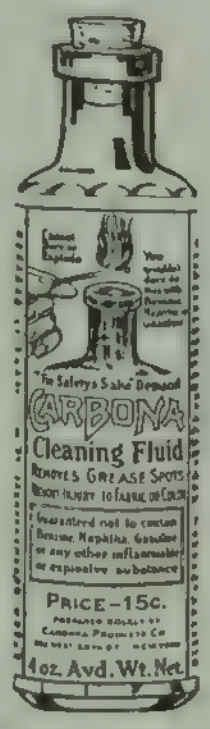

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TOTAL 600 OUTSIDE ROOMS

All Absolutely Quiet

Two Floors—Agents' Sample rooms. New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Excellente

THE INFANT TENDERNESS

(*Continued from preceding page*)

you whether, having shown my trust in the Infant Tenderness in this way, I was not justified in making the mistake I did the next day. Any one would have made it, and for my family to insist that what happened next is "just like that child" and "one of Barbara's outbursts" is too cruel. If you saw a small package addressed to yourself in the mail box, would you not open it? Yes, you would. So did I. Inside there was the sweetest ring I had ever seen. It was platinum, all carved in little scrolls and jiggers and set with one gorgeous big diamond. You could tell at a glance that it was an engagement ring. Inside was engraved, "V. Z. V. to B. M. V." The Barbara Malcolm Vane was plain enough, but who in this world of woe V. Z. V. was I did not know, nor had I ever heard of any one with those initials. To tell the truth, I was just as glad. I was awfully tired of all the men I knew and it would be a relief to have somebody new.

NOW if I had had a family in whom I could confide all my joys and sorrows I should have found out my mistake at once. But I knew instantly that Mother would never, in this world, consent to my being engaged to a man before I'd met him, even if the Infant Tenderness was arranging it. But I did show the ring at school and the amazement was really pitiful. At a glance the girls could see that I was not fooling them with any ten-cent store diamond, and when I showed my initials even the most skeptical doubted no longer. I promised to introduce them all to him at the party. I had told the Infant Tenderness that he just *had* to be here by that time. I wanted him to go with my new fur coat. But it wasn't until the very afternoon of the tea that he put in an appearance.

If a person is logical, what happened should be blamed on Mother, because, as any one can see, if she had not cruelly kept me from riding in the automobile I should not have been on the street car, and if I had not been on the street car I should not have met Mr. Vincent. But Mother is one of these people who can never be made to take the blame for anything, and she has Dad so much under her thumb that he won't see how wrong she is.

As I say, it was on the street car it happened. I had hardly taken my seat when my eye caught sight of an elegant black bag near my feet inscribed with the initials V. Z. V. To say that I felt a distinct shock is putting it mildly. I knew that my fate was beside me. There could never in this world be two men whose initials were V. Z. V. It was some time before I could get up my courage to let my eyes travel up his well-kept trousers leg to his English overcoat, past his neat but not gaudy blue tie to his chin. I was surprised at the kind of man the Infant Tenderness had picked out. It is well known that my taste in men runs to the football type, while this man looked—well, he had a mustache, for one thing. He was older than I had expected he would be, but after I had become more used to him I didn't know but what he was really better than a football star. His eyes were long and narrow, and he had a way of looking out of the corners of them; his mustache was little and pointed up—in fact, he was sort of *Satanic*-looking and dangerous. I coughed violently until he looked at me, but he did not seem to recognize me. However, when the conductor came for my fare he asked to be let off at Estes Place. Estes Place is our street, and as there are only three other houses besides ours, I felt that this was the right man. But I wasn't going to make any mistakes, so when we got off the car and started up the street I touched him on the elbow. Of course I know it is not considered the proper thing for an unprotected woman to speak to a strange man, but was my future happiness not at stake?

"I beg your pardon," I ventured, "but aren't you going to the Vanes' house?"

He swung around and gave me a surprised look. "Why, yes, I am," he said, as though he were trying to find out how I knew.

"I thought you were," I said. "I'm going there myself. If you like I can show you the way."

"That would be very good of you."

His manners were a little stiff, but never mind, I could break him of that.

"You came to see Barbara Vane," I went on as we walked up the street. "You're engaged to her, aren't you?" I knew this was not a delicate thing to ask, but I *had* to know.

HE became more stiff than ever. "You seem to know," he finally brought out. He then looked at me attentively. "Who in the name of— I beg your pardon, I mean—won't you please tell me who you are?"

"Oh, I'm just one of the Vane girls," I put him off airily. I wasn't going to tell him I was Barbara while I had on my sailor suit and my hair down. He would break the engagement right away. Just wait until I was dressed for the party. Besides, I had other things on my mind just then. What should I do with the man until time for the party? It would never do to take him into the house without preparing the family. To accomplish that peacefully would be too much to ask even of the Infant Tenderness. Then I thought I would put him in the garage. He would not suffer from the cold, and at four o'clock, when it was time to go I could hide him in the limousine, which, as a special favour, I was going to be allowed to use. If he scrootched up on the floor Conrad would never see him when he took the car out. Fortunately, I knew Conrad was not in the garage because I'd heard Aunt Barbara talking to him about taking her somewhere at two o'clock. So, as we turned in at the drive I said politely:

"Would you like to wait for Barbara in the garage?"

"In the— I beg your pardon?"

"In the garage. It's nice and warm, and you can sit in the car."

"I believe I would better go right to the house," he asserted, firmly. I saw there was nothing for it but to tell him the whole horrible but romantic truth.

"No," I cried. "Not to the house! I am not crazy really. You see, Barbara's family are awfully queer, and strict. They will be very, very angry as soon as they find out you are here. They don't approve of Barbara's engagement. They might do almost anything. And coming so suddenly—at least give her a chance to prepare them."

"But—good heavens! I wrote I was coming. Miss Vane expects me!"

"She never received the letter. Please, please trust me. At least just go into the garage until I can tell Barbara you are here and she can come out herself and bring you in. I can't take the responsibility."

"This is the queerest thing I ever heard of!" he exploded.

I saw he didn't seem to care for the garage idea at all. But at last I persuaded him to go in for only five minutes, then if Barbara didn't come for him he could run the risk himself. But after he was safely inside I quietly turned the key so he could not escape until I was ready. Then I went upstairs and indulged in dressing myself for the party. My room being a back one I had intended to keep an eye on the garage, but I had hardly begun to dress when something occurred which temporarily took my mind off of V. Z. V. Elizabeth knocked on my door. She would not have bothered to knock except that I had the door locked, which is why I locked it. I now opened it a crack.

"Barbie," began Elizabeth, sweetly, "I just stopped to see if you have everything you need for the party."

"Yes, thanks just the same, I have." My tone may not have been as cordial as it might, but Elizabeth's manner made me suspicious.

"Don't you want to wear my bracelet?" she offered.

I HESITATED, but I decided it was not safe to accept. And a good thing for me I didn't.

"Oh, by the way!" Elizabeth turned back as though she had suddenly remembered something. "Paul's mother has asked me over for dinner to-night, and Mother said she knew you would let me wear your coat."

"My new coat? My *sealskin?*"

"Yes. I'll be awfully careful."

"But I've never even worn it myself!"

"I won't hurt it,"

"I want to wear it myself. The *the dansant* is this afternoon."

"Yes, I know. But you have your blue coat."

"That skimpy thing? I should say not!"

"I think you might! You're as mean as ever you can be." Elizabeth's voice had changed from her kind tone and become peevish. "It's tremendously important that I make a good impression on Paul's family. Mother said you'd lend me your coat."

"Then Mother didn't know." I shut the door and locked it again. "You never lend me a blooming thing," I added through the keyhole.

"You always go and take my things without asking," Elizabeth shouted. But I began to sing "Tipperary" as loud as I could. When I stopped Elizabeth had gone away. But I might have known she would get me yet.

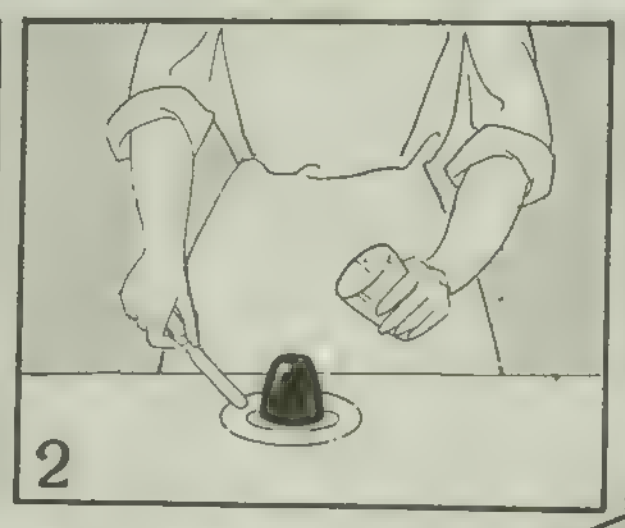
When I had finished dressing and was going down-stairs, admiring the sweep of my coat on the steps, my attention was attracted by loud voices in the library. Rover was barking away as though he had caught a rat. I rushed downstairs and into the room. Conrad was holding V. Z. V. by the coat-collar in a way that took from V. Z. V. all of his dignity. He looked kind of shrunken, and his arms hung out of his coat-sleeves like a scare-crow's. I began to wonder if the Infant Tenderness hadn't picked out kind of a dry raisin for me. Across the room, looking surprised but still efficient, Mother was glaring at him in a way that must have made his toes curl. Elizabeth was there, too, all dressed to go out.

"Yes, ma'am," Conrad was shouting, "in the garage, ma'am. He was pounding on the door and kicking it, ma'am, and the varnish is completely wore off at one place. He said a 'fool girl' shut him in. Mrs. Vane, I think the fellow's escaped from somewhere."

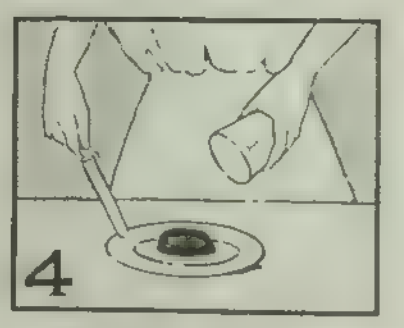
It was an awful mistake. There was but one thing for me to do and that was to explain the whole situation and trust the Infant Tenderness to make it come out right, although V. Z. V. did not really deserve to be helped after calling attention to himself by kicking the garage door and calling me a "fool girl." But I shut my eyes and clasped my hands in the attitude of meditation, silently asking for help. Then I said:

"Conrad, let go of that man's collar. He's not insane. He is

(*Continued on page 50*)



Does It "Jell"?



The failure of jelly to satisfactorily "jell" may be attributed to any one, or possibly two, of these reasons

Too much or too little sugar.

Lack of sufficient acid in the fruit.

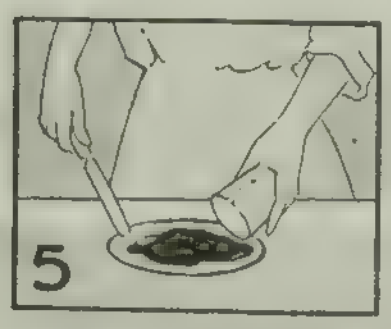
Insufficient pectin—the gum-like, viscuous, jelly-making property.

Over-ripeness of the fruit

As manufacturers of sugar, we wish, first of all, to remove all possibility of failure from the use of incorrect quantities of sugar.

To every cup of fruit juice should be added one cup of sugar (Fig 1). This will result (if the fruit juice contains sufficient acidity and pectin) in a perfectly formed, clear, firm jelly (Fig. 2). Each glass of jelly should be carefully protected from mold by sealing of melted paraffin (Fig. 3).

The consequences of using too little or too much sugar are shown in Figs. 4 and 5—an insignificant, sour, leathery jelly or a shapeless too-sweet spineless concoction.



Bitter oranges, lemons and grape fruit are difficult "jellying" fruits because, while they contain plenty of acid—they are lacking in pectin. The necessary pectin may be supplied by tying the seeds in cheesecloth and boiling them with the fruit—the result a clear, firm finely-flavored jelly.

Help save the surplus fruit crop by preserving all the fruit you can use make jelly of apples, crabapples, red and black currants, and put in a goodly store of marmalades.

In some quarters an unwarranted prejudice exists against the use of beet sugar for jellying and preserving. Actual experience has shown that there is absolutely no foundation for the theory.

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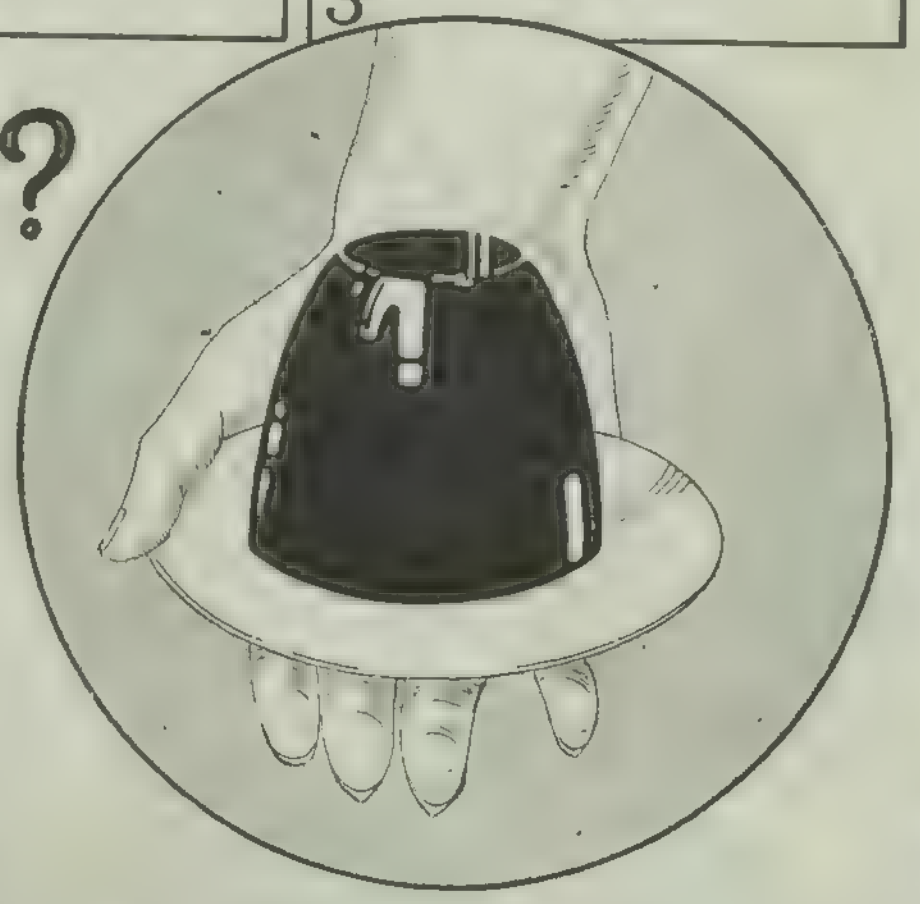

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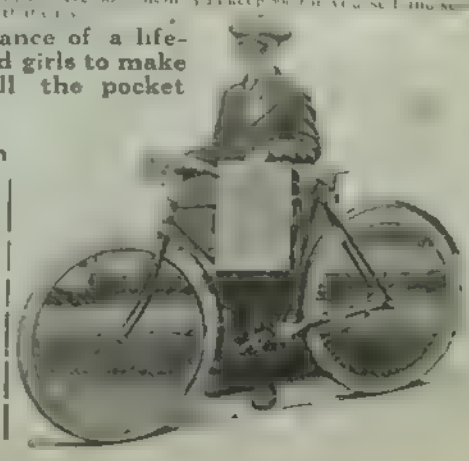

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THE ALPINE PATH

(*Continued from page 16*)

promptly picked them off, generally with disastrous consequences to the beans.

Readers of "Anne of Green Gables" will remember the Haunted Wood. It was a gruesome fact to us three young imps. Well and Dave had a firm and rooted belief in ghosts. I used to argue with them over it with the depressing result that I became infected myself. Not that I really believed in ghosts, pure and simple; but I was inclined to agree with *Hamlet* that there might be more things in heaven and earth than were commonly dreamed of—in the philosophy of Cavendish authorities, anyhow.

The Haunted Wood was a harmless, pretty spruce grove in the field below the orchard. We considered that all our haunts were too commonplace, so we invented this for our own amusement. None of us really believed at first, that the grove *was* haunted, or that the mysterious 'white things" which we pretended to see flitting through it at dismal hours were aught but the creations of our own fancy. But our minds were weak and our imaginations strong; we soon came to believe implicitly in our myths, and not one of us would have gone near that grove after sunset on pain of death. Death! What was death compared to the unearthly possibility of flung into the clutches of a 'white thing'?

In the evenings, when, as usual, we were perched on the back porch steps in the mellow summer dusk, Well would tell me blood-curdling tales galore, until my hair fairly stood on end, and I would not have been surprised had a whole army of "white things" swooped suddenly on us from round the corner. One tale was that his grandmother having gone out one evening to milk the cows, saw his grandfather, as she supposed, come out of the house, drive the cows into the yard and then go down the lane.

The "creep" of this story consisted in the fact that she went straightway into the house and found him lying on the sofa where she had left him, he having never been out of the house at all. Next day something happened to the poor old gentleman, I forget what, but doubtless it was some suitable punishment for sending his wraith out to drive cows!

Another story was that a certain dissipated youth of the community, going home one Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, from some unhallowed orgy, was pursued by a lamb of fire, with its head cut off and hanging by a strip of skin or flame. For weeks afterward I could not go anywhere after dark without walking with my head over my shoulder, watching apprehensively for that fiery apparition.

ONE evening Dave came down to me in the apple orchard at dusk, with his eyes nearly starting out of his head, and whispered that he had heard a bell ringing in the then deserted house. To be sure, the marvellous edge was soon taken off this by the discovery that the noise was simply a newly-cleaned clock striking the hours, which it had never done before. This furnished the foundation of the "Ghostly Bell" chapter in "The Story Girl."

But, one night we had a real ghost scare—the "real" qualifying "scare," not "ghost." We were playing at twilight in the hayfield south of the house, chasing each other around the fragrant coils of new-cut hay. Suddenly I happened to glance up in the direction of the orchard dyke. A chill began galloping up and down my spine, for there, under the juniper tree, was really a "white thing," shapelessly white in the gathering gloom. We all stopped and stared as though turned to stone.

"It's Mag Laird," whispered Dave in terrified tones.

Mag Laird, I may remark, was a harmless creature who wandered begging over the country side, and was the bugbear of children in general and Dave in particular. As poor Mag's usual apparel was dirty, cast-off clothes of other persons, it did not seem to me likely that this white visitant were she. Well and I would have been glad to think it was, for Mag was at least flesh and blood while this—!

"Nonsense!" I said, trying desperately to be practical. "It must be the white calf."

Well agreed with me with suspicious alacrity, but the shapeless, grovelling thing did not look in the least like a calf.

"It's coming here!" he suddenly exclaimed in terror.

I gave one agonized glance. Yes! It was creeping down over the dyke, as no calf ever did or could creep. With a simultaneous shriek we started for the house, Dave gasping at every step, "It's Mag Laird," while all that Well and I could realize was that it was a "white thing" after us at last!

We reached the house and tore into Grandmother's bedroom, where we had left her sewing. She was not there. We swung round and stampeded for a neighbour's, where we arrived trembling in every limb. We gasped out our awful tale and were laughed at, of course. But no persuasion could induce us to go back, so the French-Canadian servants, Peter and Charlotte, set off to explore, one carrying a pail of oats, the other armed with a pitchfork.

They came back and announced that there was nothing to be seen. This did not surprise us. Of course, a "white thing" would vanish, when it had fulfilled its mission of scaring three wicked children out of their senses. But go home we would not until Grandfather appeared and marched us back in disgrace. For what do you think it was?

A white tablecloth had been bleaching on the grass under the juniper tree, and, just at dusk, Grandmother, knitting in hand, went out to get it. She flung the cloth over her shoulder and then her ball fell and rolled over the dyke. She knelt down and was reaching over to pick it up when she was arrested by our sudden stampede and shrieks of terror. Before she could move or call out we had disappeared.

So collapsed our last "ghost," and spectral terrors languished after that, for we were laughed at for many a long day.

But we played house and gardened and swung and picnicked and climbed trees. How we did love trees! I am grateful that my childhood was spent in a spot where there were many trees, trees of personality, planted and tended by hands long dead, bound up with everything of joy or sorrow that visited our lives. When I have "lived with" a tree for many years it seems to me like a beloved human companion.

BEHIND the barn grew a pair of trees I always called "The Lovers," a spruce and a maple, and so closely intertwined that the boughs of the spruce were literally woven into the boughs of the maple. I remember that I wrote a poem about them and called it "The Tree Lovers." They lived in happy union for many years. The maple died first; the spruce held her dead form in his green, faithful arms for two more years. But his heart was broken and he died, too. They were beautiful in their lives and in death not long divided; and they nourished a child's heart with a grace-giving fancy.

In a corner of the front orchard grew a beautiful young birch tree. I named it "The White Lady," and had a fancy about it to the effect that it was the beloved of all the dark spruces near, and that they were rivals for her love. It was the whitest straightest thing ever seen, young and fair and maiden-like.

On the southern edge of the Haunted Wood grew a most magnificent old birch. This was the tree of trees to me. I worshipped it, and called it "The Monarch of The Forest." One of my earliest "poems"—the third I wrote—was written on it, when I was nine. Here is all I remember of it:

"Around the poplar and the spruce
The fir and maple stood;
But the old tree that I loved the best
Grew in the Haunted Wood.

It was a stately tall old birch,
With spreading branches green;
It kept off heat and sun and glare—
'I was a goodly tree, I ween.

'Twas the Monarch of the Forest,
A splendid kingly name,
Oh, it was a beautiful birch tree,
A tree that was known to fame."

The last line was certainly a poetic fiction. Oliver Wendell Holmes says:

"There's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth."

But even a tree does not live forever. The Haunted Wood was cut down. The big birch was left standing. But, deprived of the shelter of the thick-growing spruces, it gradually died before the bitter northern blasts from the Gulf. Every spring more of its boughs failed to leaf out. The poor tree stood like a discrowned, forsaken king in a ragged cloak. I was not sorry when it was finally cut down. "The land of dreams among," it resumed its sceptre and reigns in fadeless beauty.

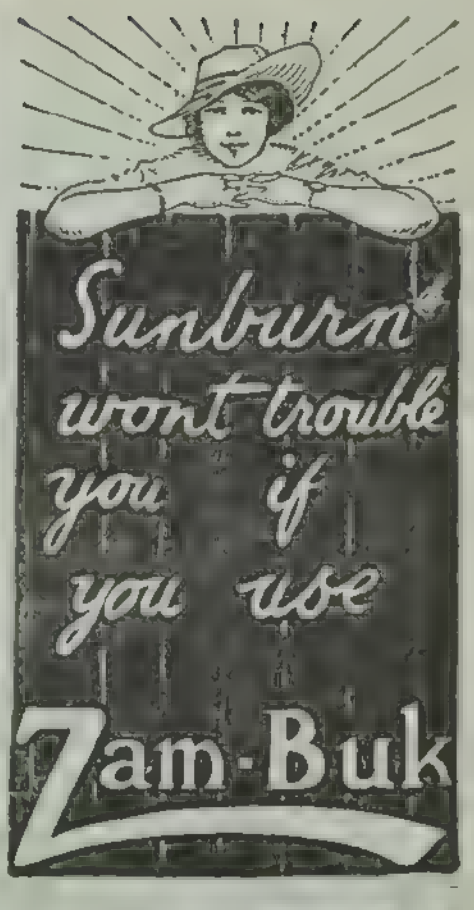
Every apple tree in the two orchards had its own individuality and name—"Aunt Emily's tree," "Uncle Leander's tree," the "Little Syrup tree," the "Spotty tree," the "Spider tree," the "Gavin tree," and many others. The "Gavin" tree bore small, whitish-green apples, and was so called because a certain small boy named Gavin, hired on a neighbouring farm, had once been caught stealing them. Why the said Gavin should have imperiled his soul and lost his reputation by electing to steal apples from that especial tree I could never understand, for they were hard, bitter, flavourless things, good neither for eating or cooking.

DEAR old trees! I hope they all had souls and will grow again for me on the hills of Heaven. I want, in some future life, to meet the old "Monarch" and the "White Lady," and even poor, dishonest little "Gavin's tree" again.

When I was eight years old Cavendish had a very exciting summer, perhaps the most exciting summer it ever had, and of course we children revelled in the excitement. The *Marcopolo* was wrecked on the sandshore.

The *Marcopolo* was a very famous old ship and the fastest sailing vessel of her class ever built. She had a strange, romantic history, and was the nucleus of many traditions and sailors' yarns. She had finally been condemned in England under the Plimsoll Bill. Her owners evaded the Bill by selling her to a Norwegian firm, and then chartering her to bring a cargo of deal plank from Quebec. On her return she was caught in a furious storm out in the Gulf, sprung a leak, and became so waterlogged that the captain determined to run her on shore to save crew and cargo.

That day we had a terrible windstorm in Cavendish. Suddenly the news was spread that a vessel was coming ashore. Every one who could rushed to the sandshore and saw a magnificent sight!—a large (*Continued on next page*)



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THE ALPINE PATH

(Continued from preceding page)

vessel coming straight on before the northern gale with every stitch of canvas set. She grounded about three hundred yards from the shore and as she struck the crew cut the rigging and the huge masts went over with a crash that was heard for a mile, above the roaring of the storm.

The next day the crew of twenty men got ashore and found boarding places in Cavendish. Being typical tars, they painted the settlement a glowing scarlet for the remainder of the summer. It was their especial delight to crowd into a truck-wagon, and go galloping along the roads yelling at the top of their voices. They were of many nationalities, Irishmen, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Spaniards, Norwegians, Swedes, Dutchmen, Germans, and—most curious of all—two Tahitians, whose woolly heads, thick lips, and gold earrings were a never-failing joy to Well and Dave and me.

There was an immense amount of red tape in connection with the affair, and the *Marcopolo* men were in Cavendish for weeks. The captain boarded with us. He was a Norwegian, a delightful, gentlemanly old fellow who was terrorized by his crew. He spoke English well, but was apt to get rather mixed up in his pronouns.

"I thank you for your kindness *against* me, little Miss Maud," he would say with a grand bow.

Owing to the presence of the captain, the crew haunted our domain also. I remember the night they were all paid off; they all sat out on the grass under the parlour windows, feeding our old dog Gyp with biscuits. Well and Dave and I saw, with eyes as big as owls', the parlour table literally covered with gold sovereigns, which the captain paid out to the men. Never had we imagined there was so much wealth in the world.

Naturally the shore was a part of my life from my earliest consciousness. I learned to know it and love it in every mood. The Cavendish shore is a very beautiful one; part of it is rock shore, where the rugged red cliffs rise steeply from the boulder-strewn coves. Part is a long, gleaming sandshore, divided from the fields and ponds behind by a row of rounded sand dunes, covered by coarse sand-hill grass. This sandshore is a peerless spot for bathing.

ALL through my childhood I spent much of my time on the shore. It was not so quiet and solitary then as it is to-day. Those were the days when the mackerel fishing was good, and the shore was dotted with fishing houses. Many of the farmers had a fishing house on the shore field of their farms, with a boat drawn up on the skids below. Grandfather always fished mackerel in the summer, his boat manned by two or three French Canadians, fishing on the shores. Just where the rocks left off and the sandshore began was quite a little colony of fishing houses. This place was called Cawnpore, owing to the fact that on the day and hour when the last nail was being driven into the last house news arrived of the massacre of Cawnpore in the Indian Mutiny. There is not a house left there now.

The men would get up at three or four in the morning and go out fishing. Then we children had to take their breakfast down at eight, later on their dinner, and, if the fish "schooled" all day, their supper also. In vacations we would spend most of the day there, and I soon came to know every cove, headland, and rock on that shore. We would watch the boats through the sky glass, paddle in the water, gather shells and pebbles and mussels, and sit on the rocks and eat dulse, literally, by the yard. The rocks at low tide were covered by millions of snails, as we called them. I think the correct name is periwinkle. We often found great, white, empty "snail" shells, as big as our fists, that had been washed ashore from some distant strand or deep sea haunt. I early learned by heart, Holmes' beautiful lines on "The Chambered Nautilus," and I rather fancied myself sitting dreamily on a big boulder with my bare, wet feet tucked up under my print skirt, holding a huge "snail" shell in my sunburned paw and appealing to my soul to "build thee more stately mansions."

There were many "outgrown shells" by that "unresting sea," and we carried them home to add to our collection, or to encircle our flower beds. Up by the sea run, where the ponds empty into the Gulf, we always found beautiful, white, quahog-clam shells galore.

The waves constantly dashing against the soft sandstone cliffs wore them away into many beautiful arches and caves. Somewhat to the east of our fishing house was a bold headland against which the water lapped at lowest tide. Through the neck of this headland a hole became worn—a hole so small that we could scarcely thrust a hand through it. Every season it grew a little larger. One summer an adventurous school chum and I crawled through it. It was a tight squeeze, and we used to exult with a fearful joy over having dared it, and speculate as to what would have happened if one of us had got stuck half way through.

In a few more years we could walk upright through the opening. Then a horse and carriage could have been driven through it. Finally, in about fifteen years from the beginning the thin bridge of rock at the top gave way, and the headland became an island, as though a gateway had been cleft through its wall.

There were many stories and legends connected with the shore, of which I heard older persons talk. Grandfather liked a dramatic story, had a good memory for its fine points, and could tell it well. He had many tales to relate of the terrible American gale—or "Yankee storm," as it was called—when hundreds of American fishing vessels out in the Gulf were wrecked upon the north shore.

The story of the *Franklin Dexter* and the four brothers who sailed in her, which is related in "The Golden Road," is literally true. Grandfather was among those who found the bodies, helped to bury them in Cavendish churchyard, helped to take them up when the broken hearted old father came, and helped to put them on the ill fated *Seth Hall*.

THERE was the story of Cape Leforce, a bit of unwritten history harking back to the days when the "Island of St. John" belonged to France. It was some time in the 1760's. I can never remember dates. The only two dates which remain in my memory out of all those so painstakingly learned in schooldays are that Julius Cæsar landed in England 55 B.C. and the Battle of Waterloo was fought in 1815. France and England were at war. French privateers infested the Gulf sallying therefrom to plunder the commerce of the New England Colonies. One of these was commanded by a captain named Leforce.

One night they anchored off the Cavendish shore, at that time an unnamed, wooded solitude. For some reason the crew came ashore and camped for the night on the headland now known as Cape Leforce. The captain and his mate shared a tent, and endeavoured to come to a division of their booty. They quarrelled, and it was arranged that they should fight a duel at sunrise. But in the morning, as the ground was being paced off, the mate suddenly raised his pistol and shot Captain Leforce dead.

I do not know if the mate was ever punished for this deed. Probably not. It was a mere brief sentence in a long page of bloodshed. But the captain was buried by his crew on the spot where he fell, and I have often heard Grandfather say that *his* father had seen the grave in his boyhood. It had long ago crumbled off into the waves, but the name still clings to the red headland.

Away to the westward, six or seven miles the view was bounded by New London Cape, a long, sharp point, running far out to sea. In my childhood I never wearied of speculating what was on the other side of that point, a very realm of enchantment, surely, I thought. Even when I gradually drew into the understanding that beyond it was merely another reach of shore like my own it still held a mystery and a fascination for me. I longed to stand out on that lonely, remote, purple point, beyond which was the land of lost sunsets.

I have seen few more beautiful sights than a sea-sunset off that point. In later years a new charm was added, a revolving light that flashed like a magnificent star through the dusk of summer nights, like a beacon on an out-post of fairyland.

I did not often fare far afield. An occasional trip to town—Charlottetown—and another to Uncle John Campbell's at Park Corner, were my only excursions beyond my horizon line, and both were looked on as great pleasures. A trip to Park Corner was of comparatively frequent occurrence, once a year at least, and perhaps twice. A trip to town was a very, rare treat, once in three years, and loomed up in about the same proportions of novelty, excitement, and delight as a trip to Europe would now—or before the war. It meant a brief sojourn in a wonderful and fascinating place, where every one was dressed up and could have all the nuts, candies, and oranges they wanted, to say nothing of the exquisite pleasure of looking at all the beautiful things in the shop windows.

I remember distinctly my first trip to town at the age of five. I had a glorious day, but the most delightful part was a tiny adventure I had just before leaving for home. Grandfather and Grandmother had met some friends at a street corner and stopped to talk. Finding that I wasn't being looked after, I promptly shot down a near-by side street, agog for adventures. It was *so* jolly and independent to be walking down a street all alone. It was a wonderful street, I've never seen it since—not with the same eyes, anyway. No other street has ever had the charm that one had. The most amazing sight I saw was a woman shaking rugs on *the top of a house*. I felt dizzy with astonishment over such a topsy-turvy sight. *We* shook rugs in the yard. Who ever heard of shaking them on the top of a house!

ARRIVING at the bottom of the street I coolly ran down the steps of an open door I found there, and discovered myself to be in a charming dim spot, full of barrels, with a floor ankle-deep with beautiful curly shavings. But, seeing some one moving in a distant corner I was overcome, not by fear but by shyness, and beat a hasty retreat. On my way back I met a little girl with a pitcher in her hand. We both stopped, and with the instinctive, unconventional *camaraderie* of childhood plunged into an intimate, confidential conversation. She was a jolly little soul, with black eyes and two long braids of black hair. We told each other how old we were, and how many dolls we had, and almost everything else there was to tell except our names which neither of us thought.

(Continued on page 35)

Jars 35c and 75c

At Stores Everywhere

Women—War—Beauty!

The women of Canada are working as never before—in the home, office, factory, and even in the field.

But in doing your duty by your country don't forget that there is a duty due yourself and those who care for you; the duty of holding your youth and beauty in these trying days which bring haggard looks and lines of age.

Pompeian NIGHT Cream

Change Complexion Treatment in Summer

In hot weather, Pompeian NIGHT Cream is used to freshen and improve the complexion by removing perspiration-oils and dust from the skin. These oils cause face shine, blackheads, etc.

Use It This Way

After a day downtown, after a motor trip, before dressing for dinner, or whenever your face is tired and soiled by heat and dust, use a cloth dipped in Pompeian NIGHT Cream.

Go over the face carefully, and then—wipe thoroughly with a dry part of the cloth to remove all the grime and perspiration that Pompeian NIGHT Cream has taken out of the skin. Now a dash of cold water on the face.

See how the hidden pore-dirt and perspiration have darkened the cloth. Note how refreshed your tired, tense, heat-drawn face feels. Then observe how faithful use keeps the skin soft and clear.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY
Toronto, Canada and Cleveland, Ohio

Manufacturers, also, of the popular Pompeian MASSAGE Cream and Pompeian HAIR Massage

Mary Pickford, the World's Most Popular Woman, is a Canadian Girl

Miss Pickford has granted the makers of Pompeian toilet preparations permission to offer the *first* Mary Pickford Art Panel. Size, 28 x 7¼ inches. Art store value 50c. Our price 10c. A sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream will be included.

Clip Coupon Now

(*Stamps Accepted, Coin Preferred*)

THE POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY
Dept. 216, 2216 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a 1917 Mary Pickford Art Panel and a sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

PRIZES DOUBLED! FORD CAR ADDED

Help to solve Percy's Perplexing Problem

"IT'S MARY'S BIRTHDAY I'LL ASK HER TO WRITE AND TELL ME WHAT SHE'D LIKE"
MARY GETS PERCY'S LETTER
MAIL
"THIS ANSWER WILL GIVE PERCY SOME-THING TO THINK ABOUT"
"OH! FROM MARY"
-AND THIS IS HOW HE FELT WHEN HE READ IT.
1
2
3
4
5
LOU SNOOK

MARY'S letter is surely a puzzler. She has so mixed up the letters in the names of the things she would like Percy to give her for her birthday gift, that they spell something different entirely. Sometimes she has even made two or three words out of one name, as in number nine, which is undoubtedly "Diamond Ring."

Each of the names in Mary's letter represents a present that any girl would like to receive for her birthday. You know one of them; now try to solve the remaining nine puzzle names, and when you do, re-write Mary's letter (just in your own hand) substituting the correct names for those appearing above, and send your solution to us. In this interesting contest we will award

A 1917 Ford Touring Car (value $495.00) as First Grand Prize, and $510.00 in Cash Prizes

1st Cash Prize		$150.00
2nd "	"	75.00
3rd "	"	50.00

4th prize	$35.00	Cash	12th prize	$5.00	Cash	20th prize	3.00	Cash
5th "	25.00	"	13th "	5.00	"	21st "	3.00	"
6th "	20.00	"	14th "	5.00	"	22nd "	2.00	"
7th "	15.00	"	15th "	5.00	"	23rd "	2.00	"
8th "	10.00	"	16th "	5.00	"	24th "	2.00	"
9th "	10.00	"	17th "	3.00	"	25th "	2.00	"
10th "	10.00	"	18th "	3.00	"	26th "	2.00	"
11th "	10.00	"	19th "	3.00	"			

and Fifty Cash Prizes of $1.00 Each

Every cash prize carries a doubling bonus by which the winner may receive twice the amount given above, making **$1020.00** the Total in Cash Prizes

Percy's Plan Will Help You

THE first thing Percy did was to walk through the stores and make a list of all the things that would make nice presents for a girl, so that he could compare his list with Mary's and see how many names would fit the puzzling words. He was surprised to find the number of nice things one could get for a girl, for very soon his list contained the following: Sewing set, umbrella, manicure set, kid gloves, lace handkerchief, ear-rings, silver thimble, diamond ring, candy, necklace, books, bracelet, slippers, card case, travelling bag, purse, brooch, shawl, toilet set, perfume, set of furs, lace collar, etc., etc. These suggested presents may help *you*. Get a pencil and paper and try!

How to Send Your Answers

(An extract from the rules.)

Use one side of the paper only, in writing out Mary's letter and keep it the same in form as given above, merely substituting your solution of the proper names in place of the jumbled ones. In the lower left hand corner instead of the postscript put your full name (stating Mr., Miss or Mrs.) and your full address. Anything else must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Do not send fancy, drawn or typewritten answers. A contestant may send as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set may win a prize, and not more than one prize will be awarded in any family. Entry to the contest is barred to all employees of this Company and their relatives.

No Expense Attached to Entry to This Great Contest
Any One Can Win a Fine Prize

All readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD are invited to help solve Percy's problem and send their answers to compete for these fine big cash prizes. It does not matter whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and moreover you will not be asked or expected to take the magazine, or to spend a single penny in order to enter and win the car or a fine prize

If you are a regular reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, you, no doubt, know the magazine thoroughly and have often discussed it with your friends. If you are not, we will gladly send you free, a sample copy of the latest issue in order that you may know what a live, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine is being published right here in Canada, by Canadians, for Canadians. There is nothing in Canada like EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for bright, entertaining stories, timely, interesting articles, up-to-the minute news of the events of the day, live discussions on topics of vital national importance, and it abounds with beautiful illustrations and departments of interest to every one in the family. More than 130,000 Canadian homes gladly take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and welcome it every month. It is fast supplanting American magazines in the favor of Canadians everywhere, and you will like it and agree that it is the biggest, brightest, and most interesting magazine being produced in Canada.

Frankly, this great contest is intended to advertise EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and to introduce it to friends and readers in all parts of Canada; so read carefully the copy which we send you, show it to the members of your family and discuss it with your friends. To qualify your entry to stand for the judging and awarding of these big cash prizes, we will ask you to help us further advertise and introduce it by showing your sample copy to only three or four of your friends and neighbors who will appreciate this worth-while Canadian magazine and want it to come to them every month. You can easily render this simple favor and for it an additional guaranteed Cash Reward will be given to you at once. As soon as your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of names solved correctly and send you the big prize list and sample copy of the magazine.

How the Prizes Will be Awarded

The judging of the entries will be in the hands of three independent judges, having no connection with this firm, whose names we will tell you in due course and contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The awards will be given to the senders of the best sets of answers qualified according to the rules and conditions of the contest. In judging the entries to the puzzle, points of merit will be (a) sets having most correct answers, (b) general neatness and appearance of the entry (handwriting, spelling, punctuation and style all being considered). All answers must follow the form of Mary's letter, but containing the sender's solutions for the proper names as called for above. Answers in any other form will not be considered. The contest will close promptly at 5 P.M., August 28th, promptly after which, judging will be commenced and the prizes awarded. Study Mary's letter and try for the correct solution now. Entirely in addition to the competitive prizes an extra cash reward is guaranteed and sent at once to every contestant complying with the conditions of the contest. Address your answers to:—

No Expense Attached to Entry to This Great Contest
Any One Can Win a Fine Prize

MAGNIFIED COPY OF MARY'S LETTER

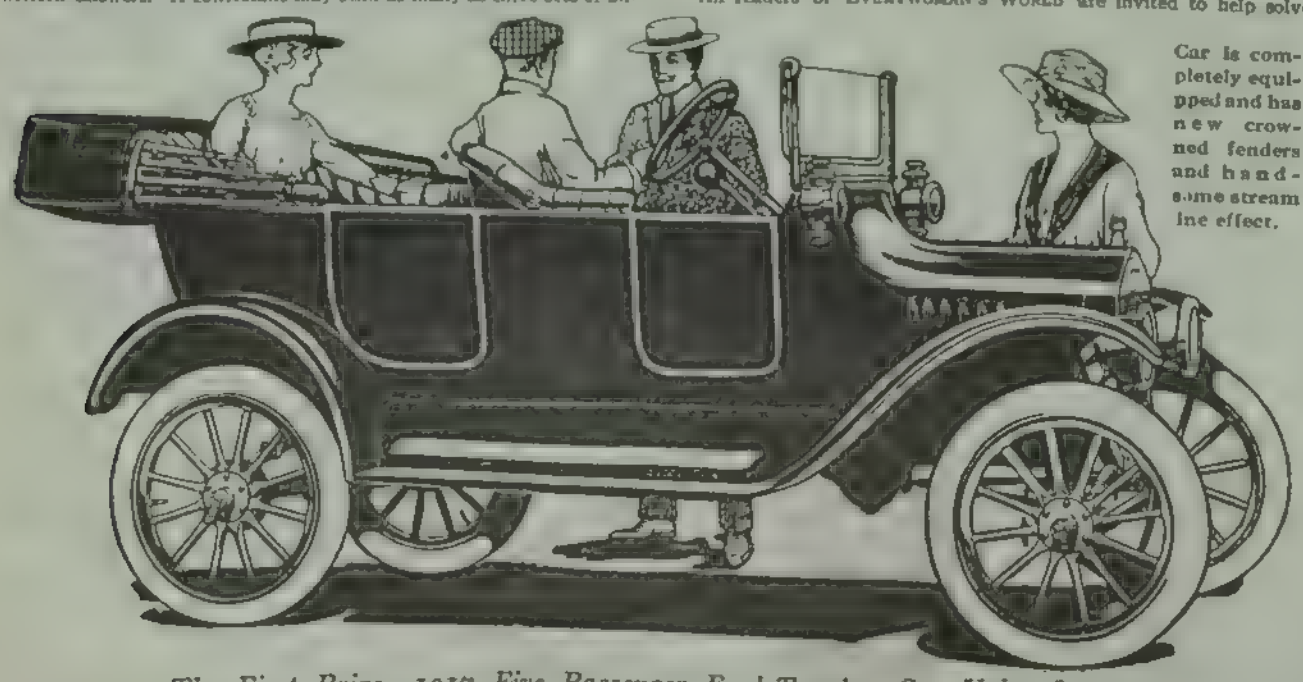
Dear Percy,

Since you have so kindly asked me to suggest a birthday present that I would like I am sending you a little list to think over. If you can puzzle this out in time for my birthday I would just love to receive any of the following:-

1 BALL RUME. 5 BELT CARE.
2 OH C ROB. 6 SCARE CAD.
3. DEVILS KOG. 7 GRANSIRE.
4. SORE STUFF. 8 C CAN LEEK.
9 DO MI DARNING.
10 TRAINE MUSEC.

P.S. I have printed the words so that you can read them easily!

Sincerely yours
Mary.



The First Prize—1917 Five Passenger Ford Touring Car, Value $495.00

Car is completely equipped and has new crowned fenders and handsome streamline effect.

THE CONTEST EDITOR, DEPT. A., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62-64 TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

THE ALPINE PATH

(*Continued from page 33*)

about. When we parted, I felt as though I were leaving a life long friend. We never met again.

When I rejoined my grown-ups they had not missed me at all, and knew nothing of my rapturous voyage into Wonderland.

The Park Corner jaunts were always delightful. To begin with, it was such a pretty drive, those winding thirteen miles through hill and wood, and by river and shore. There were many bridges to cross, two of them, with drawbridges. I was always horribly frightened of drawbridges, and am to this day. Do what I will, I cringe secretly from the time the horse steps on the bridge until I am safely over the draw.

Uncle John Campbell's house was a big white one, smothered in orchards Here, in other days, there was a trio of merry cousins to rush out and drag me in with greeting and laughter. The very walls of that house must have been permeated by the essence of good times. And there was a famous old pantry, always stored with goodies, into which it was our habit to crowd at bedtime and devour unholy snacks with sounds of riot and mirth

There is a certain old screw sticking out from the wall on the stair landing which always makes me realize clearly that I am really grown-up. When I used to visit at Park Corner in the dawn of memory that screw was just on a level with my nose! *Now*, it comes to my knee. I used to measure myself by it every time I went there.

I was very fond of trouting and berry picking. We fished the brooks up in the woods, using the immemorial hook and line, with "w'ums" for bait. Generally I managed to put my worm on myself, but I expended a fearful amount of nervous energy in doing it. However, I managed to catch fish. I remember the thrill of pride I felt one day when I caught quite a large trout, as large as some of the grown-ups had caught in the pond. Well and Dave were with me, and I felt that I went up five per cent. in their estimation. A girl who could catch a trout like that was not to be altogether despised.

We picked berries in the wild lands and fields back of the woods, going to them through wooded lanes fragrant with June bells, threaded with sunshine and shadow, carpeted with mosses, where we saw foxes and rabbits in their native haunts. I have never heard anything sweeter than the whistling of the robins at sunset in the maple woods around those fields.

To go through woods with company was very pleasant; to go through them alone was a very different thing. A mile in along the road lived a family who kept a small shop where they sold tea and sugar, etc. I was frequently sent in to buy some household supplies, and I shall never forget the agony of terror I used to endure going through those woods. The distance through the woods was not more than a quarter of a mile, but it seemed endless to me.

I cannot tell just what I was afraid of. I *knew* there was nothing in the wood worse than rabbits or as the all-wise grown-ups told me "worse than yourself." It was just the old, primitive fear handed down to me from ancestors who, in the dawn of time, were afraid of the woods with good reason. With me, it was a blind, unreasoning terror. And this was in daylight; to go through those woods *after dark* was something simply unthinkable. There were persons who did it. A young schoolmaster who boarded with us thought nothing apparently of walking through them at night. In my eyes he was the greatest hero the world had ever seen!

(*To be continued*)

Brave Canada!

When the history of the War comes to be told, Canada's place in it will stand forth to our wonder and amazement. Canada's contribution in men and money, in bravery and endurance, in unselfish resourcefulness, in quick and adequate response, has been tremendous and magnificent.

Proportionately to her population, Canada will be found to have made the largest monetary contribution to the War.

The valour of the Canadians on the field has called forth the unqualified praise of the French and British generals.

Counting the cost is not the Canadian way. Out of a contingent of 25,000 troops at the outset of the War, not 2,500 lived to tell the tale. Their casualties were appalling, but the only effect they had on the Canadian heart was to accelerate recruiting and volunteers poured in to avenge their fellows. It has been officially stated in Canada that for every man who falls five more enlist

It was the Canadians who bore the first terrible brunt of the asphyxiating gas attacks, that came as such a staggering surprise.

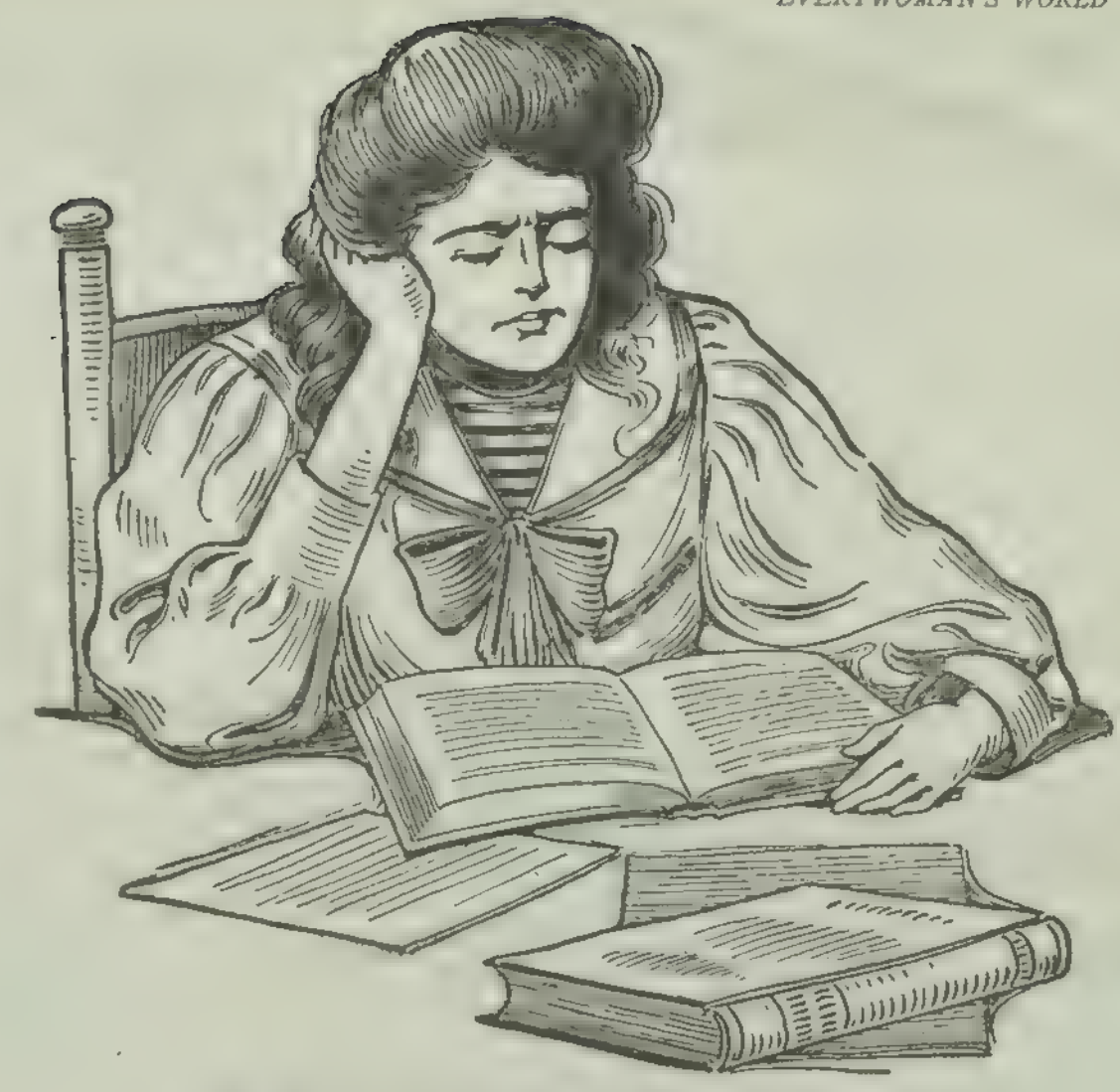
Canada, a young country, needing all her men at home, never hesitated, once they had put their shoulder to the wheel.

It is a splendid record, and one that will place Canada among the historic nations of the War.—*Los Angeles Times*

Just Tell Her-That

A while before he died he took my hand -
"I want to tell you something, Bill," he said,
"Before you lay me out in No Man's Land,
And put a wooden cross above my head.
Just this: Last night, when lying here, I knew
I'd found my soul, Bill, since the War began—
And I was happy. . . . . some day, when it's through,
And you're back home—just tell Her that, old man."

A. Beatrice Hickson, in the Canadian University Magazine.



Schoolgirl's Nerves

"Oh, to be free from school life and school worries during the sunshiny spring days," is the wish of thousands of schoolgirls, to whom nothing could be of more benefit than outdoor exercise and an opportunity to drink in the fresh air and sunshine.

Just at the springtime, when the human system is sure to be more or less debilitated, and often at the most critical time in a girl's life, there comes also the anxiety, eye-strain and mental over-exertion consequent on the approach of examinations.

To many this extra demand on the system proves the last straw, and the results are made known by headaches, sleeplessness, irritability, loss of appetite, tired, worn-out feelings and inability to concentrate the mind on the work at hand, whether it be mental or physical.

To some there will come St. Vitus' dance, nervous prostration, or some derangement of the vital organs, which may linger to make a life of suffering and unhappiness.

The only means of averting trouble is by the use of external assistance in order to increase the supply of pure, rich blood, and for this purpose there is no treatment comparable to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Because of its mild and gentle action and powerful restorative influences in building up the system, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is particularly suited as a treatment for girls and women. Especially during the critical periods of woman's life, such as between the ages of twelve and sixteen, this great food cure, by supplying an abundance of rich, red blood, keeps up health and strength and fills the body with vigor and vitality.

Miss Cynthia Hutchinson, Hanceville, B. C., writes:—"I feel it my duty to tell what a great friend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has been to me. I would have written sooner, but wanted to be sure I was thoroughly cured. Before using this medicine my nervous system was so completely run down that my friends, as well as myself, thought I could never get better. All medicines failed to help me.

"A trial of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food benefited me, and I used altogether seven boxes. At the end of a month people scarcely knew me, I had improved so much. The blood was enriched, color improved, new flesh added, and I got strong and well. Several of my friends have profited by my experience and received great benefit from this treatment."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Comfort in the Home

The Sunshine Furnace chases chills from coldest corners and insures utmost comfort in the home throughout the winter. Don't buy any furnace or heating plant until you have investigated the merits of the "Sunshine."

McClary's
SUNSHINE FURNACE

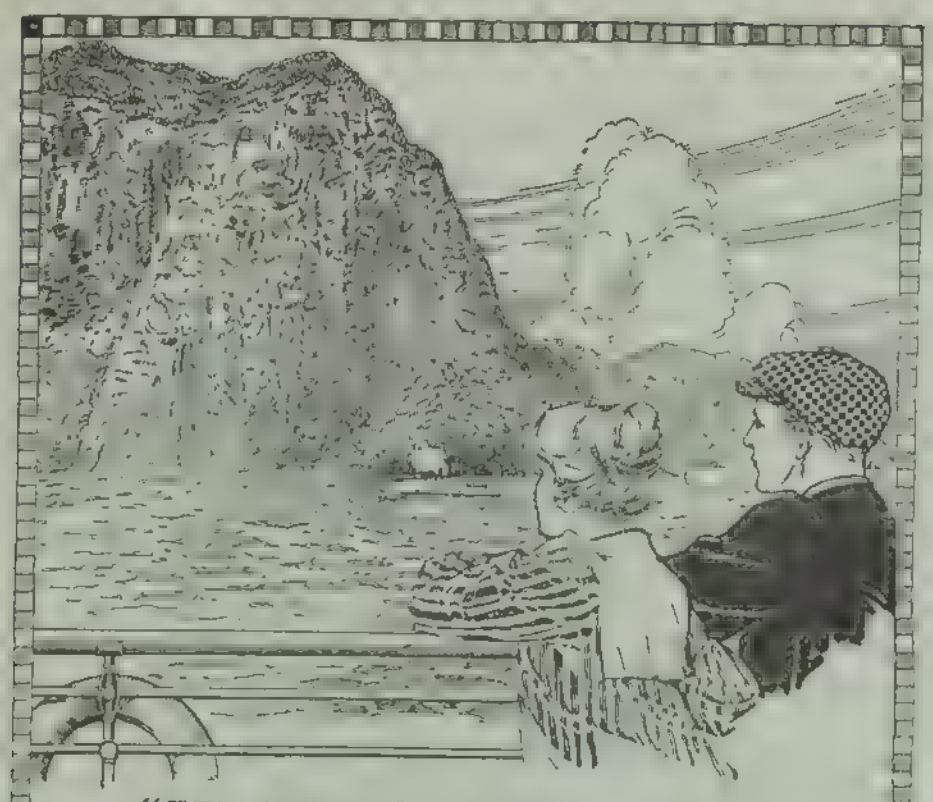
LONDON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N.B. HAMILTON CALGARY 5
SASKATOON EDMONTON

Acid Stomachs are Dangerous

Ferments Food, Causes Gas, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Dyspepsia and Indigestion

HOW TO TREAT WITH MAGNESIA

"ACID" stomachs are dangerous because acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach, thus hindering and preventing the proper action of the stomach, and leading to probably nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble from which people suffer. Ordinary medicines and medicinal treatments are useless in such cases, for they leave the source of the trouble, the acid in the stomach, as dangerous as ever. The acid must be neutralized, and its formation prevented, and the best thing for this purpose is a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia, a simple antacid, taken in a little warm or cold water, after eating, which not only neutralizes the acid, but also prevents the fermentation from which acidity is developed. Foods which ordinarily cause greatest distress may be eaten without danger if the meal is followed with a little bisurated magnesia, which can be obtained from any druggist, and should always be kept handy.



"Higher than Gibraltar"

Yes, higher by 600 feet—this rugged outpost of the Laurentian Mountains—Cape Trinity, on the Saguenay River. Eighteen hundred feet above the sea it towers. Its majestic companion, Cape Eternity, is almost as high.

MAKE THE SAGUENAY TRIP THIS YEAR

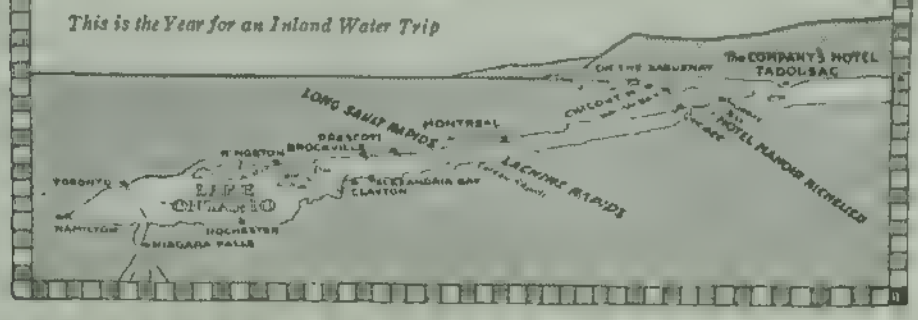
You can start your trip at Niagara Falls, at Toronto, or Montreal. Make it a two-week trip, or take any part of it. Between Toronto and Montreal, you will encounter the ever changing, ever-glorious scenery of the Thousand Islands—and the exciting experience of "Shooting the Rapids." Later comes Quebec, the city quaint and beautiful. Visit the miracle-working shrine of Ste-Anne de Beaupre. The boats touch at Murray Bay and Tadousac.

Send two cents postage for illustrated Booklet, Map and Guide

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES LIMITED

46 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

This is the Year for an Inland Water Trip



For Service and Safety

Black Knight Stove Polish is Safe. It cannot explode or catch fire. It may be applied to a warm stove. The polish lasts and does not burn off quickly.

A large tin for 10c. Ask for Black Knight.

F. F. DALLEY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA

You begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. Send at once to your nearest store for a bottle of

LOCKYER'S
HAIR RESTORER

Sold Everywhere

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural color. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.

Homes for Millions!

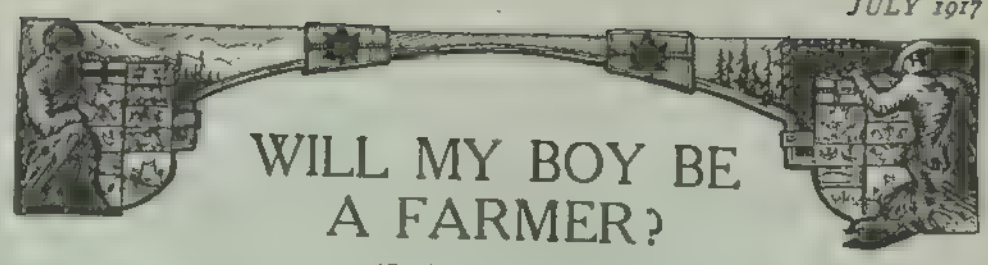
Is it not worth your while to investigate the merits of a new land nearby—so near to us and near to railroads and markets that it is not prized as its worth demands? 20,000,000 acres of the finest agricultural land awaits settlement in

Northern Ontario

Northern Ontario offers you and your family your choice of millions of acres of virgin soil, obtainable at only 50c. an acre, out of which you can make for yourselves an independent home and call no man master upon earth! Thousands of farmers have responded to the call of this great fertile country and are being made comfortable and rich. Here right at the door of Old Ontario, a home awaits you!

Will you send for full information as to terms, regulations and settlers' rates? Write to

H. A. Macdonell, Director of Colonization,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont.
Hon. G. H. Ferguson, Minister, Lands, Forests and Mines.



WILL MY BOY BE A FARMER?

(*Continued from page 18*)

He learns their habits, the peculiarities of the different animals as classes and as individuals, and in later life he finds that he readily understands the peculiar slants of character in many people through his experience with animals.

And yet again, the changes of the sky, the weather, the wind, the fields, with their ever-changing colouring from day to day, the odours of flowers, soil, and harvest fields, the notes of the birds, the voices of animals and insects, the flavours of fruits and leaves, grains and roots, are constant appeals to every sense, awakening and developing those five great avenues through which the mind must receive knowledge. The very foundation of education is the development of these five great channels to the mind, of touch, taste, sight, smell, and hearing.

He will develop a constant desire for knowledge under the direction of an intelligent parent by being encouraged to ask the reason for this and that, and by being helped to observe closely, reason accurately, and experiment with a purpose. By introducing the boy to the available sources of knowledge in books, magazines and Government bulletins his interest, initiative, and originality may likewise be developed.

No crime is greater than that of stunting the question of the child through indifference, impatience, or sheer selfish laziness. All work becomes interesting when its purpose and the facts related to it are understood, and the average boy will grow up to love the farm if his questions are intelligently answered and if he is taught to work with his head as well as his hands.

A Great Gift: The Value of Knowledge

A BOY can learn at the Agricultural College, in a short time, what scores of men have spent years in discovering, and can secure that knowledge for a very small investment in real money. When that knowledge acquaints him with a better method, a better crop, a better strain in breeding, by which he may increase the product of a farm by hundreds of dollars, with the same labour, it is worth real money. Scores of farms have paid the cost of tile draining with the resulting increase, in a single crop. Many a farmer, after learning to systematically weigh and test the milk of every cow, discovered that he was actually boarding some members of his herd at a loss. Your boy, taught to value knowledge and to apply that knowledge to the problems of the farm, will not find, as he grows older, that farm life is without opportunity

Improvements of Farm Life

WITH the numerous inventions and improvements in machinery come the farmer's opportunity to shorten his hours of labour and to do better work. Granted that there is some machinery placed on the market that is too complicated and cumbersome to be worth using; granted that many farmers have been "bitten" by buying machinery of this kind, and "stung" by sharp practice. Granted, too, that those who have been "bitten" and "stung" would not have been such "easy money" to some crook had they known more about it. There you are! More education, more information would have saved them. It takes brains to profit by an education, and it takes judgment to buy machinery.

But of all the hired men who pass through a farmer's hands in a year, the man who gets the warmest welcome on his return is he who "can do the work of two." Well! A good machine, suited to the soil and the work does the work of two, three, ten men, and you don't pay it wages, though it does "cost a pile" at first.

The farmer whose home, office, stable, barn are equipped with the best and latest improvements is working with his brain and not with his hands only. He makes machinery do all the work he can; he saves his wife in the home and himself in the barn, so that they can have time for something besides "always working."

The office is as necessary to the farmer as to the banker. The banker deals in money, the farmer in wheat; and of the two crops—for the next four or five years, anyway—wheat is worth more. It is quite possible that in 1918 we shall have money and yet cannot buy bread; and the same condition is likely to obtain in 1919, despite an increased production.

Could the banker tell where he stands without books? Does the merchant attempt to carry all his business "in his head"? Can the manufacturer know if he is making a profit or carrying a loss if he can't "figger" with or write a business letter? How does the farmer know that his cows are not boarding on the money made by the pigs, or that his potatoes are not swallowing up the profits made on corn?

There is just one thing that can be carried around without expense, and that is knowledge; and enough knowledge can be gained at any Agricultural College in a four year course to give a man a good foundation on which to build, by Government bulletin, magazine, club, and book, for the rest of his life.

Remember it is the start that counts.

THE IDEAL FARMER

The ideal boy for the farm is the muscular, long-limbed type, with dark hair and skin. His head is wide at the ears, deep and long from the ears to the front, square and fairly high in the centre at the crown. The features are strong; prominent nose, good chin, long upper lip, rather deep-set eyes, forehead prominent at the base and well rounded. The hair line may be rather low.

THE IDEAL FARM

The ideal farm is a small farm, relatively small at least in a section of the country where the farms are small enough so that every acre will be utilized to its fullest advantage, and where the idle or uncultivated farm is unknown. This makes possible good roads, good schools, good churches, and all of the opportunities for social and intellectual life which human beings crave.

It is reasonably near the market-town, city, or railroad. The crops suit the soil, the market, and the man. Machinery does as much of the work as is possible on land, in barn, and stable, and in the house. The home, barn, and stable, are equipped with all modern conveniences and improvements. The farm is taxed merely for the land and not for buildings or improvements.

The farm is a co-operative business with the farmer himself as general manager. Each boy, who is old enough, is responsible for some one part of the work and must turn in regular statements, and must see that his department pays. Each girl, who is old enough, works in the house, but if she be not needed there she has an outside department—honey production, poultry, fruits, vegetables. The younger children have their own gardens, their own animals. At the end of the year, when the books are made up and closed, a certain sum goes back into the business for new machinery, stock, and improvements. The farmer takes so much per cent. of the net profits for the interest on the capital he has invested, each boy and girl receives a certain per cent., according to age and the work done.

In this way each child may specialize in different branches of farm work—cattle, poultry, fruit, vegetables, dairy, buying and selling, —and since each owns an active interest in the farm, they take a pride in it and in doing their work well. This co-operative business method and manner of running a farm in the new way keeps the children on the farm.

The farmer may claim that the city man has the other position in which to try out a misfit employee and that on the farm this is impossible. Is it? Think it over. If Jim grows up not any too robust and shows strong inclination to shirk the heavy work and loafs round the barnyard fooling with the chickens, and, perhaps, wants to keep rabbits, the average farmer promptly decides that Jim is no good and wonders "who he takes after, anyhow."

The general tendency of the day is to specialize, and this is becoming true of the farm. It gives a man a chance, since life is limited, to learn one subject much more thoroughly and to apply his knowledge to much greater advantage. The boy who shows an interest in chickens should be given a chance to specialize as a poultry farmer and, with the price of eggs now and the price they will surely be, there is a big success to be made along this line, particularly if run in connection with a general farm where the hens can pick up so much without expense.

Another boy may show an inclination to putter around sick animals and an aptitude in caring for their comfort and cleanliness; he should be "railroaded," with the least possible delay, into the dairy business. He is needed there.

The successful father, be he city man or farmer, should find out for what his boy is best suited, and help him to develop along those lines. It doesn't pay to use a carriage horse for ploughing, nor a draft horse for the saddle.

We Canadians come of a long line of ancestors who worked in the soil. The first man, Adam, was a gardener. (*Continued on page 38*)

The Boy and Girl Crop

MOST farmers give little intelligent attention to the boy and girl crop. They are born on the farm and they either do as their fathers did and as their father wants, or they get out. This same policy is followed over and over again by the city business man, except that his crop is not born to it, but hired. If the city man have an employee who does not fit in as the employer wishes, he gets out—is fired. But it is beginning to dawn on the city man that a man or girl may be a misfit in one position and a splendid success in another.

Wear Your Birthstone For Good Luck

Royal Princess Birthstone Pendant, Birthday Ring and Gold Filled Wrist Watch

GIVEN FREE

GIRLS, it's the height of fashion now to wear beautiful jewellery with your own birthstone. What month were you born in? Tell us and obtain this exquisite Princess Birthstone Pendant and Ring, and a fashionable Wrist Watch. The lovely pendant is the very newest design richly gold finished and embossed, and the beautifully engraved drop will have the proper setting for the month of your birth. Its chain is very [illegible] long and fastens at the back with a safety clasp. It would delight you and all your friends. The handsome ring to match it is solid gold shell with [illegible] setting in the newest style. Tell us when you were born and it will be sent as follows

Jan. Garnet	May, Emerald	Sept., Sapphire
Feb., Amethyst	June, Moonstone	Oct., Opal
Mar. Aquamarine	July, Ruby	Nov., Topaz
Apr. Pearl	Aug., Sardon	Dec., Turquoise

The beautiful bracelet watch is solid gold filled, has accurate and reliable movement and latest bracelet that fits any size wrist. Jewellery stores sell similar watches at $20.00 to $40.00 each.

Write to-day and these grand presents will be sent you at once. Also tell us how many of your friends would like each. Six delicious odors to choose from, French Rose, Carnation, Wood Violet, etc. Everyone wants two or three bottles. They go just like hot cakes. Return our $2.00 when the perfumes are sold and you will promptly receive all charges paid the beautiful pendant and ring that are represented and the handsome watch too. Show your grand presents to your friends and getting four of them to sell our goods is easy and quick.

Don't delay girls. Write to-day. We are sparing no expense to introduce this lovely perfume.

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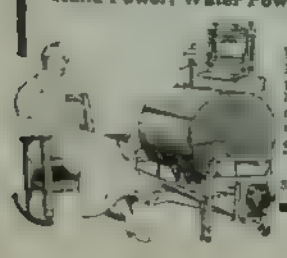

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357 Yonge St. Toronto

Music Hath Charms

By KATHLEEN ELIZABETH STEACY

"NO art," wrote Sir John Stainer, thirty years ago, "is exercising such a strong influence over the human race at the present time as music." And with the passing of these thirty years, the truth of this assertion has been intensified.

Literally, music is "as old as the hills"—the yearning of the soul for some adequate means of expression dates back to Adam and this yearning has been the incentive for the many improvements and inventions that have marked the progress of musical instruments from the earliest days down to this year of grace, 1917.

The stretched string was the first foreshadowing of the piano. Back, far, far back in the days of the Pharaohs, 3,000 years before Christ, the principle of the stopped string was known in Egypt, and in the sixth century B.C. it was brought into Greece by Pythagoras in the form of a long box of thin wood with a bridge fixed at each end over which a wire or catgut string was stretched. This was the Monochord.

In the Book of Daniel is a description of a musical instrument that very well fits the modern piano. It had a sound board over which strings of different lengths were stretched with a wrest plank for the tuning pins; the player set the strings in vibration by hitting them with two leather covered hammers, using more or less force according as he wished to vary the intensity of tone. This dulcimer, which is the real prototype of the piano, was laid on a table or other support, and is still used in this twentieth century by the semi-Oriental Gypsies wandering through Hungary and Transylvania. Had the ancients seen the earliest pianos, they would probably have termed them "mechanically played dulcimers," and have dubbed the music obtained therefrom, had they known our modern slang, "canned music."

And adown the ages, from those far away days, through many changes, inventions and improvements, some one of which caused the dulcimer to acquire legs, to the spinet in the sixteenth century, the clavichord that was Johann Sebastian Bach's favourite instrument two hundred years later, the harpsichord that Handel played, we come to the little cottage piano and the upright of England and Europe that were the immediate predecessors of the piano of to-day.

THESE two, the cottage and the upright, were of too light a build to produce either good quality of tone or any great volume of sound, and in this country neither obtained much of a foothold. The square piano, as our grandmothers knew it, is a product of the new world; solid, massive, and with great volume of sound, it was impressive, even in the days when homes were built without the modern endeavour to save space.

Fifty years ago, when the newly federated provinces laid the foundation for a vast Dominion, a piano was the hall mark of wealth and refinement. Times have changed; to-day, the piano is a matter of common education.

But with the advent of apartments and flats, where space is measured by the inch, the square piano had to go, and the modern upright came to the front; it was marked, as the square had been, by good workmanship and quality; the cheap manufacturer did not touch it until the depression of trade in the United States in 1870. Then the factories across the line commenced turning out cheap uprights in thousands, and quantity took the place of quality. Straightway people of culture and wealth passed the upright by, and first-class firms turned their attention to the development and production of the grand piano.

IN Canada we are not given to the cheap article in quantities. We have an old country preference for quality, and our manufacturers, seeing their opportunity, were not slow in taking advantage of it. They went on developing the upright; each year, each month adding some new invention, some little improvement. They stood for quality, honesty of construction, purity of tone, volume; and the Canadian upright piano stands for all these, the best work, the best quality that can be put into a piano. The continental countries never evolved an up-to-date piano. They are content to swell the import trade. The United States reached the height of their fame as upright piano manufacturers about 1870, and Canada has had, since then, no competition other than that among her own manufacturers, and this has, naturally, been the cause of greater efforts on the part of her own firms.

The upright piano made in Canada to-day stands on its merits, without a rival, without a superior.

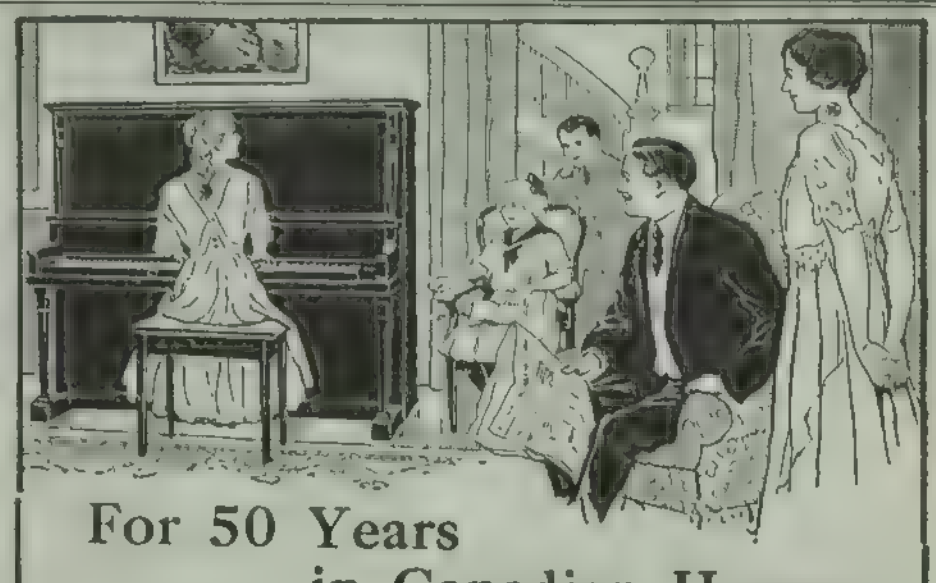
Since Before Confederation

Long before Confederation was planned the first Heintzman Piano was built. For nearly sixty years, three generations of Heintzman's have been building pianos in Canada. For over half a century every thought and effort has been concentrated on one ideal—to make "The World's Best Pianos." The result is that the

Heintzman & Co. Art Piano Grand or Upright

now stands pre-eminent among the pianos of the world. It is the piano by which all other pianos are judged. It is the choice of the World's greatest artists and critics, than whom there is no better judge

Heintzman Hall 193-195-197 Yonge St. Toronto, Canada



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Karn Pianos and Organs have held first place as instruments of superior quality—superior in tone, touch and magnificent wearing qualities.

The KARN *Piano*

is the ideal piano for the home. It is built for a lifetime of usage and enjoyment—to own one is to possess *the best.*

KARN-MORRIS PIANO AND ORGAN COMPANY, LIMITED
Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the British Empire

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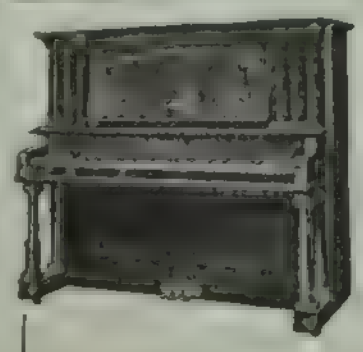

The Newcombe Piano

Founded about 1870 by Octavius A. Newcombe and incorporated in 1900, The Newcombe Piano Co., Limited, is one of the pioneer piano manufacturers in Canada.

Newcombe Pianos have a big reputation for volume and musical beauty of tone. Permanence of tone is ensured with all Newcombe Pianos, because each is equipped with the Howard Straining Rod which won the Silver Medal at Jamestown, Va., in 1907.

Newcombe Pianos were awarded the Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition in 1900.

The Newcombe Piano Co., Limited - 359 YONGE STREET TORONTO - ONT.

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and refinement are revealed by the care with which they select their toilet requisites.

To these, Vinolia Liril Soap appeals by reason of its high quality its purity and its soft and refreshing action upon the skin.

VINOLIA
LIRIL SOAP

is entirely a "different" soap. It contains no animal fats whatever, but makes use of the gentler-cleansing and skin-feeding qualities of the oils from certain fruits and flowers.

Liril is a splendid soap for anyone but it is a decided boon to those of "delicate" complexion. Try it today.

All druggists sell Liril 10c a cake

Other Vinolia toilet delights are
Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste 25c
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FLY THE UNION JACK
A FINE LARGE FLAG FOR EVERY READER

You have always wanted a large Union Jack to hang up over your home or on your lawn. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is delighted to give you the opportunity of securing a fine large Cotton Bunting Union Jack, sewn and canvassed. All you will need is a place to fly it, and a length of rope.

This flag will be sent to you absolutely free of all cost for only a few subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD secured from your friends and neighbors. We will help you get the these new or renewal orders.

We believe that Canada in celebrating her Fiftieth Birthday, you will desire to have the opportunity of flying the "dear old Union Jack" over your home. Simply specify which of the offers below you desire to take advantage of when sending in your small list of subscriptions.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
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OFFER No. 1 Send four subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at $1.50, we will send you free of all costs the Union Jack, No. 350—size 43 x 27 inches, sewn, canvassed and eyeletted.

OFFER No. 2 Send six subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at $1.50, we will send you free of all cost the Union Jack, No. 750—size 90 x 52 inches, sewn, canvassed and eyeletted and roped.

CO-OPERATIVE OFFER No. 3 Talk the matter over with your local School Teacher or with your neighbor or with any one of your acquaintances whom you know would like a flag. Combine your forces and between you secure only seven subscriptions at $1.50 each and we will send you two flags, No. 350—size 43 x 27 inches, sewn, canvassed and eyeletted. One for each of you. The subscriptions, of course, should be mailed to us in your name. Be sure to refer to this offer.

CO-OPERATIVE OFFER No. 4 **Especially made should you co-operate with your local School Teacher.** He or she may want to have a larger flag for the school flag pole. Should you secure a total of ten subscriptions only between you we will send you two of the larger flags, No. 750—size 90 x 52 inches, sewn, canvassed, eyeletted and roped. One flag for each of you.

How To Use This Cover and Offer

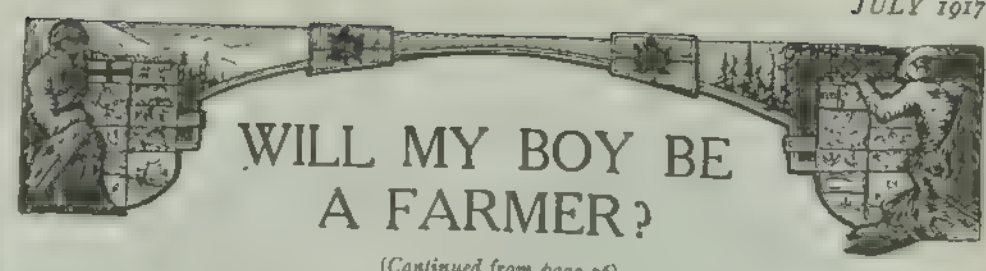
Immediately you receive this great Patriotic Issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, the July Number in which this advertisement appears, be sure to list up your friends and neighbors and prospects and see them quickly. In the meantime, show them this copy.

As soon as we have received your first letter, we will send you other samples as many as you need. The cover on this number will delight the eye of every one who sees it and that fact alone of the great interest—store forever and anyone who has the opportunity of reading this Patriotic July issue

Remember that this issue is only one of the twelve big double magazines which every subscriber will receive during the next year at a cost of only 25 cents, $1.50 for the entire year, post paid.

NOTE—Owing to the tremendously heavy demand for buntings and flags in Canada and the United States at the present time, we have only been able to secure a limited number of these splendid Union Jacks and cannot guarantee to fill your order unless you send in your subscriptions promptly. Address your list of subscriptions or requests for supplies to

Continental Publishing Co., Limited, 62-64 Temperance St. Toronto, Can.



WILL MY BOY BE A FARMER?

(*Continued from page 36*)

When we get "spring fever" every year it is only the primitive yearning still living, though generations may be between us and the soil. Two Canadian boys out of three could be successful and happy in some branch of farming, and with our wonderful resources, two-thirds of Canada's population for generations to come should live on the farm.

Types

THE successful farmer is the man of muscular and bony build, with limbs fairly large in proportion to the body. We went into these types very thoroughly in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, in September, 1916.

The farm is no place for the lazy man; to succeed he must be a dynamo of energy. As a boy, his head is wide between the ears and he is given to occasional exhibitions of temper—not too occasional, either. The energetic boy is naturally hot tempered and it is that very temper that, properly directed and harnessed down to a purpose, makes him industrious and energetic.

No occupation calls for keener powers of observation and a better memory for facts and events than does farming. To a large extent the farmer must learn by observation, and he needs a retentive memory to make his observation and experience available. He must, also, have judgment, the ability to reason back to causes and to plan for the future. The factory hand works for his weekly pay envelope, but the farmer works for crops, months and even years ahead. He must have foresight. His work has to do with many sciences and he should have the scientific type of mind. In fact, the farmer needs a first-class intellect; to be successful he should have an ability to acquire knowledge, to observe, and to understand, not inferior to that required in any of the so-called learned professions. The chief difference is that the farmer need not have any great ability to impart knowledge. The talkative man is out of place on the farm since he wants time to talk and some one to listen. The farmer has neither. For these reasons he should have a head decidedly long, forward from the ears; the forehead, especially prominent at the eyebrows, and the eyes tending to be deep-set rather than full or prominent.

While no one should be wanting in sympathy and tact, yet the lack of these does not greatly interfere with a man's success on the farm. Many a boy with a low hair line across an otherwise well developed forehead is vainly trying to be polite and courteous to customers in a retail store who would find his proper place and success on a farm where the animals care more for sincerity and attention than for a courteous manner and smooth words.

The farmer must be self reliant. He must work on his own initiative and follow his own judgment. He must govern himself as he must control the living creatures with whom he has to do every day. His head should be fairly high, but not especially broad at the back part of the top head; his upper lip should be characterized by length, showing decision, firmness, persistence, and self-reliance.

The real farmer is a home lover, he loves every stick and stone on the farm, every bush and tree, every stream and brook. He must be a finisher. He can't begin things and then change his mind—Nature and time wait for no man—he must have power of application and be able to keep a number of tasks in hand without forgetting any of them. He must love animals; the man who has "bad luck" with his stock is lacking in love for them, and his head is deficient in development behind the ears—his head should, not only be long from the ears forward, but also from the ears back.

A good mechanical sense is necessary since he must use tools and machinery and machinery is prone to require occasional repairs; this gives him a head wide just back of the hair line and above the level of the ears. He must understand values if he is to buy and sell well, and for this reason he requires the business sense which is shown by width of the head in front of the tips of the ears.

The boy of rough build, crude strength, and coarse texture, is usually successful in the heavier branches of farming, such as grain growing or stock raising. The boy of finer, more delicate type may succeed quite as well financially if he will devote himself to poultry, fruit, or flowers.

The Farm and Health

NO occupation is more healthful than that of farming. The outdoor work, the exercise, the freedom to arrange his work to suit himself, and the independence of the life all tend to make it so. Because he can "eat anything" the farmer too often forgets he has a stomach and goes on piling up trouble against a sure day of reckoning.

The average man on the farm is older at forty than the city man, and this is largely due, not to hard work, but to diet.

The farmers' wives vie with each other to "set a good table." If one outdo the others in richness, quantity, and variety of her pies and cake, doughnuts and jam, her meats and fowl, there is much heartache and resolves to do better. It is the height of calamity should a gang of harvest men pass on and say that "the grub was not good."

By the time the farmer realizes that his health is impaired, he is inclined to take his digestive trouble and diminishing energies as the result of advancing age and to look on this condition as inevitable—at forty! When the whole trouble is really lack of proper food, frequently intensified by the over-eating of a badly selected diet; short hours of sleep and lack of physical and mental recreation add to his condition and hasten a break-down.

Because the farmer does work in which his muscles are used, it does not follow that he has no need of exercise. Work—all work—has a tendency to make one stoop forward, so is needed the exercise that tends to make one throw the shoulders back and to stand up straight. In most work the same set of muscles is used over and over again to the exclusion of all others. These become over tired and those not used become flabby and soft.

How to Start

FOR the boy born and raised on the farm, the problem of how to start in farming has no difficulties apparent, but may find it a problem to discover just how to reach the point where he can give his whole time to the particular branch of farming which he is best fitted by aptitude and training. To the city boy, however, who realizes that his strength of body and bone, his independence, his love of plants and animals, will never be satisfied in a city job, the problem is very real.

The right place to begin is on the farm—and even the city boy can make a beginning on a farm just about as soon as he wishes. Of course he should not expect to earn as much money working on a farm as he would on town. But he must remember that working on the farm his board and room is provided, his clothes cost him very little and what he receives in real money gives him a better chance of having a bank account at the end of the year than if he were earning a dollar a day in town with a dollar to spend for clothes to buy.

And the boy should remember that farming is a skilled occupation, becoming a profession and a year or two spent on a farm working with an intelligent and up-to-date farmer is time well invested, even though he had to pay for the instruction instead of receiving it with his keep and perhaps a little money for his services. The city boy with an ambition to become a successful farmer should look for a progressive farmer and go to work for him as he would go to school or college, with the intention of learning all he possibly can.

Within ten years, if he is careful, he should have saved enough money to be able to take up Government land, or to purchase a farm with a small payment down, and he should have the knowledge and skill to make his venture a financial success.

For What is Your Boy Fitted?

PROFESSOR FARMER requires for a personal reading of your boy, four cheap, unretouched photos, showing him full face, side face, back head full length; a page from an ordinary letter written by him on unruled paper and his own signature; the following questions answered according to directions.

It is necessary that all these instructions be complied with if you wish a satisfactory reading. This service is for subscribers only.

1. Boy's name.
2. Age.
3. Weight.
4. Height, without shoes.
5. Measure, from tip to tip of fingers with arms outstretched.
6. Size of head around the base just above the ears, the largest circumference, in inches.
7. Colour of hair; send sample if possible.
8. Colour of skin.
9. Does his skin burn? Freckle? Tan?
10. Colour of eyes.
11. Is the edge of the iris (coloured part of the eye) darker than the rest?
12. Is the iris dark or whitish next the pupil?
13. Are there any spots or peculiar markings in the iris?
14. Is his general health good?
15. Has he good teeth?
16. Does he have headache?
17. Indigestion?
18. Colds?
19. Fevers?
20. Has he had any serious illnesses?
21. Does he get along well at school?
22. What is his grade?
23. Is he considered quick or slow in classes?
24. What subjects does he like best?
25. What studies does he find most difficult?
26. What does he read?
27. What are his favourite games?
28. Has he any bad habits?
29. What do you consider his worst faults?
30. What do you consider his best qualities?
31. Does he resemble his father or mother?
32. What does he want to be when he grows up?
33. For what do you think he will be best fitted?
34. What should you most like him to be?

Write your answers to these questions on a separate paper, numbering each answer to correspond with the question number. Write your name and address plainly and enclose a three cent stamp. Address your letter to Professor A. B. Farmer, Psychological Expert, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

Blue-jay

Stops Pain — Ends Corns

IMMEDIATE relief—then the corn comes out in 48 hours. That has been the experience of millions of users of Blue-jay. This gentle, easy way removes the dangers of paring or harsh liquids. Prove it yourself—suffer no longer. Free yourself tonight. Blue-jay is for sale at all druggists.

BAUER & BLACK, Limited, *Makers of Surgical Dressings,* TORONTO, CANADA

Lantic Preserves

EVERY jar of fruit you preserve this summer will be like money in the bank for you in the winter. Private economy and public spirit both require you to prepare as large a stock of home-made preserves as possible for any emergency. To reduce loss from spoiling and to get the highest nutritive value in your preserved fruit, use

Lantic Pure Cane Fine Granulated Sugar

Long cooking after the sugar is added tends to darken all preserves and make them lose their rich natural colors. Because it is finely granulated, because it is Pure Cane Sugar without the adulteration of any dyes or coloring matter of any description, Lantic Pure Cane Sugar insures bright, crystal clear, syrups for all preserving.

PRESERVING LABELS FREE

Send us, to address on bottom of this page, a Red Ball Trade Mark cut from bag or top panel of carton, and we will mail you a booklet of assorted Preserving Labels, printed and gummed, ready for use.

Lantic Sugar is put up in 2 and 5 lb. cartons; 10, 20 and 100 lb. bags

Some Excellent Lantic Preserving Recipes

A Delicious Strawberry Preserve

Add a very little water to 1 pint Lantic Pure Cane Fine Granulated Sugar. Bring to boil and boil two minutes.

Add 1 pint of strawberries and boil 2 minutes.

Alternate 1 pint sugar and 1 pint berries, until you have 3 pints of each, boiling 2 minutes after each addition. Bottle and seal.

This makes a thick, rich preserve, with syrup that almost jellies, and is most delicious.

Raspberry Jam

Look fruit over carefully, remove stalks, etc., and put in the preserving kettle. Crush well with a wooden spoon, and boil for 15 minutes, stirring constantly.

To each pound of raspberries, add ¼ pint red currant juice and 1 pound Lantic Pure Cane Fine Granulated sugar. Boil for half an hour, skimming whenever a frothy scum appears on the surface.

Raspberry and Red Currant Jelly

Take equal parts of raspberries and red currants. Mash slightly and cook until currants look pale and juiceless. Put through a coarse strainer and then drip through a jelly bag suspended over a bowl. Never squeeze or try to hurry the dripping process, or your juice will be cloudy.

Boil 20 minutes, and to each pint of fruit juice allow 1 pound of Lantic Pure Cane Fine Granulated sugar, which has been warmed in the oven. Boil hard for about three minutes, skimming as required.

Test by dropping a little on a cool plate. If firm when it cools, pour jelly into small glasses, cover closely and keep in a dry place.

Three Requisites for Good Canned Fruits

Sound, not too ripe fruit. Lantic Pure Cane Fine Granulated sugar. Sterile, air-tight bottles.

Fruits should be cooked in a large porcelain or agate-lined kettle, which will not be affected by their acids, and a long-handled wooden or agate spoon should be used for stirring. Remember to stir frequently to make sure that there is no sticking to the bottom of the pan, and gently, so as not to break the fruit too much.

Lantic Pure Cane fine granulated sugar is best, as it melts most readily and ensures clear syrup and good color.

The flavor of one fruit may often be sharpened and improved immensely by the addition of another fruit juice, e.g., strawberries and raspberries are more delicious when some red currant juice is blended with them.

Atlantic Sugar Refineries

Limited

Montreal, Canada

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIAL PAGE

Edited jointly by Pierrot and Pierrette, chaperoned by Madame Etiquette

Confederation Games for Dominion Day

Games for Young Canada

THE Maple and the Beaver are the Emblems of Canada.

Give each player a card and pencil and see how many can draw sketches of maple trees and beavers. Let all those whose drawings are finished in ten minutes draw for a prize.

Post Card Games

Secure a set of picture post cards representing views of different parts of Canada. Cover the names on the cards, number the cards and let all guess what lake, monument, harbour, river, city, etc., is represented. Another way to use the picture post cards is to cut them in small pieces and jumble the fragments, then let each try to be the first to piece one together. Cut one post card for each player, regulating the quantity of pieces in this way by the size of the company.

Try this: Give each a picture post card cut up, and placed in an envelope sealed. When the handkerchief drops let all open their envelopes and try to be the first to piece his picture together. The quickest wins the prize.

Instead of covering the names on the post cards as described in the second game, players can be asked to tell what they know about the pictures. Thus, if Mount Robson is represented, let them tell what they know about this mountain

All About Canada

Test the knowledge of the players with regard to Canada by a question contest. Here are some of the questions that may be asked:

Where is Canada? Northern part of North America.

What is its greatest length? About 6,000 miles

In point of size, how does it compare with the United States? Canada is larger than the United States by 111,992 square miles

Which is the largest single lock in the world? The Canadian Canal at Sault Ste. Marie.

Which is the largest single span bridge in the world? The bridge at Quebec.

Which is the largest lift lock in the world? That at Peterborough, Ontario, on the Trent Canal

Where are the largest and richest nickel mines? In Ontario.

Where is the largest grain conveying system in the world? At Montreal.

How many miles of coast line has Canada? 15,000 miles.

What is the capital? Ottawa.

When did Canada become a Dominion? July 1st, 1867.

These questions and answers can be added to indefinitely. These suggestions can be imitated by those who wish to give a party founded on one of the Provinces instead of on Canada as a whole

Games for an Evening in Canada

This illustrates how the special features of Canada can be used as a basis for games.

Draw a maple tree on a large sheet of paper and hang on the wall. Give each player a piece of cardboard representing a maple leaf. Blindfold each in turn, according to the sequence of the numbers written on the leaves. Then see who can pin his leaf to the tree in a correct position first.

The same game can be played in another way. Lay a cardboard tree on the floor in the centre of the room. Then let the blindfolded players, in turn, try to place the leaves in a correct position. All those who succeed draw for a prize

The hostess gives each player a piece of cardboard, scissors, and pencil. A prize is awarded for the best map of Canada, made by any player, the competitor to both shape the outline and mark in the geographical features.

Here is a good puzzle game founded on the names of the streets of your own city or town. It may be arranged after the manner of the traveller's journal, telling of what he saw in a tour of the city. Thus, "One thing I saw was a bright beckoning luminary" (beacon), and so on. The answer must be contained in the statement.

See who can, in five minutes, write the longest list of streets, arranging them in alphabetical order

See who can make the best sketch of some celebrated Canadian, either of former times or of to-day. This sketch may be done with the eyes opened or closed, or drawn between points marked on the card.

Tell Your Future by Tea and Coffee Grounds

Directions to pour out the grounds Pour the grounds of tea or coffee into a white cup, shake them well about in it, so that their particles may cover the whole surface of the cup. Then turn it upside down over the saucer—turning the cup completely around three times—to drain all the liquid and superfluous grounds away. All the drops that remain in the cup afterwards are tears. The fortune-teller now takes it out of the hands of the one who wishes his fortune told, and keeping well in mind the person's position in life, so as to make his statements fit, he examines carefully the contents of the cup to see what figures are shown there. One must not expect to find exact forms; there will generally be only faint resemblance to the figures whose explanations are given, but a good imagination is a great help, and one will soon learn to discover the signs among the scattered grounds.

Straight lines foretell peace, tranquillity, and long life.
Long wavey lines denote vexations and losses.
Square figures foretell happiness and security.
Oblong figures mean family discord.
Curved or twisted figures are sure signs of annoyance
Circles predict money.
A crown signifies honour.
A triangle denotes an unexpected journey.
The anchor shows success in business, at the bottom of the cup; or success in love, at the top.
The cross predicts adversity
The heart signifies pleasure; if two are together, or one, with a ring near it, marriage.
Dots, like dust, mean money.
The ring predicts marriage, but if found at the bottom of the cup, separation.
The sun is a sign of the greatest good luck.
The moon, or crescent denotes high honours, and if at the bottom of the cup, good fortune by land and water.
The rod shows differences with relatives about legacies.
Flowers are signs of peaceful and joyous life.
Birds are good omens; denote kind thoughts.
Fish is good news from across the water, or good luck on the water.
Dog is a good, faithful friend.
Other animals show troubles and difficulties
Human figures are good signs; denote marriage
Mountain denotes, if by itself, favour of people of high position; if in the midst of other grounds, powerful enemies.
A snake denotes an enemy; if at the top of the cup, easily overcome.
The letter, or square block, denotes good news; if surrounded by dots, concerns money; if accompanied by a heart, an acceptance; but if covered with a thick cloud of dregs, a refusal.
The coffin, quite by itself, denotes long life; at the top, surrounded by dots, a legacy from a relative; at the bottom, the relationship will not be close.
A star denotes happiness and success; if surrounded by dots, a great fortune.
The lily predicts a handsome husband or a beautiful wife if found at the top of the cup; but if at the bottom, ugly and disagreeable.
The tree points to lasting good health; several trees, show your wishes will come true; if surrounded by dots, you will make your fortune where you are.
Clouds foretell, if there is an appearance of heavy clouds in the cup, your hopes will be disappointed; if light, you may expect good results. Clouds, if surrounded by dots, bring success in all you undertake.
The rider denotes good news from abroad, or a good situation in a foreign country.
The clover leaf is very lucky; if found all by itself, it predicts serene and undisturbed happiness; if surrounded by clouds, it shows the presence of disagreeable things to mar the happiness.

Brain Twisters

What did the managing editor say when the horticultural editor said he had cultivated hot-house lilac bushes that attained the height of over fifty feet? I wish I could lilac (lie like) that.

Prove that one taken from nineteen leaves twenty. Take the I from XIX. and we have XX

Make four straight lines and then add five straight lines and make ten. IIII; TEN.

Which is heavier, a pound of gold or a pound of feathers? Answer: The pound of feathers, because it is weighed by Avoirdupois weight, while gold is weighed by Troy weight.

Six ears of corn are in a hollow stump; how long will it take a squirrel to carry them all out if he takes out three ears a day? Remark: The catch is on the word ears. He takes out two ears on his head and one ear of corn each day; hence, it takes six days.

Two men in an oyster saloon laid a wager as to which could eat the most oysters. One ate ninety-nine and the other ate a hundred, and won. How many did both eat? Remark: The catch is on a hundred and won. When spoken it sounds as though it meant "one ate ninety-nine and the other ate a hundred and one;" hence, the result usually given is two hundred, the correct answer is one hundred and ninety-nine.

Take any number, divide it by 9, and name the remainder. Multiply the number by some number which I name, and divide the product by 9, and I shall name the remainder. Method. To tell the remainder, I multiply the first remainder by the number by which I told them to multiply the given number, and divide this product by 9. The remainder is the second number obtained

Take any number, subtract the sum of the digits, strike out any digit from the remainder, tell me the sum of the remaining digits, and I will tell you the digit struck out Method. Subtract the "sum of the remaining digits" from the smallest multiple of nine greater than "the sum" The remainder will be the digit struck out

Invitation for a Knitting Party

Dear Friend:
You know who "finds the tasks
For idle hands to do."
So will you come and work with us
Next Saturday at two?
We'll knit awhile, and chat awhile,
And have a cup of tea,
In fact, in good old-fashioned style,
We'll hold a social bee.

A Broken Engagement

Sometimes it happens that an engagement has to be broken off, and, painful though it may be, it is wiser than continuing a connection if it will not bring happiness to both. When an engagement is broken off, all letters and presents should be returned on both sides. The lady sends her lover's letters and presents back first, with a little note asking for the letters she has written him. It is better to make the note as short as possible, yet one would not wish to be curt. A letter of this kind should be gentle and dignified, though its exact tone must depend on the circumstances of the case. All wedding presents received by the bride-elect must be returned to the donors.

The mother of the bride-elect should announce the breaking off of the engagement to the relatives and intimate friends. It is more delicate in friends not to allude to the circumstance to the girl, unless they are on terms of great intimacy. A girl would probably wish to talk about it to her most intimate girl friend, or even to some married friend who thoroughly understands her; but it would be the part of kindness in acquaintances if they never referred to the subject at all.

It is better for a girl to travel for a little while when she has just broken off an engagement, or to take up some work in which she can absorb herself as much as possible. It was want of occupation and a monotonous life that caused so many of our grandmothers to be disappointed in love. Although such a disappointment is a serious thing, and life cannot seem quite the same again to a girl who has had so sad an experience, yet we must hope that happier days will dawn for the young girl, and that the wound which seemed so deadly at first may be kindly healed by the gentle hand of Time.

Should a Girl Ever Break Her Engagement

Certainly, if she finds she has made a mistake. Incompatibility, jealousy that has been discovered as a fatal flaw in the loved one, or ill health, may cause a woman to terminate her engagement. On her part, the truth must be spoken, and the reasons frankly given; there must be no room left for the suspicion of its having originated in caprice or injustice. The case should be so put that the man himself must see and acknowledge the justice of the painful decision arrived at. Incompatible habits, unmanly actions, anything tending to diminish that respect for the lover which should be felt for the husband, inconstancy, ill-governed temper, all of these, not to mention other obvious objections, are to be considered as sufficient reasons for terminating an engagement. The communication should be made as considerately as possible. Room may be left in mere venial cases for reformation; but all that is done must be so managed that not the slightest shadow of fickleness or want of faith may rest upon the character of the girl. It must be remembered, however, that the termination of an engagement by the woman has the privilege of passing unchallenged, she not being bound to declare any reason other than her will. Nevertheless, she owes it to her own reputation that her reasons be made unmistakably clear.

If a Man Asks Release

If a man asks release from an engagement, he is very painfully and delicately placed. The situation fairly bristles with thorns and briars. The reasons must be strong indeed that can sufficiently justify a man, placed in the position of an accepted suitor, in severing the ties by which he has bound himself to a woman with the avowed intention of making her his wife. His reasons for breaking off his engagement must be such as will not merely satisfy his own conscience, but will justify him in the eyes of the world.

If the fault be on the woman's side, great reserve and delicacy must be observed by any man of honour. If, on the other hand, the imperative force of circumstances, such as loss of fortune, or some other unexpected calamity to himself, may be the cause, then must the reason be clearly and fully explained in such a manner as to soothe the painful feelings which such a result must necessarily occasion to the girl and her friends. It is scarcely necessary to point out the necessity for observing great caution in all that relates to an engagement that has been broken off.

Laugh Here

NOT ON THE HEAD

"Hullo! what is the matter with your wife? I see she has her hand in a sling. I suppose it's that new trotter of yours. Reckless driving, I suppose, eh?"

"Yes," was the reply, "reckless driving—but not of the horse."

"What then?" "A nail."

WHAT A KISS REALLY IS

Once more we are asked to define that most elusive and delicious thing—a kiss. In cold scientific prose it is "the anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction." In actual experience it defies all definition. It is a thing to be enjoyed and not analyzed. So make the best of your opportunities, and leave definitions to others less sensible or fortunate.

SELFISH?

"Say, Senator," said a man who had taken a very active part in the politician's election to office, "where's all that prosperity you promised us if once you had anything to say about public affairs? Where is it, I'd like to know?"

"Dennis," said the Senator, "do you suppose that if I knew I wouldn't keep it to myself?"

GOOD ENOUGH

A fond father, who had an unexpected windfall, and wanted to do something extra for his son and heir, went into a hardware store and enquired the price of bath-tubs for babies. He was shown several, and finally selected the only one which he thought good enough for his little paragon.

"That," said the salesman, "will cost you $3.17."

"Gee Wilikins!" exclaimed the man. "Well, if that's so I guess we'll have to go on washing the kid in the coal scuttle."

BEAT THIS?

Of all the champion exaggerators surely none can go ahead of the two boys of whom it is told that one said with a swagger:

"I bet I can remember longer 'an you. I can remember when I was born."

"Oh, that ain't nothing!" said the second little imp. "I can remember when God said, 'Stand up, Johnny, and let me put your eyes in.'"

TRUE

"What is mind?"
"No matter."
"What is matter?"
"Never mind."

NOTHING SUITED HIM

He sat at the dinner-table there,
With discontented frown,
The potatoes and steak were underdone
And the bread was baked too brown,
The pie too sour, the pudding too sweet,
And the mince-meat much too fat.
The soup was greasy, too, and salt—
'Twas hardly fit for a cat.
"I wish you could taste the bread and pies
I have seen my mother make;
They were something like, and 'twould do you good
Just to look at a slice of her cake."
Said the smiling wife: "I'll improve with age,
Just now, I'm a beginner.
But your mother called to see me to-day
And I got *her* to cook the dinner."

—Anon.

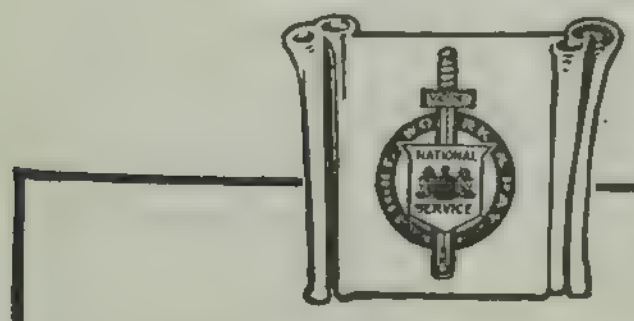
WILLIE

A little boy went forth to school
One day without his chum
The teacher said, "Why, you're alone!
Why doesn't Willie come?"
"O Willie!" sobbed the little boy,
"There ain't no Willie now."
"What do you mean?" the teacher asked,
With puzzled, knitted brow.
"Please, sir," the little boy replied,
"We made a bet for fun,—
Which one could lean the farthest out
Our attic,—Willie won."

—Max Ehrmann.

Save the Food and Serve the Empire !

The Average Canadian Family Wastes Enough to Feed a Soldier



"The Kitchen must help as well as the Workshop and the Trenches"
Lloyd George.

INTELLIGENT economy in the kitchen can do much to prevent the threatened world famine—can counteract the effect of high prices—and can replace growing debt with systematic saving.

Careful investigations show that before the war the average British family wasted 25% of their food—and we Canadians were even more extravagant.

This waste is not in a few big things, but in many little ones, each, we used to think, too small to bother about—such as careless peeling of vegetables and fruit—failure to make good use of dripping and "left-overs"—and such others as will occur to every thrifty housekeeper.

For the Empire's sake as well as your own, hunt up and cut out these leaks ! You'll be helping to relieve the food shortage—saving your own money—and putting yourself in a position to buy Canadian War Savings Certificates and help win the war.

War Savings Certificates are issued in denominations of $25, $50 and $100, to be repaid in three years at full face value. They cost $21.50, $43 and $86 respectively, at all Money Order Post-Offices and Banks, thus yielding over 5% Interest. Should you need it, you can get your money back at any time. 19

The National Service Board of Canada,
OTTAWA.

JOIN OUR HOMEKEEPERS' CLUB. For the busy housewife, or mother, or for the "stay at home." This club is organized to enable our subscribers to earn from $10.00 to $20.00 every month in spare time, evening and occasional afternoons. Write for full particulars to LOTTIE E. ALLEN, *Sec. Home Keepers' Club*, Continental Publishing Co., Limited, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, Canada.

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If you are a live go-ahead boy and these two grand prizes interest you, just send us your name and address. We want you to help us advertise and increase the demand for Fairy Berries, the delightful new cream candy coated breath perfume that everybody just loves. Write today and we'll send you FREE, a big 10c. package of "Fairy Berries" to try yourself and with it just 36 handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c a package. Open your sample package, try Fairy Berries yourself and then ask all your friends to try them.

They'll like them so much that everybody will like to try a package or two, and you'll sell them all very quickly. It is easy. Return our $4.50 when your sales are completed and we'll promptly send you the magnificent watch, all charges paid, and the big Pedalmobile you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine prize to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Hurry Boys. Be the first Pedalmobile driver in your town. Other boys are earning these fine watches and great cars, and you can too. You take no risk. If you cannot sell all the "Fairy Berries," you can return them and get prizes or cash for what you do sell. Write today to

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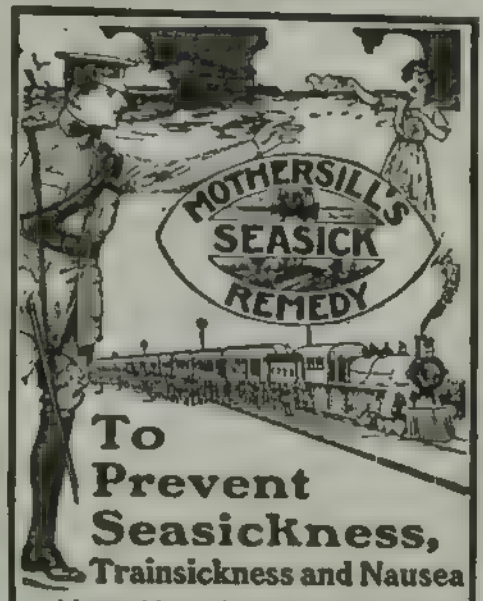

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SHALL THEY BE PAID IN HONOUR ONLY

(*Continued from page 17*)

Canada who have voiced their honest feelings in the matter and who believe that the primary trouble rests in the fact that too much attention is paid to evidence given by officers, and not enough to the evidence of those who have served in the ranks and who know what a ranker has to go through.

As nearly as can be learned, it is believed that the above conditions could be obviated, to a large extent, by looking after the first complaint, by appointing more doctors for attendance, and also the making of appointments by schedule. Secondly, by constantly and carefully checking over the men on the register. Thirdly, by a simpler and more sympathetic system in dealing with those who have been seriously wounded. Fourthly, by forwarding money to men more readily than is at present done. Fifthly, by a bureau of information where the men could have their individual perplexities carefully listened to and relieved. Sixthly, by the speeding up of artificial limb manufacturing, or by purchase abroad, and also the getting into new quarters as soon as possible. Seventhly, by a more appreciable sympathy on the part of those in charge of the work, and also a tactful intimation to the general public, who at present hardly realize the part the men have played and the sacrifices they have made. Eighthly and finally, an extension of the out-patient system, with a subsistence allowance which would give the afflicted man more independence of spirit and would help to alleviate a good deal quicker the physical ills which at present beset him.

I believe that if the Government were to make an analysis of these findings they would prove them to be substantially correct and that they are really matters which call for urgent attention before next winter finds us again unprepared to deal with the situation.

Protect the Boys from Pension "Pickers"

Every good citizen should make it his duty to see that certain bad practices which have obtained in other countries do not creep into Canada in connection with our pension system. Already we are told that in England certain employers are seeking to benefit themselves by using the pensions to lower wages. According to the "London Chronicle" the scheme is worked in this way: A man was granted a pension of sixteen shillings a week; his employer was graciously willing, according to his promise, to take him on again if he would be content with a wage which would make up the difference between sixteen shillings a week and the standard trade union rate. However, the case was settled by the determination of the union not to allow such a transaction.

While labour, at the present time, is scarce in Canada, and will probably be scarcer during the coming months, it would be only a wise precaution for all good citizens to vigilantly watch conditions so that the men who return from the Front are not taken advantage of. It is good to know that in Great Britain the War Pensions Statutory Committee is alive to the situation. So long ago as June, 1916, it suggested to the Board of Trade that the "rates of pay to disabled sailors and soldiers should bear the same proportion as the rates of pay to competent, able-bodied men as the output of the former bears to that of the latter." In other words, a policy of equal pay for equal work, irrespective of pension, had practically been decided on in the Old Country.

The Committee further proposed that if any dispute arises between discharged soldiers and sailors and their employers the question should be referred to a committee consisting of an equal number of representatives of employers and union labour organisations, who shall recommend to the Board of Trade what wages should be paid in each particular case. Since this proposal was made the British Board of Trade has agreed to set up such machinery. Advisory Wage Boards are to be established experimentally in twenty of the principal cities and towns, and if they are a success, the system will be extended throughout the rest of the country. Each Advisory Wage Board will consist of an independent chairman, a local employer, and a local workman, together with not more than three members of the local War Pensions Committee, sitting as assessors, but without the right to vote.

It would be well if the Government of the Dominion would supplement such work as the various patriotic organisations in every locality may do by adapting the system which the British Board of Trade has put into effect in the Old Country, and thus guarantee to every pensioner his full remuneration for services rendered.

To the Women of Canada

Now that your true worth has been made known provincial legislators all over the Dominion are hastening to give you the higher right of citizenship by offering you Equal Suffrage at the polling booth. It becomes, therefore, incumbent on you to see that justice is fully administered to the soldiers who have done what they could in this great crisis, and also to those who are dependent on them. This is a great responsibility and will necessitate much of your time and energy as you merge more and more into the political fabric. I am absolutely sure that every woman will prove equal to the task if she perceives clearly just how necessary will be her energies when peace at last arrives. If the women of Canada catch the correct perspective, Canada's future will be even brighter than the past has ever been.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S BRIDE

Continued from page 5)

has lived in it for many years. The winds blow around it mournfully and the gray rain beats upon it, and the white mists come in from the Gulf to enfold it. And the moonlight falls over it and lights up the old paths where John Selwyn walked and planned, that happy, busy summer

THE sand dunes were not far away, the sea tempests blew over them and the sea spray smote upon them. But a thick spruce grove protected the garden which the schoolmaster made for his bride. The gate of it was between two large fir trees, the hinge on one, the catch on the other

"This gate will shut out all the world but my friends," he said to me one evening. "How she will love this garden! There shall be a white sisterhood of lilies here by the gate and over yonder we shall have a gayety of poppies, the silken ladies of the garden. My schoolgirls have set out yonder rose-bushes for her, pink for her cheek and white for her brow and red for her lips. I wonder if to-day has been kind to her."

At last the new house was finished, waiting only to be sanctified by love and joy to be a home. One dim, star-lighted twilight he took me over it. It was furnished very plainly. The men and women who loved him had sent many simple, wholesome gifts to the new house for his bride. Even blind and crippled old Aunt Margaret Kennedy had woven for her a basket of the sweet-scented grass that grows on our sand dunes. There were logs in the big fireplace ready for the lighting.

"We shall sit here," he said, "just she and I, alone with the twilight and the sweetness. But sometimes we shall let a friend come in and share it. You will be our most welcome guest, Andrew."

"Perhaps Mistress Selwyn may not want me," I said, rather churlishly, not knowing then what an added wealth of friendship Persis Gray was to bring into my life.

John Selwyn only laughed. Knowing her as I did not, he needed to waste no words refuting so silly a speech.

It was the first of July when the house was finished. The schoolmaster began to count the days like silver beads on a rosary. We saw him walking alone by the shore and in the beech wood, and said to each other kindly, "She will soon be with him now."

She was to come with mid-July, but she came not. This was not alarming. Vessels were often delayed many days and even weeks beyond their expected time. The time lagged away. The *Royal William* was a week—two weeks—three weeks, overdue. As slowly and subtly and remorselessly as a sea-fog stealing landward fear crept into our hearts, fear that grew deeper and deadlier as the weeks lengthened out. The time came when I could not bear to look into John Selwyn's eyes. They were so terribly like what Mercy Selwyn's must have been at the stake. He said little, even to me. He had taken me into his joy, but he could not take me into his sorrow. My soul was at that time washed empty of every wish and hope and desire save that I might see the *Royal William* sailing up the harbour. He taught school as a man in a dream and then hurried to the shore. One dark, streaming night, when the white waves were ravening on the black strand, they said he walked on the shore until morning. We did not torture him with expressions of sympathy; but everything else tortured him. When he saw a far foam wreath tossing he thought of a woman's white arm flung for an appealing moment from the wave. The seaweed ribbons seemed like a woman's floating hair. Every heart in Lindsay ached for him. He never went near the house he had made ready for his bride and the weeds grew wild and thick in the garden, where the petals of the last red rose were scattered by a September wind. Summer was over and the schoolmaster's bride had not come—never would come now

"There is an hour in which a man might be happy all his life could he but find it. But I cannot find it, lad," he said wildly, when I met him one evening in the beech grove overlooking the sea, where he had been wont to walk and dream of her. His looks frightened me. I knew people said he was losing his mind.

"The *Royal William* may come yet," I said stupidly. "Ten years ago the *Georgina* was a month overdue, but she came at last. The *Royal William* is only seven weeks overdue."

"Oh, I shall see Persis again," he said, with a strange calm I liked less than his wildness. "I have only to wait very, very patiently and I shall see her coming to me from yonder shore and the garland gold of her hair mirrored in that still pond."

Suddenly he gripped my arm so savagely that I flinched.

"Boy, boy, I cannot bear it!" he whispered hoarsely. "I picture a hundred deaths for her. *The ship may have caught fire.* I shall go mad soon. Pray that the agony I feel may never be your portion."

HE rushed away from me shoreward and I did not follow him. I went home and wept, though I counted myself a man.

A great tempest ravaged the Gulf for the next three days; on the evening after it abated I went to the shore. It was clean-washed after the storm and not a wind stirred, but the surf was dashing on the sand in a splendid silver turmoil. The schoolmaster was there, gazing eastward across the tossing water; he and it were the only restless things in all that great stillness and peace. But presently he gave over his moody striding and leaned with folded arms against a great upstanding red rock worn smooth by long buffeting of wind and wave

The sunken sun had sucked all the rosy light out of the great blue bowl of the sky and twilight came down over the white foam before us Behind us people were singing in a harvest field

I spoke to the schoolmaster, but he did not answer. I looked fearfully into his gaunt face. It was very white and set, and his great hollow eyes were gazing past me unseeingly. I knew not what they looked at, but an icy feeling crept over me and I drew a little away from my friend

"John! John Selwyn!" I cried imploringly Then, like a frightened child, "Waken! Waken

Slowly the fixed stare faded out of his eyes Slowly he turned his head and looked at me. I have never seen anything so transfigured and glorified as John Selwyn's face at that moment

"All is well, lad," he said. "Rejoice with me I have seen the *Royal William* coming around East Point. She will be here by dawn To morrow night I shall sit with my bride by my own hearth fire."

Did he see it? God knows. I doubted. I was only a boy and knew not what marvels great love and great pain may compass. But I know that in the first faint gray dawn of the next day I wakened to find my father standing by my bed; and on the cheeks of that stern man were tears

"Rise, Andrew," he said. "Malcolm MacNaughton has brought word that the *Royal William* is outside the harbour."

We lived some distance from the harbour and, although I lost no time, almost every soul in Lindsay was there before me, for the tidings had spread rapidly. The schoolmaster was there, standing apart from us all, his hat drawn low over his face. He had, as I learned later, watched there all night, in a glad confidence No one spoke to him; he had known his own bitterness and we might not intermeddle in his joy. Many women were weeping and the eyes of many men were wet. There was little talking. It seemed as though the sea had given up its dead

IT was a lovely dawn. The sky in the east was all rosy-silver and the sea beneath it dancing ripples The grass was green and dew-wet on the cliffs. Birds do not often sing in September but one sang that morning in the wind-beaten firs near the old wharf. Over the harbour bar hung a milky mist; then the rising sun rent it apart and made a rainbow of it. And as it did so the *Royal William* came through it, sailing swiftly before a fair wind over a glistening pathway through the transparent air. We went mad for a little while, at the sight, and cheered wildly. Then again we kept silence as the gray, battered ship came onward up the channel and at last furled her sails in the long desired haven.

Two women came ashore, the captain's sonsy wife and one other, a tall girl wrapped in a dark cloak. We had but a brief glimpse of her ere she was folded in John Selwyn's arms and led away. I remember that we were all a little disappointed. We had looked for, I know not what, radiant beauty; but this girl, with her hair all closely hidden in her dark hood, was pale and worn. Only her eyes were very wonderful as for one instant they swept over the waiting crowd. They were sea-blue and star-like—the eyes of a woman a man might die for. They haunted my fancy as I went home, leaving the others to crowd around the crew of the *Royal William*, and listen to their tale of the fearful storms and accidents which had all but brought her voyage to a disastrous end

That night, in James MacNaughton's house, John Selwyn and Persis Gray were married at early candle-lighting, and every man, woman, and child in Lindsay was there to see it. Some had been saying, through the day, that the schoolmaster's bride was not very bonny after all; but they never said it again. Flushed with her happiness, she was a sight to make an old man young. She wore a wonderful dress of rose brocade such as we had never seen in Lindsay, nor ever saw again, for Mistress Selwyn did not wear it after her marriage, going quietly clad in home-spuns like our own matrons. But that night she looked the queen, with a foam of laces on her full bosom and her heavy coils of shining, pale-gold hair pinned closely over her head. All the pain and joy of past generations had bequeathed to her a legacy of love and loyalty, and it shone in those wonderful eyes of hers and lighted her face like a rosy lamp shining through alabaster. The hardships and dangers of her long, lonely voyage were forgotten; only perfect trust and exquisite happiness breathed from her as she clasped her bridegroom's hand and took her vows upon her.

They walked to their home in the September moonlight, and Persis Selwyn's hand kindled the fire on their hearth-stone. We left them sitting before it, hand in hand, even as the schoolmaster had foreseen.

Every child should be taught a proper sense of values. Teach this by giving him an allowance and requiring him to supply some of his own needs from that allowance; then if he fail to make provision for these wants, let him go without.

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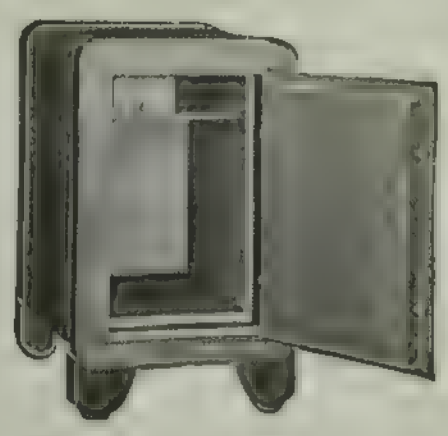

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CHEVROLET TOURING CAR AND $1000.00 IN FINE PRIZES

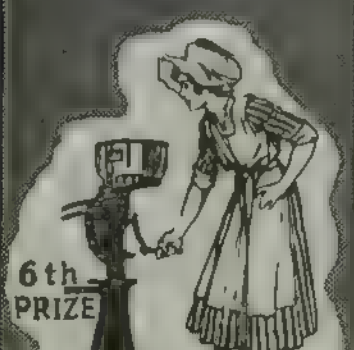
TO help win the war we must all produce, so every patriotic Canadian has a vegetable garden this year. We have a fine assortment of vegetables in our garden, and if you will study the pictures at the right you may be able to discover what we are growing. Each of the pictures represents a common vegetable that you all know, No. 1 for instance being Cauliflower (Call-eye-Flower) and No. 8, Beets (Bee-eats). Now see if you can solve the rest and when you have them all, write your solutions on a sheet of paper and send them to us.

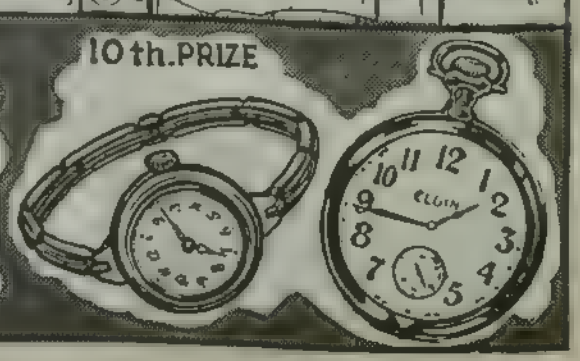
5 Passenger Chevrolet TOURING CAR

and more than $1,000.00 in Cash Prizes to be awarded

THE BIG PRIZES include this magnificent $695.00 Chevrolet Car, a $400.00 Upright Piano, a Dandy Shetland Pony and Cart, a High Grade Bicycle, $60.00 Clare High Oven Range, Singer Sewing Machine, Phonograph and Records, Waltham Watches for men and women, Standard Cream Separator, 1900 Washing Machine, Perfection Oil Range, Books, Cameras, Bread Mixers, Mantle Lamps, Sporting Rifles, and a host of other big valuable prizes too numerous to mention here.

We will send you the big complete illustrated Prize List





This Contest is Free of Expense to All

YOU do not spend a single penny of your money, nor will you be asked to buy anything in order to enter this great Contest and win the Chevrolet Car or a fine prize. The Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the strongest and best known publishing firms in Canada is conducting this interesting Contest in order to quickly advertise and introduce "RURAL CANADA for Women" the wonderful new magazine for Canadian Farm Folk and land-lovers everywhere.

When your answers to this interesting puzzle are received we shall gladly mail you without cost a sample copy of the latest issue in order that you and your friends may become acquainted with this great new publication and realize the place in Canadian Home Life that RURAL CANADA now occupies. RURAL CANADA is different entirely from any other Canadian Farm Paper, because it is edited and published mainly for the women folk in our Canadian farm homes.

Certainly there are many excellent farm papers published in Canada but these almost entirely overlook and underestimate the importance of our women folk. RURAL CANADA realizes that the woman is truly the partner in the farming business; that she is the progressive factor in farm home life and that she needs and wants to know of everything new to lighten and help her with her work, promote efficiency, reduce expense and assist in the thousand and one duties all women must accomplish every day.

But RURAL CANADA is entertaining as well as instructive. It abounds in fine short stories, timely articles, fashions, embroideries, crochet work, recipes, a children's page, a family doctor and many other fine features. Its editorials are inspiring and uplifting. In short, to know RURAL CANADA is to love it. You and your friends will be glad to make the acquaintance of so bright, interesting and good a magazine.

AS soon as your answers are received we shall write and tell you how many of the names you have solved correctly, and send you free your fine copy of RURAL CANADA. Then when you know your standing for the big prizes you will be asked to help us advertise and introduce RURAL CANADA in your neighborhood by showing your copy of the new magazine to just four of your friends and neighbors who will appreciate the worth and high purpose of RURAL CANADA and want it to come to them every month. State your willingness to accord us this simple favor when you send your answers. It will only require a few minutes of your time and you are guaranteed and will be sent at once a big cash payment or valuable reward for your trouble. If you wish we will gladly send you extra sample copies to leave with your friends to read.

Send your solutions of the puzzle pictures today and get in line for a big prize.

Follow These Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest

WRITE on one side of the paper only. On one sheet of paper put your answers to the puzzle pictures, with your full name and address, (stating Mr., Mrs. or Miss) in the upper right hand corner. Anything other than this must be on a separate sheet of paper.

Boys and girls under ten years of age are not allowed to send answers to this Contest, because later on we intend to have a fine contest for our boy and girl friends.

Employees of this company and their relatives are absolutely debarred from competing.

To ensure absolute fairness and impartiality in awarding the prizes, the properly qualified entries will be judged by a committee of three well known gentlemen, having no connection whatever with this firm, and contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The prizes will be awarded to the duly qualified contestants whose entries have the greatest number of correct or nearly correct names and are considered by the judges to be neatest and best written, (proper spelling, punctuation and style of entry also being given consideration). A contestant may send in as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set may win a prize and not more than any one prize will be awarded one family or household. The Contest will close November 27th immediately after which the judges will award the prizes.

Send two two-cent stamps to pay postage on your free sample copy of RURAL CANADA, illustrated prize list, etc. Address your solutions to

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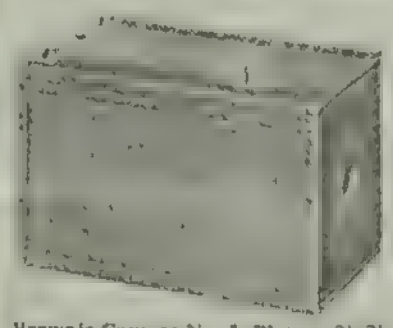

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We send you the camera free of charge if [illegible] among your friends only 24 of our 10x20 Oilcograph Pictures. They sell on sight.

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AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

(Continued from page 22)

scored his great coup by securing her on a long term contract for the Chicago Grand Opera Campanini is the brother-in-law of Tetrazzini and obviously knew what he was about [illegible] made her American *debut* at Chicago on November 18th last, which happened to be her twenty-seventh birthday [illegible] new and great [illegible] wildfire through the [illegible]

The question naturally arises as to whether Galli Curci is as great or greater than her predecessors in her particular field. It is generally admitted by critical listeners, that she is the greatest singer of her generation. The number of men who can boast of having heard Patti in her prime, is rapidly growing less, and their memories are naturally coloured by the glowing enthusiasm of youth. But it is such men who [illegible] enthusiastic in praise of Galli Curci [illegible] seems to have restored emotions they never expected to enjoy again. Those who cannot make comparisons are content in the knowledge that her voice is divinely beautiful, and her gift to this generation is the more acceptable because it is so rare. The tendency to give dramatic interpretation a preference above vocal art, pure and simple, has led to a condition whereby the operatic manager finds increasing difficulty in casting the older works [illegible]

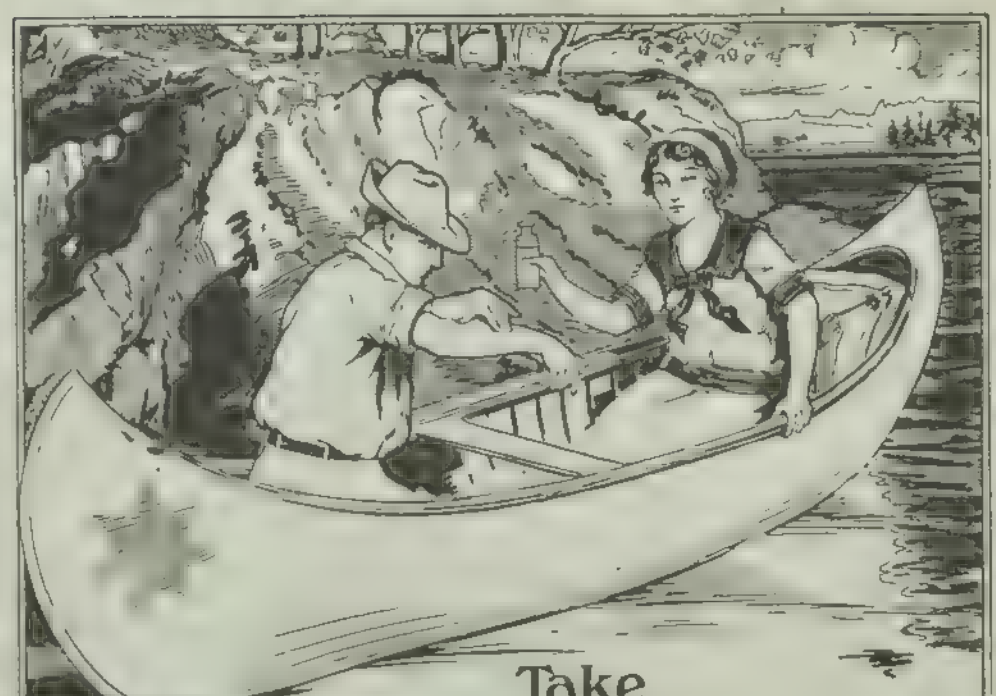
The singers whose names have been most frequently mentioned in association with that of Galli-Curci are, however, those of Patti and Jenny Lind—the latter because her conquest of America sixty-seven years ago, resembled the present [illegible] Galli-Curci. Dr. Fullar Mellard the Dean of Bristol musical critics says that Jenny Lind was the greatest soprano singer he had ever heard, and that Patti comes immediately after Mario [illegible] great singer he has ever heard. In the palm among all great singers he had heard to Giuditti Pasta, who was born in 1789 and died in 1865. He would often speak of the ravishing beauty of her voice and the perfection of her *fioriture*. Since he was the brother of Malibran, and the teacher of Jenny Lind, this was authoritative praise, though Malibran, the most popular *prima donna* of her day was not in a real sense a *coloratura* singer. She was a phenomenon great in soprano roles and still greater in contralto roles. In Great Britain the seal has been set on the fame of Jenny Lind by the fact that she is the only vocalist who has ever been honoured by a memorial in Westminster Abbey.

THE twentieth century is not likely to produce anything greater than Galli-Curci. After hearing her Dr. M. L. Bartlett, of Des Moines, Iowa, who is styled the Grand Old Man of Music, in the Middle West, a man who has heard most of the great singers of an elder day, put the case of the past and present very happily. In his opinion, none of the singers of the nineteenth century touched the sublime heights, in all respects, reached by Adelina Patti, but he adds "In the world of art it seems that [illegible] sends forth one with a message, [illegible] authority and command. [illegible] a star of such radiance and brilliancy as Galli Curci is an epoch-making event."

As yet I have had no opportunity to hear this artist save in a single concert at Toronto, in which, it will assuredly surprise some who heard her on that occasion to learn, she was not at her best. In fact, she was suffering deep distress from a cold, and was afraid to let her voice out in its full volume for fear of a break. Yet this furnished but the greater proof of her rare artistry; for with conditions against her she managed to evoke a tone so ravishing and pure, to interpret a wonderfully varied programme with such feeling and *finesse*, that every listener felt supreme satisfaction. This is ample proof that while she may have been self-taught, her capacity to school herself was phenomenal and unquestionably aided by her fine ear and complete grasp of music as an art. It is not generally known that Patti's method was also largely intuitive. Hermann Klein, in his delightful book "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London," says, "Patti tells you that she never studied the art of producing or emitting the voice. Nature, alone and unaided, accomplished that marvel. Her vocalization is one of those miracles that cannot be explained. Its wondrous certainty and finish are assuredly not arrived at without some labour; but in the end the miracle seemed to have accomplished itself." Patti, too, is gifted with a phenomenal ear for tone and pitch, and so is Sembrich, who in early life was an excellent violinist, for which a sense of pitch is absolutely essential.

It is not advisable, however, to carry a belief in self-instruction to undue lengths. It is a matter of record that if Jenny Lind had not had the good fortune to meet with Manuel Garcia, who gave her lessons after she had become a noted singer, her voice would have broken down early in her career, owing to her faulty method of production. But, history, as well as her own experience, justifies the view of Galli-Curci, that the singer who wishes to win high distinction should obtain an all-round musical education, including a thorough knowledge of the piano, rather than devote herself to mere singing exercises.

A woman with a voice of impeccable beauty, whose tones have a true, spontaneous, emotional appeal; a woman of high artistic intelligence, with youth and fortune on her side; such is the Galli Curci of to-day. The favourite alike of nature and of destiny, there is abundant hope that her voice may long be preserved to be the delight of the present and the rising generation; and to become the theme of musical annalists in epochs yet to come



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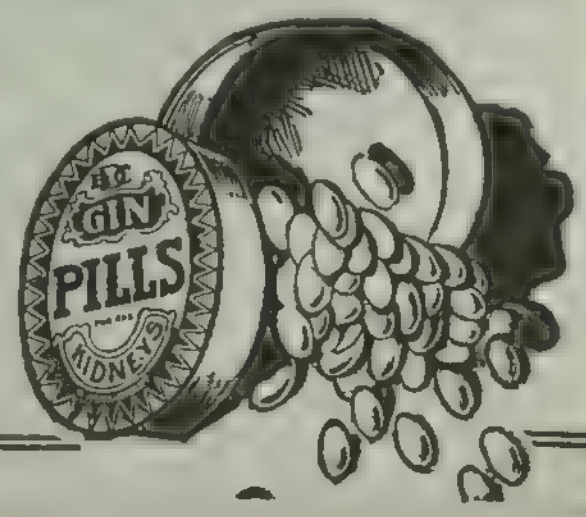

What Vegetables are you growing in your garden? There is a puzzle for you on page 44. TURN TO IT NOW.

Overland

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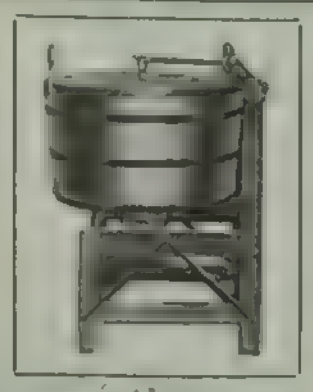

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The Connor will wash a tubful of dirty clothes in 5 or 6 minutes, cleaner and whiter than half an hour's rubbing on the washboard will do. It is sold on a money-back guarantee of satisfaction. Won't you send for descriptive booklet to-day?

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Your dealer has it, or from us, 15c. and 25c. per package, postpaid.

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Made in Canada.

Rural Canada FOR WOMEN

Announcement of Cash Prize Winners And Other Things You Want to Know About Our New Magazine

By CHAS. C. NIXON, B.S.A., Editor-in-Chief

HOW do you like this name for our new magazine?

Of course it is too much to expect that everyone will agree with the decision of the judges. People never can all agree on naming a baby!

Over 1,400 different names for our new magazine were suggested by our readers. One would hardly believe that so many more or less suitable names could be thought out for a single magazine.

This fact is full of significance in that it reflects, accurately, the tremendous need there is for this new magazine because of the great diversity of interests and subjects it must serve which have never been covered, hitherto, for the women of rural Canada, who have until recently been overlooked and underestimated.

Ceres, Goddess of Agriculture.

Would you like to know why we chose Ceres—this mythical being—as the symbol for the new magazine? There is a very interesting story connected with her, and it represents much of what the new magazine is and must always be.

Ceres was the Greek goddess of agriculture. She was the goddess of the earth in its capacity of bringing forth fruits, especially watching over the growth of the grain; she is often represented holding in her hand a lighted torch to light the way for the people of the farm, even as the Israelites of old were guided by the pillar of fire by night and by the pillar of smoke by day.

She was also worshipped by the Greeks as the founder of law and order, and especially of marriage.

In Greek mythology, Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, was stolen away when she was a little child, hence Ceres is frequently referred to as a mother yearning for her child.

Now, is that not entirely beautiful? And don't you think we have chosen wisely and well in adopting this as the symbol for all that "Rural Canada" will bring each month into the homes of the Canadian rural people for whom and by whom it is expressly edited.

Charter Subscribers.

The most sincere, heart-felt thanks of the publishers is hereby extended to those kind friends of ours who have encouraged us to publish the new magazine—encouraged us by sending their subscriptions in advance—those friends of ours, more than 1,600 of them, who sent in their money to pay for subscriptions for one and two years. The fact that our readers trusted us so implicitly to this extent when we had nothing definite in the form of a new magazine to give them immediately in return, pleased us, nay, gratified us more than mere words can tell. It is appreciation such as this that makes all the trials and troubles and the hard work of publishing worth while.

The first issue will shortly be ready and will be mailed to all prepaid subscribers during the month of July.

Our thanks are extended, also, even more, to those of our kind friends who sent in editorial suggestions and encouraging comments, because these assured us that we were on the right line absolutely as regards the needs and wishes of our readers.

And, of course, although the advertisements naturally are to occupy a very secondary place, we are much obliged to those of our friends who sent in lists of good products which should be in every rural home and which are bought or should be bought by Canadian people in the rural sections, and hence should be advertised in the columns of "Rural Canada." We extend thanks to our friends who sent in lists of products.

Of all the 1,400 and more different names which were sent in for the new magazine not a single one appealed to the publishers, as business men anxious for the greatest possible success of the new magazine, as being just what was needed to meet all the requirements of a name for so important a publication. From all of the names that were suggested, however, we were able to arrive at a composite name, which our artists have designed into the form as reproduced in miniature at the top of these two columns.

The question then came up, "What should we do with the $100.00 prize money which had been offered for a suitable name?" It was decided by the committee of judges that the money should be divided and awarded to the senders of the name which came closest to the composite name which had been built from all the suitable names, as suggested. Five people in all sent in originally the title, "Rural Canada," and to each of these as follows $20.00 cash has been awarded and cheques mailed:

C. W. Chant, 11 Harbord St., Toronto; Annie Chute, Box 55, Bridgetown, N.S.; Dorothy C. Logue, "Hillside," Chatham, N.B.; Mrs. John K. Roddick, Pibroch, P.O., Pibroch, Alta.; L. C. Wilson, R. R. No. 5 Aylmer, Ont.

The Extra $10.00.

When so many names were suggested following the announcement in "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD," it was decided to publish a great many of the more suitable names, as we did in the February issue of "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD," and offer a prize of $10.00 for the one who picked the name which would finally be chosen.

Naturally no one picked the name, but Mrs. Chas. Knees of Canifton, Ont., picked "Rural Canada" as her first choice and gave very convincing reasons why this name should be chosen. She says: "It is so all-inclusive and would take in every enterprise, commerce, agriculture, trade, domestic science, education, and the whole world of knowledge, and, of course, "Rural Canada's" pages are to be filled with every subject pertaining to the best interests of farm life in its pleasures and profits, its helpfulness and resourcefulness, and its many varying phases."

The award has accordingly been made to Mrs. Knees, and our cheque forwarded.

$50.00 Editorial Awards.

Our editors will for ever and a day be under obligation to those of our friends who sent in helpful, worth-while editorial suggestions. It would be astonishing to some people, who do not know farm folk so well, to see the evidence of their culture, of their clarity of thought and of their ability to recognize and analyze what it is they need.

The first or grand prize, *viz.*, $20.00 cash, was awarded to Miss Eva J. Colborne, Jellyby, Leeds Co., Ont. We congratulate Miss Colborne on the outstanding merit of her suggestions, the judges having no hesitation whatsoever in placing her entry first.

The fifteen additional prizes of $2.00 each have been awarded as follows:

Miss Madeline MacTavish, 318 Beverly St., Winnipeg, Man.; Miss Gertrude M. Crisp, Sussex, Bruce, N.B.; Miss L. V. Loosemore, Makinak, Man.; Mrs. W. M. Gorman, Salter, Sask.; Miss Bella Dyas, 97 Norfolk St., Guelph, Ont.; Miss Edith L. Shepherd, Stewiacke, N.S.; Mrs. A. E. Harrison, 188 Parkland St., Sydney, N.S.; Wm. M. Hallam, Pictou, N.S.; Mrs. E. J. Wood, Port Williams, N.S.; Mrs. L. C. Bowker, care of Dominion Bank, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. V. E. Cook, 17 Everett Ave., Winnipeg, Man.; Mrs. Thos. McHale, 11608 93rd St., Edmonton, Alta.; Mrs. Enid W. Caldwell, Port Kent, Carleton Co., N.B.; Mrs. J. C. Watson, Vancouver Heights, Vancouver, B.C.; Miss Jessie N. Turner, Beausejour, Man.

Awards re Advertisers.

We wonder if there are any in this broad Dominion of ours to date who is so far behind the times that they would appreciate a magazine half so well if it were not for the advertising. The highest-priced brains in the world of business are engaged in the work of preparing advertisements, and as to the goods they advertise, almost everybody knows, now-a-days, that a product has got to be good or it cannot stand advertising.

Yet we believe that advertising must necessarily always take a secondary place in any magazine. We realize, also, that a good live magazine is not possible without good live advertising, and, of course, the advertising makes it possible to publish the magazine at a much lower cost since the

(*Continued on page 49*)

BROOMS and beating are out of date in modern homes—women have learned better ways of cleaning. Bissell's Carpet Sweeper and Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper overlap somewhat in their functions, yet each can do things the other cannot. Their joint use keeps every room in the house clean all the time in the easy, sanitary way.

BISSELL'S

Carpet Sweeper or Vacuum Sweeper

both sell at moderate prices. Their purchase is an economy. "Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers $3.00 to $6.00; Vacuum Sweepers $5.50 to $12.00—depending upon style and locality. At dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario
Dept. 403, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers

"NUGGET" Shoe Polish

For Dainty Feet

Do not let those fine shoes be spoiled by using an inferior polish. Insist on "Nugget." Good for all leathers.

Black, Tan, Toney Red and Dark Brown 10c tin.

"Take Care of Your Shoes"

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD
Suite 202, 150 5th Ave., N.Y. City

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in EVERYWOMAN'S HOME

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD GINGER JAR

CIRCULATION 130,000

VOLUME 4 Published for all interested in the progress of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD No. 2 SPECIAL

FORD CAR A REWARD FOR SKILL

Also Thousands of Dollars in Other Prizes and in Cash being given away by Canada's Great Home Magazine. Free of Expense to You.

Would you like to have a Ford 5-passenger Touring Car, 1917 Model, all your very own as a gift from us? Would you like to receive a check for $300.00 or $150.00 or $100.00 or one of the fine, large cash checks which go to the fifty prize winners in the interesting contests announced on page 34 of this issue? This money will buy you many of those comforts or pleasures that have been longed for—perhaps for many years—the first payment on a home, the opportunity for a real vacation trip, help and assistance for wounded soldiers just returned or the opening of a real bank account.

You can win one of these magnificent prizes!

Can you figure out Percy's Puzzling Letter on page 34?

About Puzzles

Have you ever considered the educational value of puzzles?

Mr. Sam Lloyd, probably the greatest "puzzleist" of all times, who is at present Editor of The Ladies' Home Journal Puzzle Page, and author of the very entertaining Cyclopedia of Puzzles, which has recently been published, says of puzzles: "Puzzling is a pastime of very ancient growth, rich in historical associations and embracing much that is romantic as well as scientific. I have always treated and considered puzzles from an educational standpoint, for the reason that they constitute a species of mental gymnastics which sharpen the wits and train the mind to reason along straight lines." He further refers to puzzles and competitions as "a school of cleverness and ingenuity."

People from far and near in all parts of Canada can get a great deal of educational value and much entertainment from figuring out Percy's puzzling letter on page 34 of this issue. Can you figure out the answers? If you are clever enough and believe you can get them all correct you should send the answers soon and try to win the Ford car or the other big prize you want. Full particulars will be sent to you when we receive your answers.

500,000 Readers

Will you picture to yourself what 500,000 Canadian readers really mean?

Your preacher on Sunday has an audience of 100 to 500 souls. The big city of Toronto has, say 70,000 homes—yet this great Canadian home magazine goes into more than 130,000 of the leading homes throughout Canada each month and talks to at least 500,000 readers and probably a great many more, because the magazine is loaned from friend to friend.

About one home out of every eight or ten throughout Canada is now subscribing to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Think what it means to play your part in helping this great power and influence for better things to become still greater! Why should it not be extended to at least twice its present circulation?

If you can figure out Percy's puzzling letter on page 34 of this issue then send in your answers and take part in "helping to make for Canada and her people a greater and greater home magazine of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD." Big rewards will repay you for your kindly assistance.

A Few Winners of Big Prizes in Recent Contests

More Than 10,000 Others have received big prizes and rewards from Everwoman's World

Won Magnificent $450.00 Piano

Mrs. Florence Clark
Montreal, Que.

Mrs. Clark answered last season's puzzle and complied with the qualifying condition in a very short time. She was delighted with her prompt reward for this service, and could hardly believe her good fortune when the judges decided that her entry took 2nd place and she got this beautiful $450 piano. Read her letter:

"Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Sir,

I cannot tell you how delighted I was to receive your telegram and to learn I had been awarded the second prize. It certainly was a surprise and a great pleasure to me to find that I had won a $450.00 prize.

I am sending my photograph with this letter and would very much appreciate it if you will kindly return same when you have finished with it, as I have no copy. It will be one of my greatest pleasures to tell all my friends of my good fortune and persuade them to read our fine woman's magazine.

Wishing you every success and assuring you of my endeavours to increase the circulation of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, I remain your happy contestant,

Mrs. Florence Clark."

Won $100.00 Columbia Grafonola

Dorothy Paschke
Stanstead, Que.

"Stanstead, P.Q.

Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your wire re my good luck in the Ford Touring Car Contest.

I can't say whether I am more pleased or surprised at winning this prize. The Grafonola was what I wanted above everything else, so much that I verified your wire at the Telegraph Office before writing, fearing some of my friends were trying a practical joke, as they all knew what I wished for.

Yours truly, Dorothy Paschke."

Another Winner of $300.00 Motor Cycle

Wallace J. Cordingly
Regina, Sask.

Wallace J. Cordingly, in the Customs Department, at Regina, Sask., has just been awarded the fine Motor Cycle given as 2nd prize in the interesting contest "What Groceries Did Brown Advertise." Here is his reply to our telegram advising him of his success:

"Regina, Sask.,
April 10, 1917.

Dear Sirs,

Your wire received this morning advising me that the judges in the Overland Car Contest have awarded me second prize, the Indian Motor Cycle.

I most sincerely thank you for the prize and wish you and EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD every success in the future.

I am mailing you, under separate cover my photo as requested.

Thanking you again, I am,
Yours very truly,
Wallace J. Cordingly."

Two Winners of Motor Cars Recently Awarded

Think of Winning Prizes Like These as the Result of an Hour's Effort

When the judges had completed their work of judging in our last contest, we had the pleasure of sending Lorne Hicks, of Centralia, the following telegram:—"The Judges award you the First Prize, the Overland Touring Car. Send certificates and photograph by return of mail."

Lorne Hicks
Centralia, Ont.

The photograph came along in good order together with a letter from the delighted winner. After some correspondence, Lorne Hicks decided he would like to pick out the car from the Overland Warerooms in Toronto and drive it home. A few days later he came to Toronto, and we were very surprised to find that Lorne was a young fellow of only 17 years of age. The photograph did not do him justice, as it makes him look older. Well, Lorne and his father and a couple of friends picked out the magnificent car that Lorne had won and he drove the car home himself, with his friends, to Centralia, Ontario, a matter of some 146 miles.

After Lorne got home, he wrote us the following letter:—"I must say we are all greatly delighted with my car. It seems a large prize to win for so little effort. Have had many letters from readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD from different parts of Canada some congratulating me and others asking if it was really so that I had won a prize. I must say that the management of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD were square in every dealing and I would not hesitate to recommend it to every [illegible]."

Mr. Hugh A. Ross won the Ford Touring Car given as 1st prize in our 1915 Contest, but at his request we sent him $500.00 cash in its place. Read what he says. "Gentlemen:

Mr. Hugh A. Ross
Smith's Falls, Ont.

I am in receipt to-day of your cheque for the cash prize you have so kindly given me in place of the Ford Touring Car, which I won as first prize in your recent contest.

The cash is made doubly acceptable by the promptness with which you have sent it, and you are to be congratulated on the courteous, fair, and efficient way in which you have conducted your contest. I have entered a great many contests but never expected to win such a prize as this.

I would like to acknowledge my appreciation of the very evident fairness to contestants with which you conducted this contest, and trust you will realize sufficiently in advertising and circulation of your excellent magazine to repay your outlay in furnishing a very interesting and entertaining pastime for your numerous readers.

If any one refers to me, I will surely recommend them to enter every contest EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD conducts, as every one doing so is certainly repaid a hundred times over for his trouble.

Yours very truly, Hugh A. Ross."

12 Year Old Boy Wins $100.00 Prize

If this success can be gained by a twelve year old lad, can't you realize what a wonderful opportunity our contests and competitions present for you? Lyle writes:

Saturday afternoon I received your letter and the check for $100.00, being first prize in the contest. I just want to tell you I was a happy boy and thank you very much.

It was easy to get the subscribers to Everywoman's World which I sent, and I could have done even better if it had not been so cold after I got home from school.

Lyle F. O. Benson, 18 Mountain St., Hamilton, Ontario.

Independent Judging Committee Will Award the Big Prizes

Absolute Fairness aud Impartiality thus Guaranteed to Every Contestant

To ensure absolute fairness in awarding the prizes in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD'S great contest, the following judging committee of three has been appointed. These judges are all prominent business people and well known throughout Canada. They have no connection whatsoever with EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, they will have no personal knowledge or acquaintanceship with any contestant; and you may be sure that they will make the awards fairly and squarely on the basis of the merit of the qualified entries submitted to them. You can therefore feel certain that if your entry has been properly qualified according to the rules of the contest, it will receive the careful attention and impartial consideration it deserves.

We are glad to have Mr. H. D. Cantlon as Chairman of our Judging Committee on this interesting contest.

Mr. Cantlon was for several years manager of a branch of one of our best known and strongest banks and is at present an official of one of the largest Canadian Advertising Agencies. His many years of business dealings with people in all parts of Canada have built for him a sterling reputation for integrity and fair dealing. Your interests will be carefully looked after under Mr. Cantlon's chairmanship.

Miss Mary A. MacMahon, the second member of the Judging Committee, has been for many years superintendent of the Employment Dept. of the Underwood Typewriter Co. in Toronto, and she brings to her task a knowledge and understanding of women and girls that will surely be of service to her in her new task.

The third member of our committee of Judges is Mr. C. S. Furness, a prominent and well known advertising man of the firm of A. McKim Co., Limited, Toronto. Mr. Furness is an old newspaper man, having been for many years connected with the Toronto Daily News, one of Canada's best known newspapers.

H. D. Cantlon

Miss M. A. MacMahon

C. S. Furness

Act Promptly If you Want to Win the Car

If you have not yet sent your solution to the letter that is Perplexing Percy, turn to page 34, right now, sharpen your pencil and see if you can figure it out. You'll get an hour's delightful entertainment and put yourself in line at the same time for the magnificent prizes that are being given.

Readers are reminded that the contest closes soon so no time should be lost in sending your entry.

If you have already sent a solution and have had it acknowledged you should lose no time in qualifying it according to the simple conditions govering the contest.

Facts About Everywoman's World and the Company that Publishes it

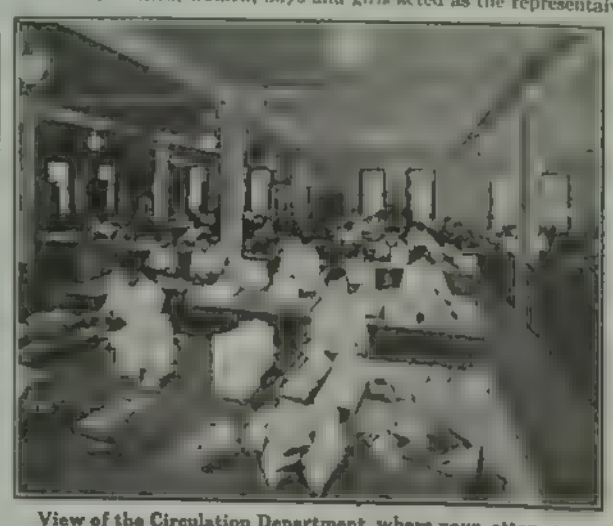
Continental Publishing Company Limited, the owners and publishers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, is one of the strongest and best known publishing houses on the North American Continent. This Company is entirely and absolutely Canadian and maintains in addition to its great plant, where its publications are printed, offices in Toronto, offices in Montreal, an office in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, and an office in London, England. The Company does a great International business and is well and favourably known almost all over the world.

Four large presses are required to produce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. The largest of these, a four colour magazine press is the only machine of its kind in Canada. It prints more than 4,000 copies of 16 pages each per hour, or over 384,000,000 pages of great presses print the handsome coloured covers in which EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is bound each month.

The average edition of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD weighs over 80,000 pounds or 40 tons. More than 500 pounds of inks are consumed in printing a single edition.

More than 1,000,000 postage stamps are used in connection with the Company's business in a year.

Over 16,000 men, women, boys and girls acted as the representaives of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD last year, looking after renewals and sending new subscriptions to Canada's magazine. "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in EVERYWOMAN'S HOME" is their motto.



View of the Circulation Department, where your letter are received and answered

During the past three years alone the Company has paid out over $100,000.00 in prizes, premiums, cash commissions and salary bonuses to its subscription correspondents in all parts of Canada. Many of the Company's most successful earners got their first start in this interesting and profitable work through their participation in one of the Company's great and interesting contests. This great magazine the largest and most successful in Canada—and the Company publishing it have been built up by the goodwill of the people of Canada. Its solid foundation and continued prosperity are tributes to its policy of public service—of promises honestly made and honestly kept—of its determination to publish only the best and highest in literature and art. The success of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and its high standing throughout America are tributes to Canadian journalism. You will be proud to be the correspondent of such a publication.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Let the Chocolate Girl Serve You

BUY

BAKER'S COCOA

MADE IN CANADA

All of our products sold in Canada are made in Canada, in our mill at Montreal. There we utilize the results of our 136 years' successful experience in the manufacture of cocoa to furnish you with good cocoa of absolute purity, high quality and delicious flavor.

Choice Recipe Book sent free

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

ESTABLISHED 1780

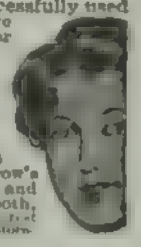
Montreal, Canada Dorchester, Mass.

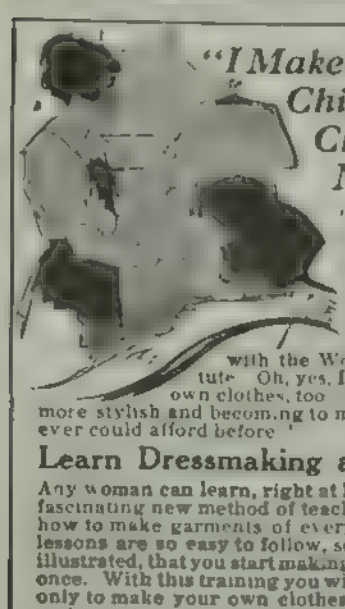
Wrinkles

Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry: 1 oz. of pure

Powdered SAXOLITE

dissolved in ½ pt. witch hazel; use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish. Face becomes firm, smooth, fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to the most delicate skin. Get genuine SAXOLITE powdered at any drug store.





"I Make All the Children's Clothes Now"

"I had no idea I could save so much on our clothes until I began this dressmaking course with the Woman's Institute. Oh, yes, I make all my own clothes, too. And they are more stylish and becoming to me than any I ever could afford before."

Learn Dressmaking at Home

Any woman can learn, right at home, by our fascinating new method of teaching by mail, how to make garments of every kind. The lessons are so easy to follow, so graphically illustrated, that you start making garments at once. With this training you will be able not only to make your own clothes, but to take up dressmaking or millinery as a business—secure a good paying position or open a shop of your own. You, too, can benefit from these courses, just as 6000 delighted students are doing right now. Send a letter or post card for handsome illustrated book, stating whether you are most interested in home or professional dressmaking or millinery.

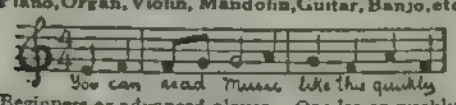
Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Inc.

Dept. 6-U, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York City

MUSIC Taught FREE In Your Home

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.



You can read Music like this quickly

Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE booklet which explains everything in full. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Dept. 4 Lakeside Bldg., CHICAGO

PRIZE WINNERS

(*Continued from page 47*)

advertisers share a reasonable part of the expense of publication.

The judges had no alternative in their choice of awarding the first prize of $20.00 to Miss Mildred I. Howes, care of J. M. Holt, Millet, Alta. The list of goods she named would simply delight the heart of any advertising man who must have business for his magazine. A cheque for $20.00 has been mailed to Miss Howes.

In the case of a second prize of $5.00 cash, it obviously was won by Mrs. Reginald R. Ruggles, 40 Joseph St., Medford, Mass., U.S.A. It did not seem quite right for this prize to go out of Canada, but no stipulations of this kind were made, so, naturally, the judges could not do otherwise but place the prize as awarded and be fair and just to this entry which came so worthily in the second place. We were pleased to learn, however, that Mrs. Ruggles is a Canadian and expects to return to Canada. She writes: "I am a loyal Canadian and am returning to Canada shortly."

The ten additional prizes awarded in this connection will, we feel sure, delight and prove most useful to the winners amongst those who obliged us in sending in the lists of products. A box of "Queen's Court" Initial Stationery has been sent to each of the following ten winners.

Miss Myrtle Kennedy, R.R. No. 1, Easton's Corners, Ont.; Mrs. Gertrude M. Burgoyne, Box 53, New Norway, Alta.; Mrs. Emma E. Best, Box 19, Wilkie, Alta.; Mrs. F. B. Clement, 380 Stadacona E., Moose Jaw, Sask.; Mrs. F. J. Wood, Port Williams, N.S.; Mrs. F. H. Stacey, 2620 Mance St., Montreal, Que.; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Taylor, R.R. No. 6, Clinton, Ont.; Mrs. A. H. Inglis, Tupperville Annapolis Co., N.S.; Mrs. Thomas A. Barefoot, Antelope, Sask.; Mrs. J. A. Ronson, R.R. No. 5, St. Thomas, Ont.

Your Help Wanted.

We need your helping hand in the further establishment of this new magazine for rural Canada—this new magazine which is giving expression to the best ideas and the most practical of high ideals in rural life. We need your help and encouragement in making it one of the great readjusting and reconstructive forces in Canada now and after the war.

You can become a subscriber, you can tell your friends about this new magazine and ask them to send for a sample copy (have them send 4c. to cover postage on it). You can discuss the new magazine with your friends and with your neighbors. You can telephone a number of them and arrange to get up a club of four or five, or a special club of ten subscribers for which we will pay you well.

You can tell your friends about the puzzle contest—the vegetables in our "Patriotic Garden." Club in with them and get your whole neighborhood interested and taking part in this highly entertaining pastime, and, thereby, help us get this new magazine, "Rural Canada for Women," known in every good farm home in Canada. We have provided a magazine so good, so interesting and so much needed in every farm home, that our edition of 50,000 copies will not begin to satisfy the demands once the people hear about it.

For City Cousins.

If you live in a city or in a town, you, of course, have some dear friend living on a farm in the country. You surely would like to send her some remembrance, some little gift which would be most acceptable and yet inexpensive. You probably will want to send some suitable token in remembrance of good times spent as her guest in the farm home, or better still, just for the sake of high regard and love for her, you would like to send a gift that will cheer her and be a help in her daily life on the farm.

What more suitable token or gift could you send than a subscription, paid in advance, at only $1.00 for a whole year to "Rural Canada"?

Although the magazine is 10c. a copy or $1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance, we will send a sample copy to any one, anywhere, on receipt of 4c. in stamps to cover cost of postage.

Money Back Guaranteed.

To demonstrate to you how absolutely sure we are that you and every woman on a farm anywhere in Canada, and landlovers everywhere, will want and like and be satisfied with our new magazine, "Rural Canada For Women," we gladly agree and guarantee to refund to any one at any time on request, their full subscription price of $1.00, if for any reason they do not like the magazine or care to have it come regularly.

Could anything be more fair than such a guarantee as this?

Surely you will want to subscribe for this kind of a magazine! Or surely you will want to send it to a friend!

Get your pen and ink and paper and write us now. Your immediate response to this request, and your subscription now, will encourage and mean more to us received within the next few days than will five subscriptions which will reach us, say, six months hence; and your one subscription, sent in now, will be worth much more to us than the ten or twenty which you may be going to send us later on, say, in the New Year.

So *now* is the time! We are expecting to hear from you. Send subscriptions to The Circulation Department, "Rural Canada," 62-64 Temperance St., Toronto.

CLASSIFIED ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange. Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

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THE INFANT TENDERNESS

(*Continued from page 30*)

telling the truth. I put him in the garage.'

As I spoke Mother's face changed from sternness to amazement. "I might have known you were in this, Barbara!" She sank into a chair.

Conrad let go of V. Z. V.'s collar and stared at me. "He did kick all the varnish off, ma'am," he gurgled weakly.

V. Z. V. shook himself like a dog coming out of the water, and pulled down his sleeves. I cannot say that his expression, as he looked at me, was that supposed to be used by an engaged man toward his fiancee. But of course, he didn't know I was his fiancee.

"Conrad has made a hideous mistake," I stated to Mother. "This man is my chosen husband. I am engaged to him." And I held out to her the hand with my diamond ring on it.

MOTHER covered her face with her hands. "What—what have I done to deserve this?" she muttered, brokenly. She had done a great deal, but no use to tell her. "Who *is* this man?"

"I don't know his name. But his initials—" I was interrupted by another groan from Mother, a louder one.

"She cannot be speaking the truth!" Mother turned to Elizabeth.

"Just like her," Elizabeth said.

But I paid no more attention to them. I turned to V. Z. V. "I am Barbara Vane," I explained, smiling.

My fiancee was struggling with all kinds of emotions at once. He hardly knew what to say. But finally he roared, hoarsely, "Where did you get that ring?"

"It's the one you sent me," I smiled.

At his next words my belief in the Infant Tenderness began to crumble. He was positively disrespectful to me.

"Good gracious! Engaged to that—chit? I never saw her before to-day, when for some unaccountable reason she shut me in the garage. I don't know what the matter is, but she has stolen Miss Vane's ring—"

It was just at this moment that my Aunt Barbara's voice was heard in the hall. "Mercia," she was calling to Mother, "where are you? Victor didn't come! I don't know what to think. We waited for the other train, but he didn't—" She came to the portieres and paused. "Why, *here* you are!" she cried. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter now you're here," Victor—it seemed that was his name—sighed in relief. "But I've had the deuce of a mess."

There is no use for me to try to tell the following events in order, for every one spoke at once, and in such loud and un-Christian tones that I shouldn't care to repeat what they said, anyway. I tried to explain about the Infant Tenderness, but they would not, or could not, understand. Aunt Barbara fairly tore the ring off my finger. She claimed that it was her engagement ring which she had left to be cleaned, and that she had been going to call up about it that very day because it hadn't come. She also claimed that Victor was the civil engineer she was going to marry. Well, she was welcome to him. I only hope he will not ruin her life.

"Barbara," Mother said at last, "take off your coat. You are not going to Miss Field's party."

"Not going to the *the dansant*?"

"Surely you did not expect to after this, did you?" Mother's voice was cruel and cutting. "Take off your coat and sit down. I want you to *try* to explain."

Her words poised in midair. I had removed the coat. She saw the pink dress. "Where—where—" she stammered.

"There!" I cried. "This will prove it! *This* is one of the things the Infant Tenderness gave me."

"Oh, Barbara! How can you tell such dreadful—That is the dress I bought for Elizabeth, Mercia. You know I've been fussing because it hadn't come." It was my Aunt Barbara speaking. At her words I saw that there was no faith anywhere.

"Barbara," spoke Mother, wearily, "go to your room. Your father must attend to this. I cannot cope with you."

AS I turned to go, Elizabeth, stepped forward. "Since you're not going to wear your coat, I'll just take it," she said, and, before I could make a motion, she had slipped it off of my arm. I turned to her fiercely, but a look from Mother told me it was no use. And as I left the room I heard the last blow fall.

"You were right, Mercia," my Aunt Barbara was saying, "about that child's being too young for a dinner dance. I'll countermand the order for the invitations this afternoon."

From my up-stairs window I have watched Elizabeth go down the street with Paul. My coat rippled and flared around her. It was a dream. It made even Elizabeth good-looking. A vision of how I should have been starting out came over me and I could not help throwing myself down on the bed and weeping bitter tears. I rose up a changed woman. Life will never be the same to me again since that half-hour. I have learned something I shall never forget. There is no justice in the world. After this I am an unbeliever.

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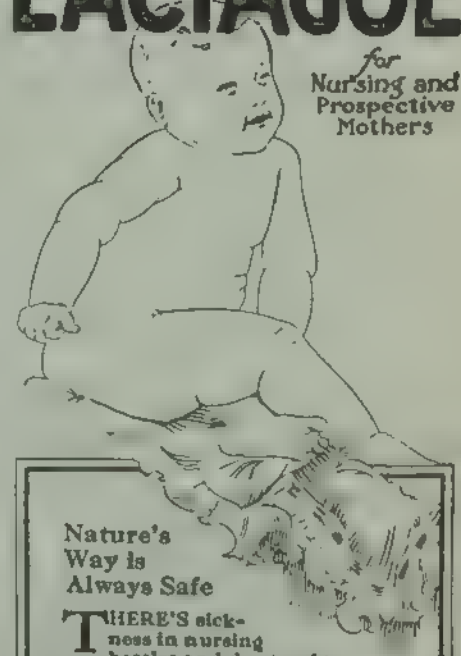

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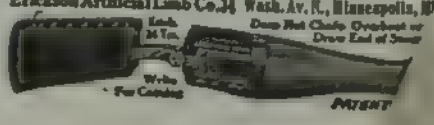


THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER

Running the House on a Business Plan

Scientific Buying for the Home

By DORIS HEMMING

THIS morning I paid my butcher's bill right up to date, which leaves me free from outstanding liabilities, as they would say in business. What a contented, happy feeling it does bring!

Last night my husband's chum, a salesman for a wholesale grocery firm, spent the evening with us, and, contrary to our usual custom, we talked shop. On thinking over our conversation, I find that I obtained some excellent ideas from him. In reality, however, it was a case of reciprocity, for I, in my turn, gave him the consumer's point of view on the question of marketing. I was checking up a pile of slips with my monthly bills, and when I had finished, I remarked that in future I should run only weekly accounts with all my tradesmen.

"What's the big idea, little one?" asked Will.

"That interests me very much," and Stephens swung his chair round facing me as though we were discussing a business proposition. "What's wrong with the system of monthly payments? I should think that you would find it much more convenient to pay your bills once a month than to have small accounts coming in all the time."

"I suppose that is true of a big business such as you are accustomed to," I said. "But when it is a case of a small household with no capital and an income which does not increase in proportion to the constant rise in the cost of every necessity, I am in favour of reducing my bills to the lowest possible minimum. For one thing the money is spent less readily if the day of reckoning is close at hand. Running a monthly account is like lying in bed in the morning, utterly delightful at the time, but full of distressing consequences later on."

"Well, why not pay spot cash and be done with it?" Stephens wanted to know.

"Spot cash doesn't work. I have too many things delivered at the door, and too many last minute purchases bought on my way home just in time for supper. In the latter case I have no time to wait for change, and my grocer has asked me specially not to give money to the delivery boys, for they are not used to handling it."

"That's how it works out, is it? Don't you get a discount for cash?"

"No, we certainly do not."

"You should, in theory. Have you ever thought that when you pay for your goods in cash rather than three months from the date of purchase, you are giving your tradesmen the use of your money free during that time? And more than that, you are decreasing the cost of running his business. When a grocer makes out his balance sheet at the end of the year there is always the item of bad debts figuring in a substantial manner. They average up to a certain definite percentage of the year's turnover, as a rule, and he includes them in the profit he has to charge on what he sells to you. If all his customers paid cash or within a week as you do, he would be able to sell his goods at fully two per cent. less all round. Do you get the idea?"

"I do. And what is more I now understand a little incident that happened when I was in the butcher's yesterday. At the time I thought it very unfair. I priced a piece of steak which I was told would be 27 cents a pound. I considered it too dear so I bought something else. I paid my bill, and, as I was waiting for the change, I heard the butcher tell another customer that the same piece of steak was 33 cents. She grumbled at the price, but finally told him to charge it to her account."

"THAT'S it exactly. Your butcher was not willing to take the risk of payment in her case at the same rate as in yours. I must say I don't blame him either. The worst of it is that when you ladies don't pay the retailer, he can't pay the wholesaler and we can't pay the manufacturer, and so it goes round in a great big circle. Credit is a very complicated and far-reaching matter. The best thing for you to do is to keep your bills within your income and pay as regularly as ever you can."

"That is all very fine," I replied, "when you people are charging us more every day for plain necessities on which it is impossible to cut down in quantity."

"There you are, all up in the air! We are only charging you more because the producer is char ing us more We wholesalers buy goods in large quantities, store them and take the risk of having them spoil on our hands or of not selling them at all. For this we charge a certain definite profit. The retailer buys from us, takes a further risk of not selling and above all gives you that quality of service that you exacting ladies demand. And let me tell you right now that if you were satisfied with fewer rush deliveries during the day and less 'phone calls and were not to be led astray by fancy shop dressings, you would be able to buy your supplies quite a little cheaper. Even as things are if you use a little commonsense and study the question practically, you can reduce your bills by—well, 15 per cent. is a conservative estimate. Now, for example, is it cheaper to buy bulk or package rolled oats?"

"I'M sure I don't know. I always buy package."

"There you are! In the package you are paying for the box, but on the other hand you are getting a guarantee of quality. Sometimes you will find a 25 cent package article is still selling at the same price as before the war, although the raw material is up 25 per cent. That is because the public is accustomed to pay a certain price for the article, and the dealers are willing to sacrifice part of their profit rather than make a change. On the other hand, in many cases you are paying so much already for fancy wrapping, advertising, and so on, that it would be nothing short of a crime to put the price up any higher than it is. But you must make up your own mind on these matters. It is you ladies with your husbands' money who are paying for everything—for the big factories with thousands of employees—for the wholesale houses such as ours, where the stock of goods amount to half a million dollars, and finally you are maintaining the best of little retail stores as well as the big departmental stores all over the country. We are doing our level best to serve you, but it is up to you to see to it that you get your money's worth!"

"I never thought of it that way. My bills are absolutely trifling and so they have very little weight in the long run."

"Your bills may be trifling, but your influence isn't! Let us consider how we can make them even more trifling still. Are you buying Made-in-Canada goods or imported?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I just ask for a jar of marmalade, for instance, and the clerk gives me what he has on hand."

"Evidently you are not aware that we wholesalers are paying a nice little duty of 35 per cent. on marmalade from Dundee, Scotland, and we are not letting the retailer forget it either, for we add our profit on to the duty as well as the cost price."

"35 per cent.! Why, that is an awful lot! Do you mean to tell me that I can save that much on Canadian marmalade?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't. Canadian makers have to pay more for their material and labour than their chief competitor, the Scotchman, so they are frequently able to sell only slightly below the price of the imported article. You may find that you like the flavour of the Scotch marmalade better than that of the Canadian and that, in your case, it is well worth the difference in price. But it is well to remember that it is good for your nearest neighbour to keep your money at home by buying goods made in Canada."

"I certainly shall in future, you may depend on it! But discussing this question of always buying the highest priced article, I have rather felt ashamed when I have asked for anything but the very best brand."

"That is just where you are wrong. It is not fancy trimmings that give you nourishment. Take prunes for instance, they come from California, and the price is based on the size. They sell for 15, 18, and 25 cents a pound. The larger size are sold at the higher figure, although there are a larger number of the smaller size in a pound, and these are just as nourishing as the larger sizes. Oranges are graded in the same way. The same idea applies to peas. Split peas are just as good as whole peas in spite of the fact that they are several cents cheaper. Do you know that the cheaper grades of rice actually contain more nourishment?"

"How do you make that out? I have always been very particular to buy only the best quality, done up in bags."

"Polished rice, I suppose. Yes, it is very nice, but the fact is that a valuable part of the food value is lost in the actua. process of polishing. Oh, another thing Are you one of those innocent women who make a dive every night for the paper to see what bargains are announced in the grocery or provision ads. of the big stores? This is where you need all the judgment you have If the storekeeper is offering you two tins of pork and beans for the price of one and a cent more, just take a good look at the brand, and another good look at the weight marked on the tin. Sometimes you will find that 14 ozs. is marked in tiny letters at the bottom of the label, and you are taking it for granted that you are getting a pound tin. Of course the retailer may be offering you stock which he bought some time before at a lower price, or he may be cutting prices on a couple of lines to attract you to his store or he may even have been at a fire sale, I'm not saying he hasn't. Only keep your wits about you when you are bargain hunting as the retailer isn't in business for either his health or yours. Say, Will, did your wife make that fussy salad we had for supper, or did she chase around to a delicatessen shop at the last minute and pay 50 cents for it?"

"I bet a quarter she concocted it herself. My wife's a wonder when it comes to cooking."

"Hand over your quarter, Mr. Stephens. I made that salad my own self and 25 cents would be dear for what it cost me in odds and ends. I may not know much about tariffs or middlemen's profits, but I have the confectioner and the delicatessen store down to a fine point. One of my mortal sins when we were first married was to be always running round to a very attractive delicatessen near-by. I must confess the dinky little salads, croquettes, and patties I used to buy there were delicious. And then the confectioner's—what a good time we used to have on charlotte russes, tartlets and fruit cake! However, I soon got wise to the disadvantages of this kind of diet, for when I counted up my expenditures on food for the week, I found that they were away out of all proportions to the amount of nourishment obtained."

"THAT'S right. You were paying for service, which is very nice for people who are out all day, but when it is for work that you can do just as well at home it is a very good place to economize, as there is no comparison between the cost of the bought and the home-made article in this case, even giving your labour an average money value."

"Do you think it would pay me to buy my groceries in large quantities?" I asked.

"That depends on the article, and it also depends on the amount of room you have for keeping things in your flat. Personally I should imagine it would pay you to build more cupboards if you haven't enough and buy such goods as flour, sugar, cereals, soaps, and cleaners in large quantities as there is no doubt about it you would get a better price. On the other hand, although coffee, pepper, spices, and baking powder may be cheaper in large amounts, you will find that they lose their strength and that the second half of a large package will not be worth nearly what you paid for it. Whenever you can buy two packages for a quarter, be sure you get the benefit of the extra cent, if it is a case of goods that will keep. On the other hand perishable goods should be bought in just the quantities of which you are in immediate need."

"Yes, I know that," I answered, "I have been studying the appetites of my family, and by jotting down the amounts I buy to make a certain dish, I am now able to determine to a nicety just how much I want of each ingredient.

"One thing I find it very hard to decide, Mr. Stephens, is just what is better bought and what is better made at home. For instance, I do think I can put up jams, jellies, preserves, and pickles, better than I can buy them."

"When it comes to jams, of course I am out to sell this very line, and so I am naturally not in favour of home preserving. I suppose that if you can watch the market very closely and buy your fruit at the exact moment that it is lowest you ought to compete with a canning factory fairly successfully. But that is just the difficulty. How are you going to know? As a rule you cannot depend on the dealer. He wants to dispose of his goods at as high a price as he can, and therefore, he is going to tell you that they will not go any lower, although he knows for a fact that several carloads of fruit are due the next day and that the market will be flooded with the very fruit you are buying to-day at a high figure. The canning companies usually grow their own fruit and vegetables or contract for them by the ton from the farmers, and in this way they are able to can them fresh and do away with the cost and depreciation of transportation."

"I see you are pessimistic about my abilities as a canner," I retorted.

"Indeed, I am not. Not after the delicious supper at which I have been an honoured guest. I am sure your home-made preserves are far more delicious than those I am at such pains to sell to earn my daily bread."

"LAST year I think I made out pretty well. I calculated my cost exclusive of labour and it rarely exceeded half the price of the bought article. I admit I did get fooled once or twice by buying too early, but I marked down the date on which each variety touched its lowest point and I intend to make very good use of my memorandum next year."

"It seems to me that there should be some forecasts of crop and market conditions published that would help to determine a question of this kind," interposed Will.

"Market reports! Crop prospects! My dear man, reams of such literature finds its way daily into the wholesalers' and retailers' scrap-baskets!"

"But why not into the housewives' scrap-baskets?"

"Search me! I suppose they have never demanded it. I cannot imagine your wife reading through the tedious reports that we have dished up to us daily. They are too technical."

"I don't believe they would be a bit," I answered indignantly. "If I am going to run my home on a business basis I shall have to be as technical as any one else. You say that we women do all the buying and I know we do our share of the eating—so I should like to know why we should not be just as interested as you are in the progress of the crops!"

"I surrender. The ladies win. I shall bring you an armful of market literature as war indemnity. Only—you will have to read it all or the final word is mine!"

FACTS TO CONSIDER

If the buyer paid cash, the retailer could sell fully 2 per cent. cheaper.

If you buy bargains, take a good look at the brand and another at the weight on the label.

If you will have goods done up in fancy shop dressings, you must be willing to pay for them.

If you go bargain hunting, remember that the retailer isn't in business for his health or for yours.

If you use a little common-sense and study, you can easily reduce your bills by 15 per cent.

If you want to buy at the right time, watch the market reports and the crop prospects.

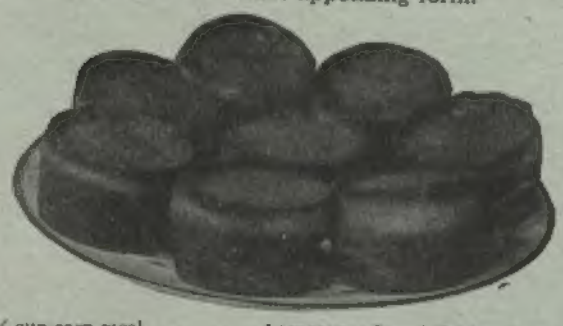
Another Great Advantage in Using

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Saves eggs and produces food just as appetizing and delicious at lower cost. The usual number of eggs may be reduced one-half or more in most recipes and often left out altogether by adding a small quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. Try the following recipes and see how well this plan works. You must use Royal Baking Powder —low-grade powders often leave a bitter taste.

Corn Meal Muffins

Everyone knows the great nutriment in corn. Here it is in most appetizing form.



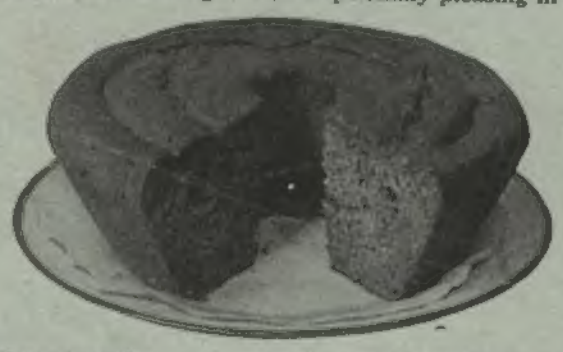
¾ cup corn meal
1¼ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons shortening

DIRECTIONS:—Sift dry ingredients together into bowl; add milk and melted shortening and beat well. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven for about 20 minutes.

(The old method called for two eggs)

Potato Chocolate Cake

An unusually nourishing cake, exceptionally pleasing in flavor.



¾ cup shortening
2 cups sugar
½ cup chocolate
1 cup mashed potatoes
2 eggs
½ cup milk
2½ cups flour
5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
1 cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoon vanilla

DIRECTIONS:—Cream shortening, add sugar, melted chocolate and mashed potatoes, mix well. Beat eggs separately and add yolks to the first mixture. Add milk and dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Beat well. Add nuts, vanilla and beaten whites of eggs. Mix thoroughly and bake in greased loaf tin in moderate oven one hour

(The old method called for 4 eggs)

Book of new recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free on request. Address **Royal Baking Powder Co.**, 4 St. Lawrence B'vard, Montreal

Royal Baking Powder is made from Cream of Tartar, derived from Grapes, and adds none but healthful qualities to the food.

Absolutely Pure **No Alum**

Marjory Dale's Recipe Page

MEATLESS DAYS IN JULY

It is Easy When the Weather is Hot

Edited by MARJORY DALE

Cream of Corn Soup

Heat can of corn, strain, salt and pepper to taste, add 1½ cups milk, and butter size of an egg. Bring to boiling point. Serve.

Baked White Fish with Fresh Tomatoes

Fish weighing 1½ lbs., wash and split open, place in well buttered pan, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with biscuit or stale bread crumbs. Peel and slice tomatoes about ½ inch thick and place on fish, each slice overlapping the other, dot well with butter, sprinkle lightly again with crumbs. Bake, basting frequently.

Rice Pudding a la Francaise

Wash 4 oz. rice thoroughly and put in a double saucepan with 1 pint of milk, 1 oz. butter, and 2 ozs. sugar. Allow to cook slowly for 2 hours, stirring occasionally. Turn out, and when cold, add 4 drops vanilla essence, or 4 ozs. ground almonds. Grease a casserole or pudding dish and steam the mixture for 1½ hours. Serve with jam or sweet sauce.

Cream of Potato Soup

To 2 heaping cups mashed potatoes add 2 tablespoons butter rubbed with 2 teaspoons flour. Stir into this 1½ pints boiling milk, 1 cup boiling water, add juice of 1 onion, 1 teaspoon salt, boil and strain. Serve with minced parsley and squares of bread toasted brown in the oven.

Graham Hurry Ups

One cup white flour, 1 cup graham flour, 2 teaspoons melted butter, 1-8 cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Sift salt, graham and white flour, and the baking powder together. Return the bran which is removed by sifting, to the flour. Put butter into the flour, pour in the milk and mix all together. Drop by dessertspoons on an oiled pan, and bake in a hot oven about 12 minutes.

Eggs au Gratin

Heat 2-3 cup milk with 2 tablespoons butter in a broad shallow baking dish, add a tiny pinch of mustard and cayenne. Put into this 6 muffin rings, break an egg into each ring, sprinkle with salt and pepper, add layer of grated cheese. Brown delicately in quick oven.

Iced Tomato Bouillon with Cream

One-half can of tomatoes heated, put through sieve, reheat and add a pinch of soda; when foam goes down add salt and pepper to taste, 1½ cups water, one tablespoon sugar, one tablespoon butter; bring to boiling point. Put on ice to cool, when cold serve with whipped cream, about ½ tablespoon to each plate of soup.

Stuffed Potatoes

Bake 4 medium sized potatoes until soft, cut about the middle. Remove contents, mash potato, add salt, pepper, milk and butter, heat till light, when very light refill cases, filling lightly, sprinkle with paprika and grated cheese. Place in oven to brown.

Welsh Rarebit

One tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon cornstarch, ½ cup milk, ½ lb. grated cheese, ¼ teaspoon of each salt and mustard, speck of cayenne. Cook the cornstarch in butter; add milk gradually. Cook two minutes, add cheese, stir until well melted. Season. Serve on crackers or toasted bread.

Cheese Bread Sticks

Cut bread ½ inch thick, butter, cut off crust, cut in fingers, slice cheese thin, put on bread, sprinkle with paprika. Place in oven on plate till cheese melts. Serve at once.

Heavenly Hash

Select firm, ripe pineapple, slice off top, 2 inches below the leaves, with sharp knife, remove the meat of the fruit with fork, careful not to cut through rind. Place meat in a wooden bowl, add a juicy orange, 2 bananas, and a few grapes. Sprinkle over all juice of ½ lemon, sweeten to taste. Pack mixture into pineapple and serve with ice cream, whipped cream, or plain.

Onion Soup

Cut 4 onions into small pieces, cook in 2 cups milk and 1 cup water. Melt 3 tablespoons butter and add 2 tablespoons flour gradually to milk mixture. Season salt and pepper, strain. Serve.

Banana Dessert

Put 4 bananas through a colander and beat till a stiff froth. Serve with 1 cup whipped cream.

Soups

Make cream of green pea soup same as cream of tomato, but omit the soda. Make the cream of onion, spinach, and asparagus, etc., the same way, using the water the vegetables have been cooked in, and adding to the liquid the milk, butter, etc., using the spinach, etc., as a vegetable

Corn Pudding

One can or 1 pint corn, 1 cup milk, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt. Beat yolks of eggs, add to sugar, flour and milk, then corn and the stiff beaten whites. Bake in a moderate oven.

Cheese Dreams

Grate Canadian cheese, mix with cream or milk till soft enough to spread. Cut bread thin. Put the cheese between like sandwich, spread both sides with butter, and toast. Serve hot.

Curried Cauliflower and Rice

Wash, prepare, separate into pieces, size of a walnut, one medium sized cauliflower, when tender and well drained place in a saucepan and pour over 1 pint brown sauce in which 1 teaspoon curry powder has been well mixed. Let stand 10 minutes where it will not boil but will remain hot. Serve with boiled rice.

Brown Sauce

Chop onion, fry in butter, stir in 2 dessertspoons white flour, letting mixture brown, add pepper, salt to taste, add boiling water till proper thickness. Boil several minutes till there is no raw taste to the flour.

Cheese Ramequins

Four ozs. grated cheese, 3 ozs. bread crumbs, 1 small teaspoon mixed mustard, ½ pint milk, 1 oz. butter. Boil milk, pour over bread crumbs, let stand covered ½ hour; mix cheese, mustard and butter. Butter ramequie cases and fill ¾ full of mixture. Bake 10 minutes in hot oven. Serve.

Russian Toast

One cup cottage cheese, ½ cup cream dressing, 3 slices of bread. Trim crusts from bread, cut in oblong pieces, toast, moisten lightly with hot water. Mix cottage cheese with cream dressing and serve a spoonful on each slice of toast.

Hot Pot

One and one-half lbs. potatoes, ¾ lb. onions, 1 small tomato, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 oz. butter, ¾ pint milk, pepper and salt. Slice onions and potatoes, throw into cold water. Bring to boil, drain. Put in baking dish with the tomato which has been skinned and sliced, add parsley and seasoning. Pour in milk, and butter broken in bits. Cook 2 hours in moderate oven.

Cucumber Stewed with Onions

Moderate sized cucumber, ½ cucumber weight in onions, ½ pint milk, a dessertspoon corn flour, 1 oz. butter, pepper and salt. Peel cucumber, cut in halves lengthwise and again in pieces 1 inch long. Peel and slice onions, throw in cold water, bring quickly to a boil, drain. Put cucumbers and onions in a saucepan with the milk and a little pepper, and boil, then stew gently ½ hour, thicken with corn flour. Serve very hot with croutons or pieces of toast.

Hominy Croquettes

One quart hominy, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup milk, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ to 1 cup bread crumbs. Drain hominy, put through food chopper. Make white sauce of butter, flour, and salt; mix with hominy, add bread crumbs sufficient to form croquettes; form, roll in crumbs. Place in buttered pan; bake in hot oven till evenly browned.

Brazil Nut Cutlets

Four ozs. bread crumbs, 3 ozs. skinned grated nuts, ½ pint white sauce, 2 teaspoons mixed herbs, parsley, thyme, and mace. Prepare bread crumbs, and nuts run through grinder, add herbs. To make sauce put 1 teaspoon butter in saucepan, add gradually ½ teaspoon flour, when it boils add 1 teaspoon milk, when boiled and thickened enough add nuts and bread crumbs. Allow to cool, form into cutlets, fry in boiling oil. This amount makes 10 cutlets.

Stuffed Baked Tomatoes

Four medium sized tomatoes, cut off top and scoup out seeds, fill with a savoury fowl dressing, dot with butter, bake in pan with cup water, baste frequently.

Its Lasting Freshness Brings Economy

IT ISN'T cake-making, it's cake *waste* that is extravagant. It is the cake you bake and don't *entirely* eat that is costly. Here again true kitchen thrift suggests the use of FIVE ROSES flour for *all* your baking. *It prevents waste by keeping fresh.*

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Left-overs are thriftily reduced by the new deliciousness that FIVE ROSES flour imparts. Eager consumption is encouraged by the bright, porous texture, the well-aerated crumb, and the thin, tender crust.

When you use FIVE ROSES flour, it is pleasant to know that you are getting more than mere Eating Qualities. You are practising *genuine* economy.

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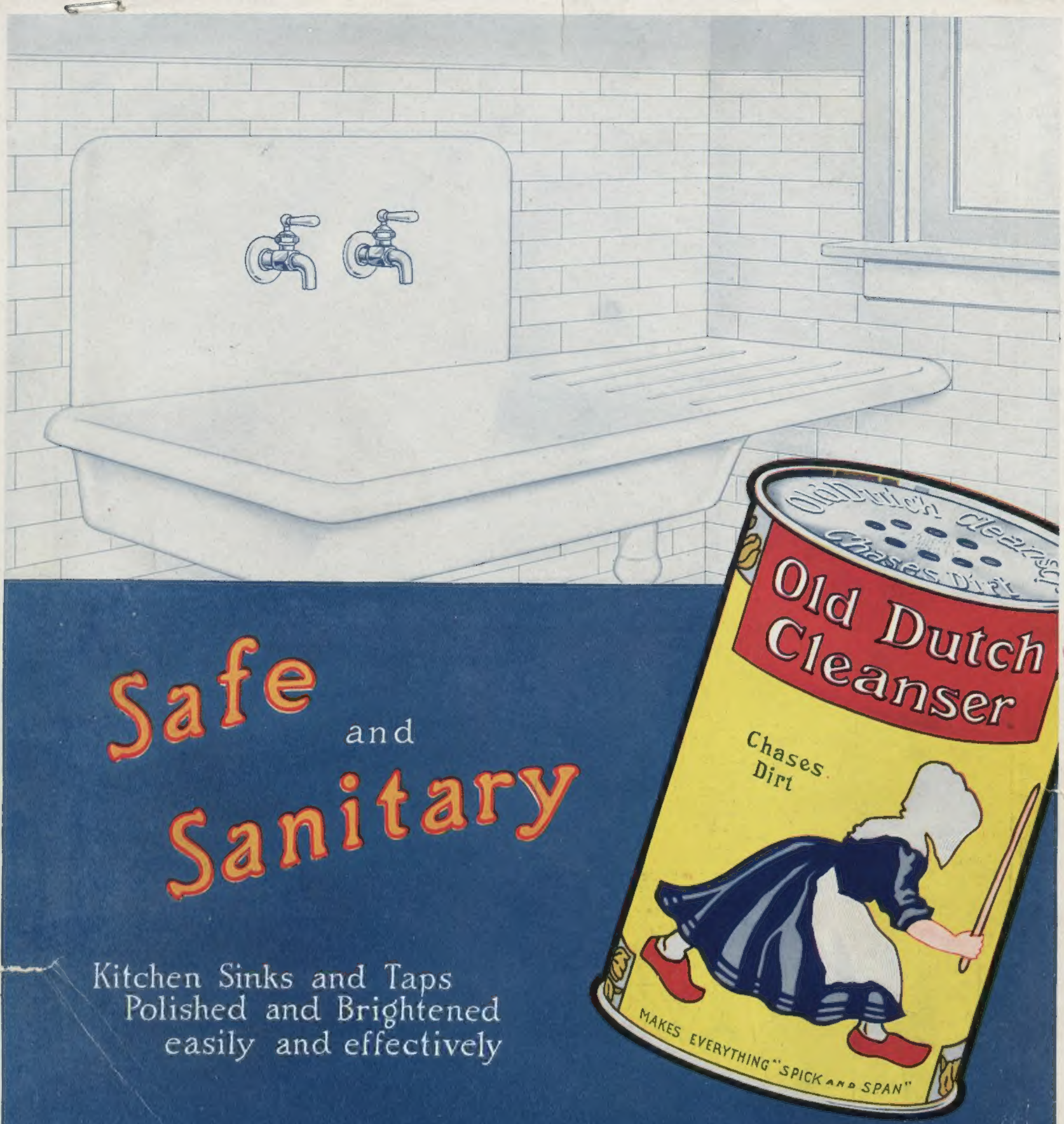

Safe and Sanitary

Kitchen Sinks and Taps
Polished and Brightened
easily and effectively

Easy Thorough Purifying

You are probably like most housewives; you dislike the last touches of cleaning up the sink, polishing the taps and such things, after dish washing.

It's all easy enough if you sprinkle a little Old Dutch, then wipe; it is more than easy—it is thorough, and it's sanitary—leaves your sink sanitary and clean and the taps brilliantly

...ice of ...ack mixture ...ice cream, whipped

Onion Soup

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KILT'S BOOKSTORE